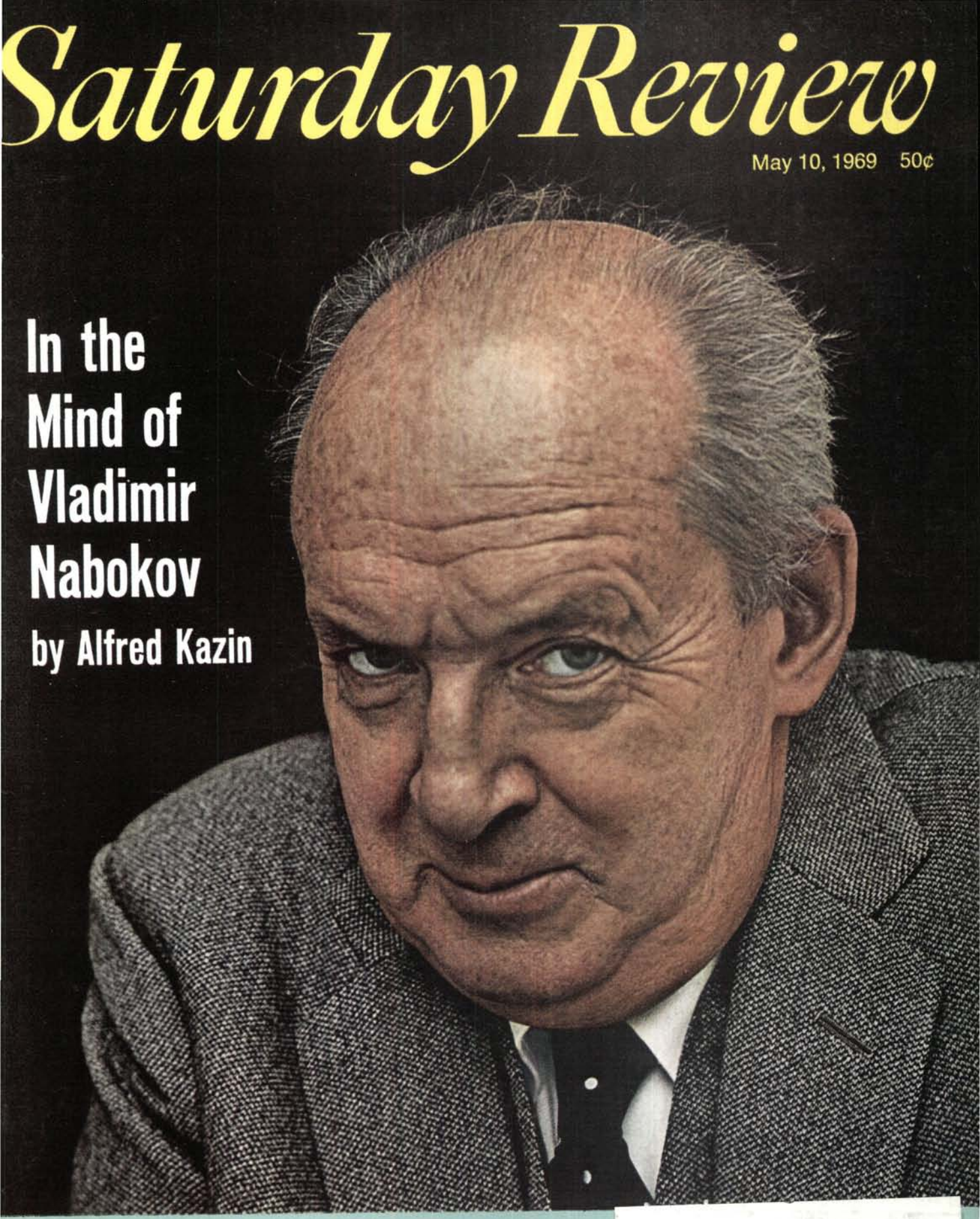
Saturday Review

May 10, 1969 50¢



In the Mind of Vladimir Nabokov

by Alfred Kazin

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by Garrett Hardin

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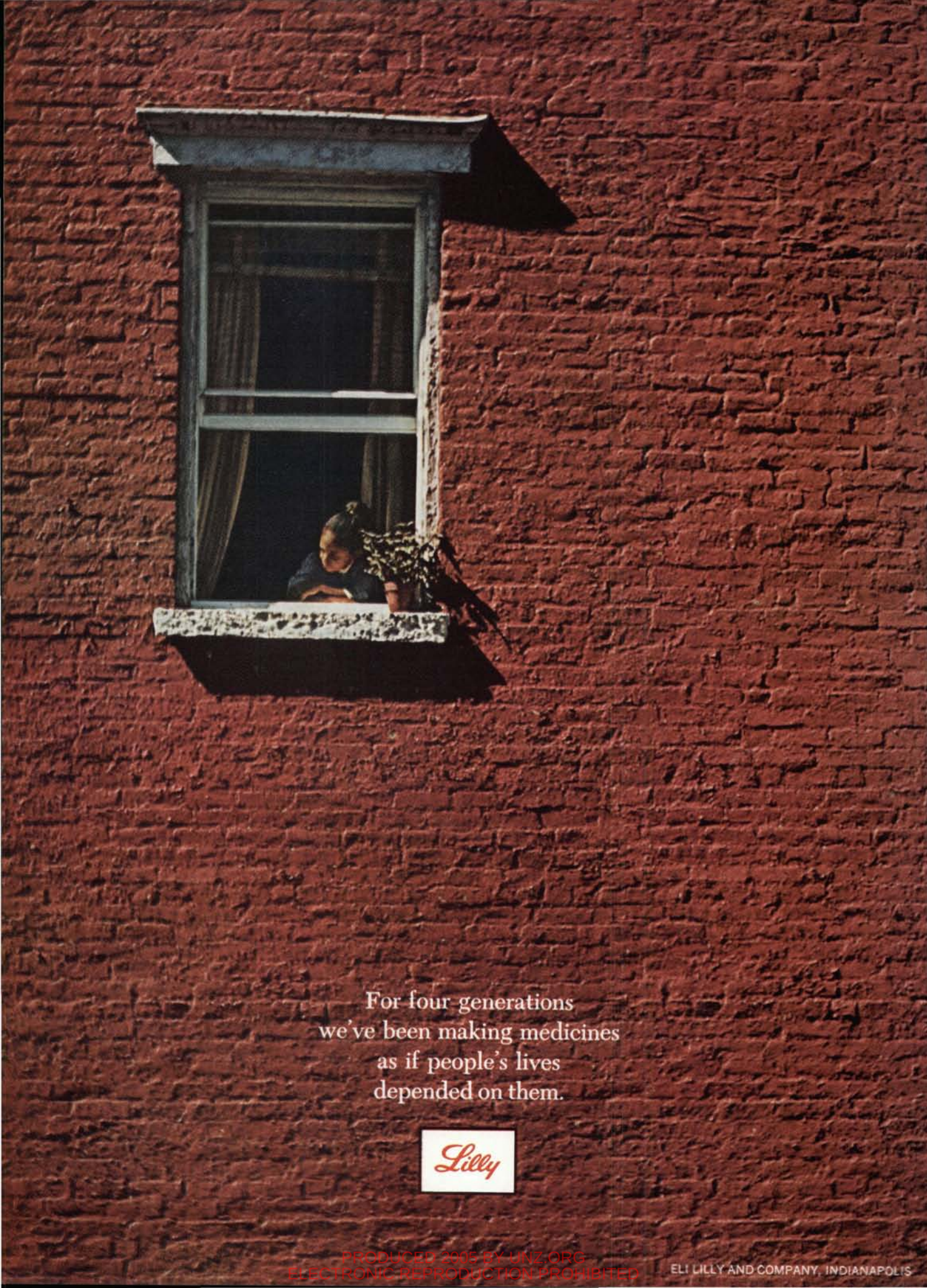

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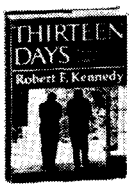

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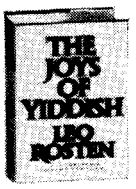

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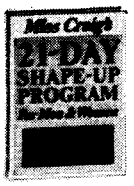

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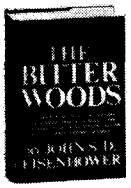

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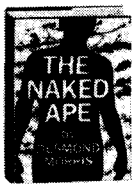

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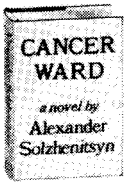

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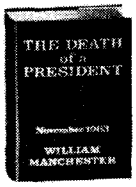

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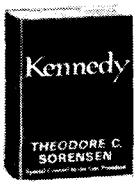

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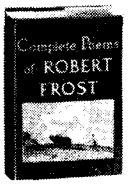

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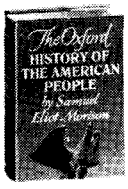

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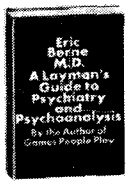

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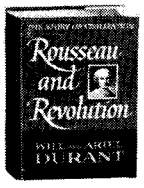

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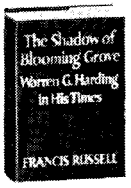

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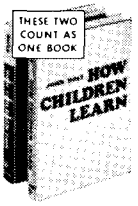

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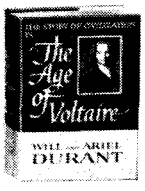

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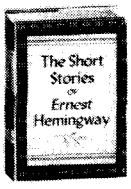

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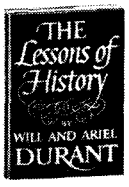

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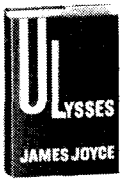

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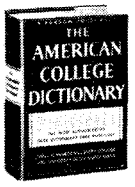

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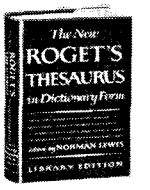

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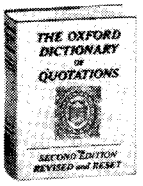

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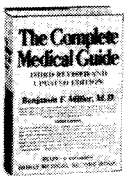

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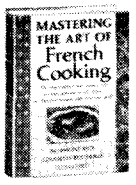

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(Advertisement)

I used to enjoy the occasional short pieces in *Harper's* and elsewhere by Sylvia Wright. One I remember well, about the supposed meaning of names, had a title derived from the translation of *Sylvia*. It was called "Who the Hell is Holy, Fair and Wise?"

I hadn't read anything by Sylvia Wright in some time, but I did know that she was a funny writer and probably, despite her disclaimer, fair, and wise. A new book of hers is just published by Doubleday and I know now, based on her jacket photograph, and the book inside the jacket, that she has an honest face, an honest heart, and an honest pen.

I dislike the book's title, A SHARK-INFESTED RICE PUDDING, not because it isn't apt for one of the three novellas that bears it, but because it is too light. Sylvia Wright hasn't forsaken and cannot escape her sense of humor, but these stories are deeply serious, adventurous in form and style. One of them, "Dans le Vrai," is in part a catalogue of commodities, a symphony of the supermarket. It is a story in which the plasticized advertised homogenized world of the woman seems to envelop her like a blister-packaged utensil. It also expresses the plight of the single woman who pities young mothers, and it is enough to rid most young mothers of their self-pity.

The other stories I cannot describe because, like poetry, they best describe themselves. *Publishers' Weekly's* reviewer says "Sylvia Wright's magic becomes apparent in her way of telling each tale, a poetic, tender, gentle way of endowing the simplest human act or thought with universal meaning."

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

A Shark-infested Rice Pudding ($4.95), by Sylvia Wright, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 1530 Northern Boulevard, Manhasset, New York 11030.

Saturday Review

May 10, 1969

Cover story: **In the Mind of Vladimir Nabokov, by Alfred Kazin** (see BOOKS) **27**

With "Ada" added to "Pale Fire" and "Lolita," the author has achieved an incomparable trilogy pregnant with detail, caprice, and linguistic genius.

Photo by Philippe Halsman.

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My Good Name is a Number

These times are somewhat different
than the Bard's.
Who steals my purse steals all
my credit cards,
Including one marked: "Soc.
Security."
What then is left of my identity?

—Virginia Brasier.

Grappling With Español

Recently, I was back in Mexico, a country I have visited frequently, and where I speak the language with fluency and aplomb.

One afternoon a Mexican journalist came to our room in Mexico City's Hotel Reforma. My wife and I and the newspaperman decided we wanted refreshments and I picked up the phone. When the room service man answered I said, "*Por favor, dos cervezas y una . . .*" and then I broke off the sentence. I wouldn't try it again. I started over in English, "Two beers, please, and one Pepsi." I changed my wife's order from Cedral to Pepsi because I couldn't face up to the ordeal.

Several years ago, in a room in the same hotel, two men came visiting. I wanted beer, the two guests wanted beer, and my wife wanted Cedral, which is an apple drink much favored by Mexicans. With mucho confidence I told room service, "*Por favor, tres cervezas y una Cedral.*" The guy said in English, "What was that last?" and I repeated una Cedral. After a while, the buzzer sounded and I opened the door and there stood a waiter with a rolling table. He wheeled it into the room and then I saw the *tres cervezas* and a small plate in the center of which was resting one sweet roll.

I held my tongue but after the waiter had gone I began to grow a trifle testy. I am proud of my expertise with *español.*

Twenty minutes later, I phoned down for a repeat, specifying Cedral. Once again I had to repeat the word. I pronounced it See-*drawl* although I had noticed that some other people, including Mexicans, say See-*dral,* the second syllable rhyming with pal. That is the wrong way to say it. Indubitably. So this time the waiter arrived with a tray and on it stood *tres cervezas* and a small plate and in the middle of the plate, wrapped in cellophane, una big cigar.

And so it came about that, on this most recent visit, I chose to speak flat-out Gringo to room service. The thought crossed my mind that those tin-eared Latins might send up a he-fowl or a tea towel or even a B-gal. In any case, I did not utter the word Cedral over the phone and my wife drank Pepsi.

I admire the Mexican people no end. Always have. Still, I have to admit that they are not too conversant with the Spanish tongue. They talk it well, and beautifully, but somehow they just don't listen to it right.

—H. Allen Smith.

Once in a While But Not Very Often

For one reason or another, all of them good, our family moved back into the old Lardner house in Niles, Michigan, after my father lost his magazine, the *Canadian Monthly,* in the hectic wartime squeeze of 1917. We had gone from Chicago to Toronto a couple of years before, and there had been such great hopes of success that Mr. T. had put all of his father's modest inheritance into the venture. But paper restrictions, war-inflated prices, failure of advertising, and some anti-American feeling had combined to break the bubble, and back to Michigan we had come, our tail between our legs. It was the most natural thing in the world for us to move in with my aunt, Miss Lardner, and my grandmother, Ring Lardner's mother. The house and family heart were big enough for all of us.

My aunt, known to us as Lon, was warmly affectionate but unmarried, and had taken care of Mrs. Lardner since Grandfather Lardner's death in 1914. Lon taught piano, voice, and organ. Mrs. Lardner had been the organist at Trinity Church for fifty-one years and Lon had taken her place, to go on in that same responsibility for the next half century. Anyway, Lon taught piano by day in a second-floor studio on Main Street, and voice in the rambling old Lardner house after supper. We did not have electric lights: Lon was afraid of electricity. Dripping kerosene lamps carted from room to room must have constituted considerable hazard, but there was something about electricity that terrified her. Years later, when Ring insisted on paying for installation of electricity throughout the house, Lon held out to the end. For one thing, she confided in a maiden-lady friend, she would be too embarrassed to take a bath with all that light over the tub.

My mother kept after Lon to put

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electricity into the house but there were always excuses, some of them legitimate. I remember all the town's power going off during a particularly severe Christmas sleet storm and ours the only house in the neighborhood that had holiday lights (we had a coal furnace, too, so we were comfortable through it all).

"Electricity is not only dangerous," said Lon, "but highly unreliable. I'm glad I didn't have to depend on it for the Christmas music."

Lon's church organ once had been hand-pumped each Sunday by relays of husky young men, including Ring, and the hand-pump had been retained for just such emergencies. Christmas services were by candlelight, but the organ's bellows had been kept full by hand.

"Electricity," said my mother, "is here to stay. They've got it in Bertrand now."

"You can take a kerosene lamp anywhere you want to," Lon continued. "You can't move the overhead electric light. You have to sit right under it. Besides, yellow light is better for your eyes than electric light."

"Kerosene is inflammable," said my mother. "It's downright dangerous."

"Not as dangerous and unreliable as electricity," said Lon firmly.

The Christmas tree went up Christmas afternoon on the dining room table, and mother watched as we children clipped tin candleholders to the pine boughs and then lighted up the swaying tapers. They moved in the draughty house like corks bobbing on water, and the wonder is that we escaped a conflagration. Mother looked up at the swaying candles and dry tree boughs and said, half to herself: "*Electricity* is dangerous?"

The voice pupils who came in after supper were, for the most part, local single folk of both sexes who either thought they could sing or wanted quick entree to the Trinity choir, which my aunt ran benignly. One particular youth named Wilfred McLaughlin had the annoying habit of calling up just before his scheduled evening lesson to bow out. His excuses were works of art. My aunt never said anything about last-minute cancellations, but since she charged 75 cents a lesson and we were desperate for cash I know she resented it. One night my mother, always keenly aware of taut moments, turned to Lon after the wayward singer had conked out once again and summed up the situation rather well with the following ad lib:

Wilfred McLaughlin,
Wilfred McLaughlin,
Once in a while,
But not very often.

Then, as an afterthought, mother said, "Maybe we should lend him a lamp so he can find his way."

—Richard L. Tobin.

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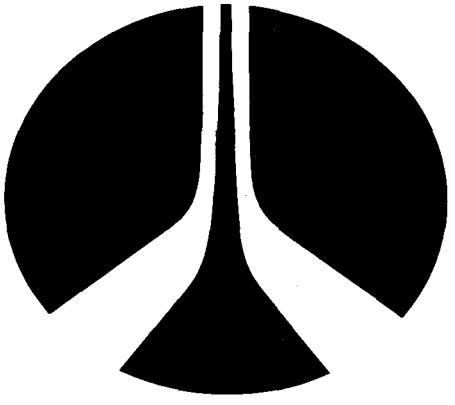

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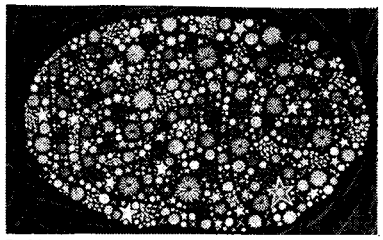

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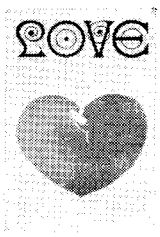

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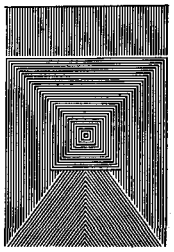

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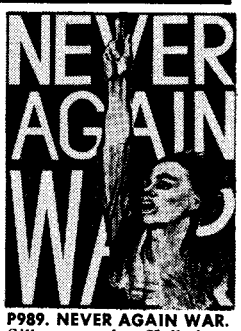

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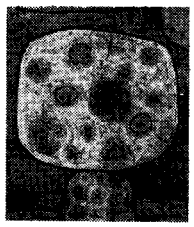

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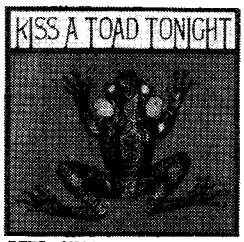

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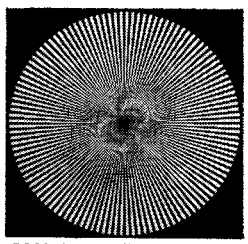

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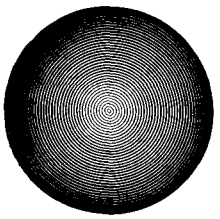

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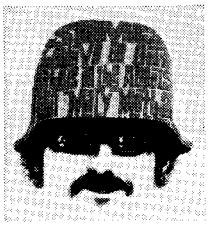

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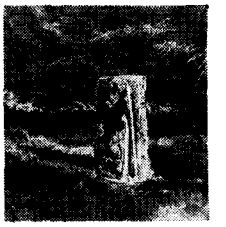

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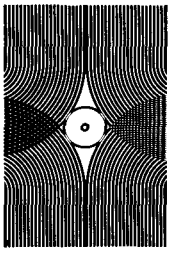

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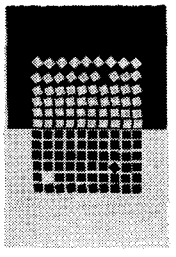

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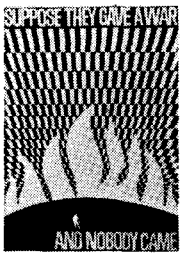

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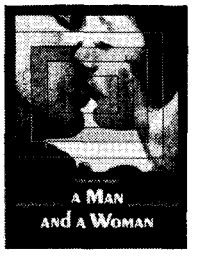

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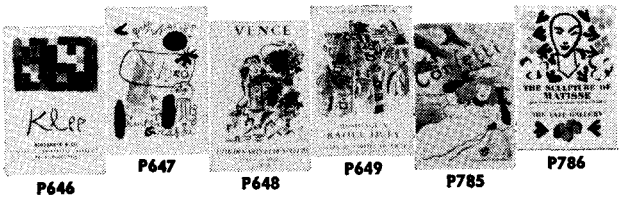

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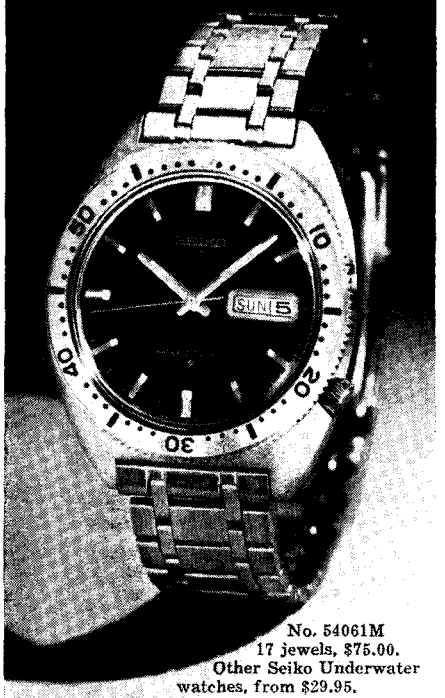

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

L'Affaire Le Butler and La Maid—I

I WON'T GO INTO the messy details of how we lost our maid some time ago. After a happy association with us for some twenty years, she came and asked me for a cut in salary. After some probing it turned out that she had reached the age when she could get old-age money from the Government, only if she earned no more than $1,200 a year.

I tried to explain that she wouldn't collect enough to make up the difference. But she insisted it was the patriotic thing to do. The Government was her shepherd and she would not want.

A year later she was back with another deal. She had talked to some other maids, and they were getting extra money from their employers. "*Sous la table*," she said.

I replied, "*Non non, sur la table!*" I was not going to be a party to any shenanigans like that. "I'm as patriotic as you are," I said. So she left us in high dudgeon. Which was a double-deck bus that ran all the way down to where she lived.

Jane interviewed several other maids, but the references were not good. Jane's references, not the maids'—especially that part about her breakfasts at 7 o'clock. So for two years we have been without the services of a personal maid.

It was then that a transformation came over the head of the house. She became chairman of the board. She called a meeting. She was chairman, and I was bored. I have here a transcript of the minutes of that meeting, not in complete detail. You may guess why from the length of her opening statement.

"Dear," she said, "we are going to have to be our own maids. It's up to us to keep this apartment spic and spat. Neatness is next to godliness."

"I think that's cleanliness," I corrected.

"All right," she continued, "neatness is next to cleanliness. I'm tired of having this baffle of wits with maids. As far as I'm concerned they can all go hire a kite. They're all alike. Birds of a father flock together, as the saying goes. What are we going to do, just sit here like a couple of simonized twins? No, sir. Not us. You'll be the maid for your den and half of the living room, and I'll be vice versa. And if I have to, I can do the cooking. I can strangle an egg, I can TV a dinner, and I can make instant coffee in fifteen minutes. When it comes to housekeeping I'm no shrieking violet. When I was in high school, I took domestic silence for two years."

"Why don't you practice it?"

"I will. We both will."

"Do I get paid a maid's salary?"

"No, and so will I. Think of the money we'll save."

"Sounds like a get-rich-quick scheme."

"What's the matter with get rich quick? Why drag it out? The quicker the faster."

The telephone rang. "You better answer it, dear. It may be the phone," she said. I answered it. It was the phone.

"Hello . . . No, this is the maid . . . OK, hold it. I'll pick it up on the way down." It was the attendant telling me there was a special delivery letter.

"Dear," she said, "I don't think you ought to say 'this is the maid.' You better say 'this is the butler.' Now let's get busy and get this apartment neat. This is our home. Remember, be it ever so hovel, there's no place like home."

At the end of the day she came to my side of the apartment for inspection. I didn't make it.

"Look at that wastebasket! Three pieces of paper on the floor. You missed the basket three times," she scolded.

"I never claimed to be a Harlem Globe Trotter," I replied picking up the missed shots. I lost six points right there.

As the first week went on, I lost other points. The big one was when I had to send out my laundry. This had been part of our maid's routine. I was told to empty the hamper and make two lists. "One for them," she said, "and vice versa." I gathered up the laundry and neatly typed two lists.

"What's this?" she said. "Thirteen socks?"

"That's right. One of the socks had a big hole in the toe. I threw it away. Now when one of my other socks has a hole in it, I'll throw that one away and match the other with the one sock that I'm sending today, which will make an even pair."

"How's that again?"

"Look, just let it go. I'm sending thirteen socks."

"You can't do that. What will they think?"

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

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IF YOU LIVE IN NEW YORK, YOU NEED ALL THE HELP YOU CAN GET.

God knows, Harry Van Arsdale doesn't love you.

Albert Shanker and Rhody McCoy aren't exactly out to make your life easy.

And as for John Lindsay...well, do you think he stays awake nights because you're going broke on $25,000 a year?

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We'll show you how to get a rent-controlled, semi-professional apartment; even though you're not a semi-professional person.

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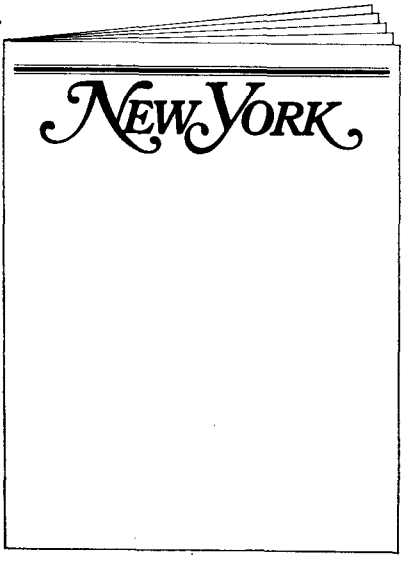

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Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

On the day the police cleared the students out of Harvard's University Hall, E. J. Kahn, Jr., was seated in the dentist's chair in New York. A brief news report about the event came over the piped-in-music speaker. Kahn has been working on a book about Harvard which Norton will publish in the fall. Before the dentist could say, "This won't hurt," Kahn canceled his appointment, hopped out of

the chair, took a cab to LaGuardia, and flew to Boston. There he grabbed a cab to Cambridge, and walked into Harvard Yard. It had been six hours since the fuzz had acted.

He hadn't been there five minutes when he was tapped on the shoulder. It was his oldest son, a Harvard senior, who had had no warning that his father would be in Cambridge. "I thought you'd be here," the boy said matter-of-factly. "I was in University Hall last night taking some notes for you. Here they are."

Nine or ten hours later, Kahn bumped into his second son, a Harvard sophomore. It turned out he had been trying to get hold of his father since the previous afternoon, but hadn't made connections. He, too, had some information he'd been gathering.

Kahn's course is now only too clear. "Having two boys enrolled at Harvard," he says, "I will claim their tuition and ancillary expenses as a business deduction on my income tax, my argument being that I sent them there to help me gather information for my book, and that otherwise I'd have sent them somewhere else. The Internal Revenue Service will naturally scoff at this idea, since tuitions are not deductible. But at the same time, as they are always prepared to compromise, they may allow me to deduct one son."

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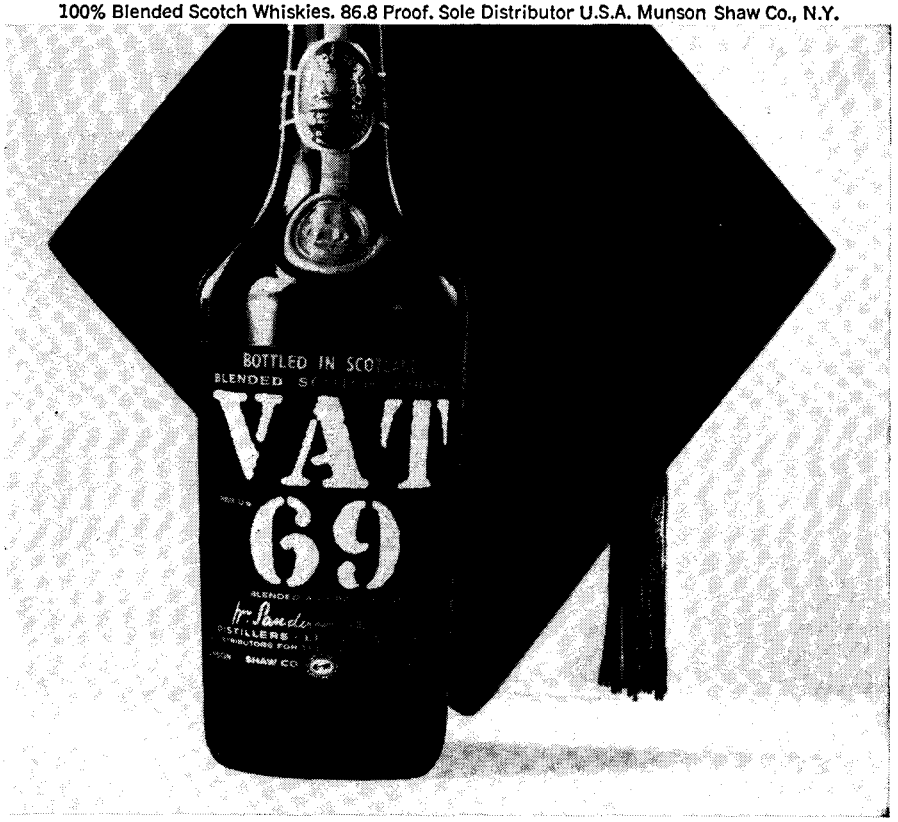

The class of '69–or any other year.

THE QUEEN'S AWARD TO INDUSTRY

The dictionary definition of the plural noun "annals" is that it is a history of events recorded year by year. After six years of research Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc. has just published its twenty-volume "Annals of America," which covers American thought and action from 1493 to 1968. According to EB, the "Annals" is "one of the most comprehensive and authoritative general collections of source materials of American history ever published." There are topical essays, treaties, letters, photographs, poems, articles, cartoons, paintings, editorials, etc. There is the most amazing system of indexing and cross-referencing, which allows a person to follow a theme right through the complete history of the nation, if need be.

Just for the fun of it, I looked up Courtship and Marriage. I found so much interesting stuff I couldn't stop reading it. The Connecticut Blue Laws of 1650, for instance, established a sixteen-day waiting period after posting of the marriage banns, because "many persons entangle themselves with rash and inconsiderate contracts for the future . . . to the great trouble and grief of themselves and their friends."

I found de Tocqueville's conversation with a Mr. Poinsett, who said in 1832, "There is such a prodigious respect for the marriage tie among us that the lover of a married woman disgraces himself even more surely than she who yields to him." In 1848, the movement for equal rights got formally under way with the Seneca Falls Convention, where a most fascinating declaration said, among other things, that "the history of mankind is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations on the part of man toward woman," calling it "absolute tyranny." Another charge was that, "He has made her, if married, in the eye of the law, civilly dead."

Further on, I found the text of Horace Greeley's interview with Brigham Young. In another volume F. Scott Fitzgerald's 1931 *Scribner's* article is reprinted, in which he reported how as far back as 1915 the automobile changed the sex life of the younger generation. And a story in a 1938 *Atlantic Monthly* by the Frenchman Raoul de Roussy de Sales opens with this line: "America appears to be the only country in the world where love is a national problem." I suppose love will always be a problem, but with the "Annals of America" at hand, looking up why won't be.

Someone else has found an anachronism in *The Lion in Winter,* in addition to the use of the word "syphilis," reported in the April 12 TRADE WINDS. Near the end of the film, when Henry and Eleanor are alone in the wine cellar, one of them makes a remark comparing themselves to "creatures of the jungle."

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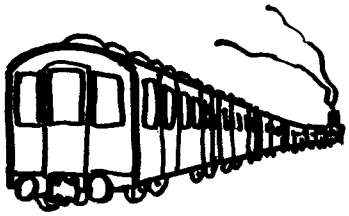

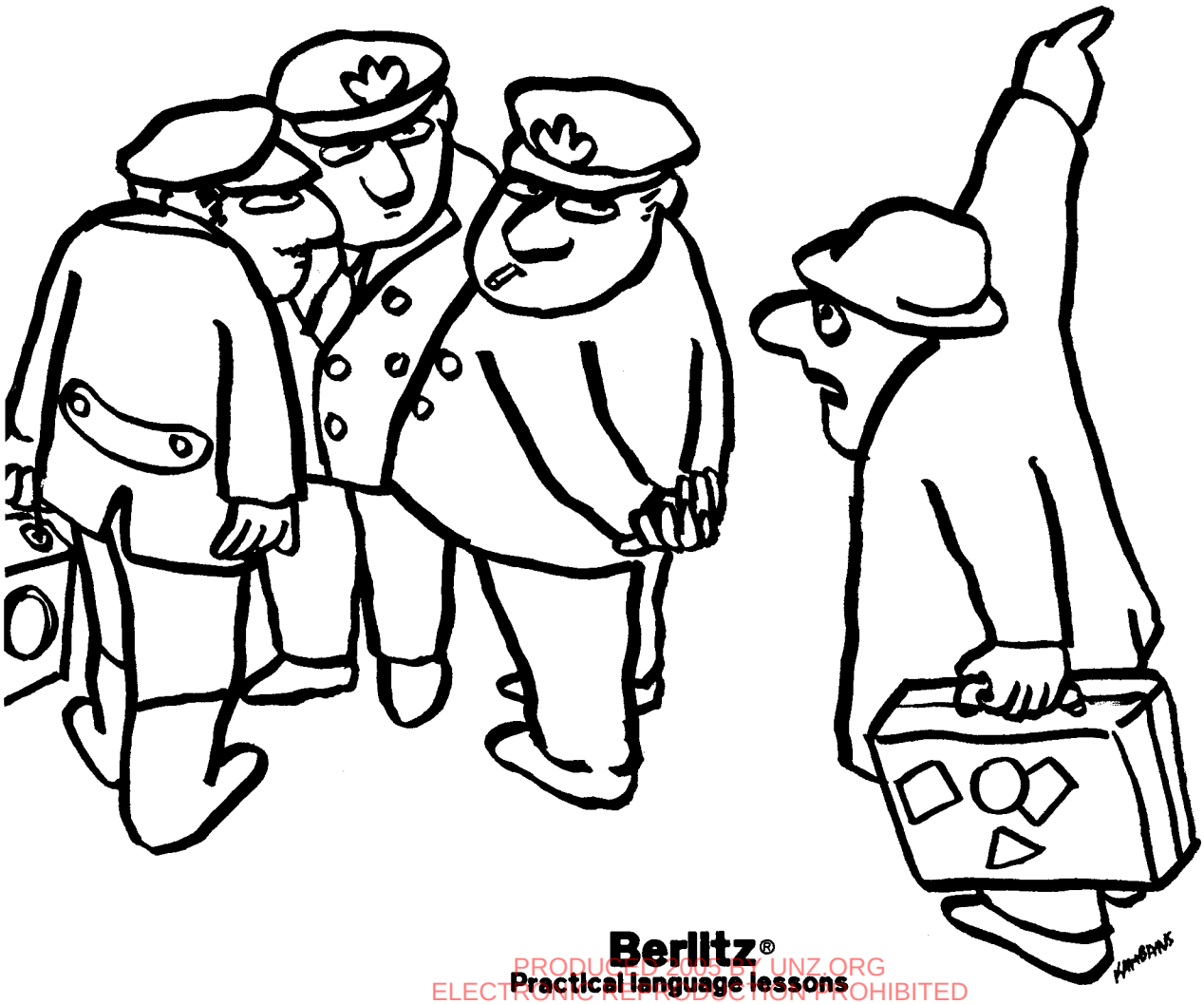

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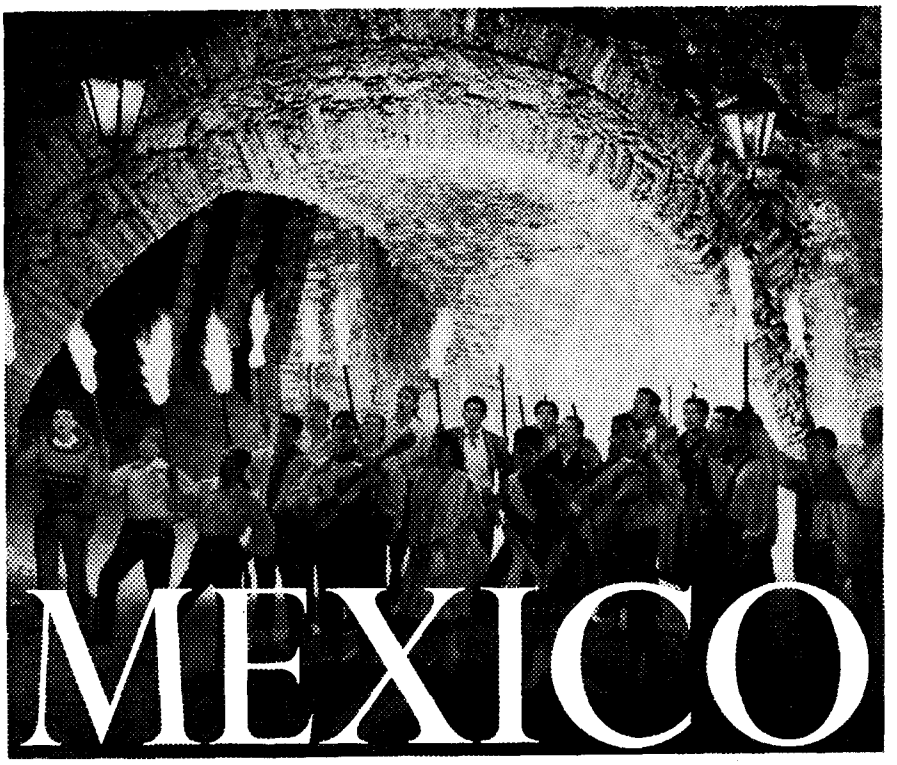

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—*Publishers' Weekly*

EARLY DOORS

MY LIFE AND THE THEATRE
By Philip Burton

With an introduction by Agnes de Mille
$5.95, now at your bookstore
THE DIAL PRESS

Nels Lersten points out that the word "jungle" didn't appear in the English language until late in the eighteenth century.

However, James Goldman is in the clear. I have been sent a copy of the author's script notes, in which he admits that the play contains anachronisms in speech, thought, habit, custom, and so on; but that it is based on historical fact. So stop looking for such misdated items in that fine motion picture.

Have you ever had one of those transparent plastic ant farms, where the ants dig tunnels, live, laugh, and love right before your very eyes? It makes voyeurs out of the best of us. I have found out where the ants come from. There is a man in California named Ken Gidney who is an antcatcher. He spends most of his time tracking down anthills, whereupon he sticks a plastic tube in one entrance and blows through it. Ants come out the other. He picks them up with tweezers, and incarcerates them in a tin can. Back at the ant-farm factory, he gets paid 1 cent per ant. They are harvester ants, and only the females are taken. Widowed queens and males are no good, for some reason.

I really brought this up because I have just learned that ants are also sent to the Walter Reed Institute in Washington, D. C., at the rate of 2,000 per month, where they are used in the space program. The exact purpose for which they are obtained is classified information. Could be that's why those astronauts are just itching to get to the moon.

As seen by the Detroit *Free Press*: "In our modern civilization, our subways aren't safe, our streets aren't safe, our parks aren't safe, but under our arms we've got complete protection."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1830)

(PHILIPPE) DE MONTEBELLO:
PETER PAUL RUBENS

Too difficult to equal, he had no direct heirs. But outside Flanders, and in different ages, his genius was to be rekindled in Watteau, Delacroix, and finally Renoir, whose rich, sun-drenched palette and opulent nudes take up again, in a new form, the positive, joyful message of Rubens.

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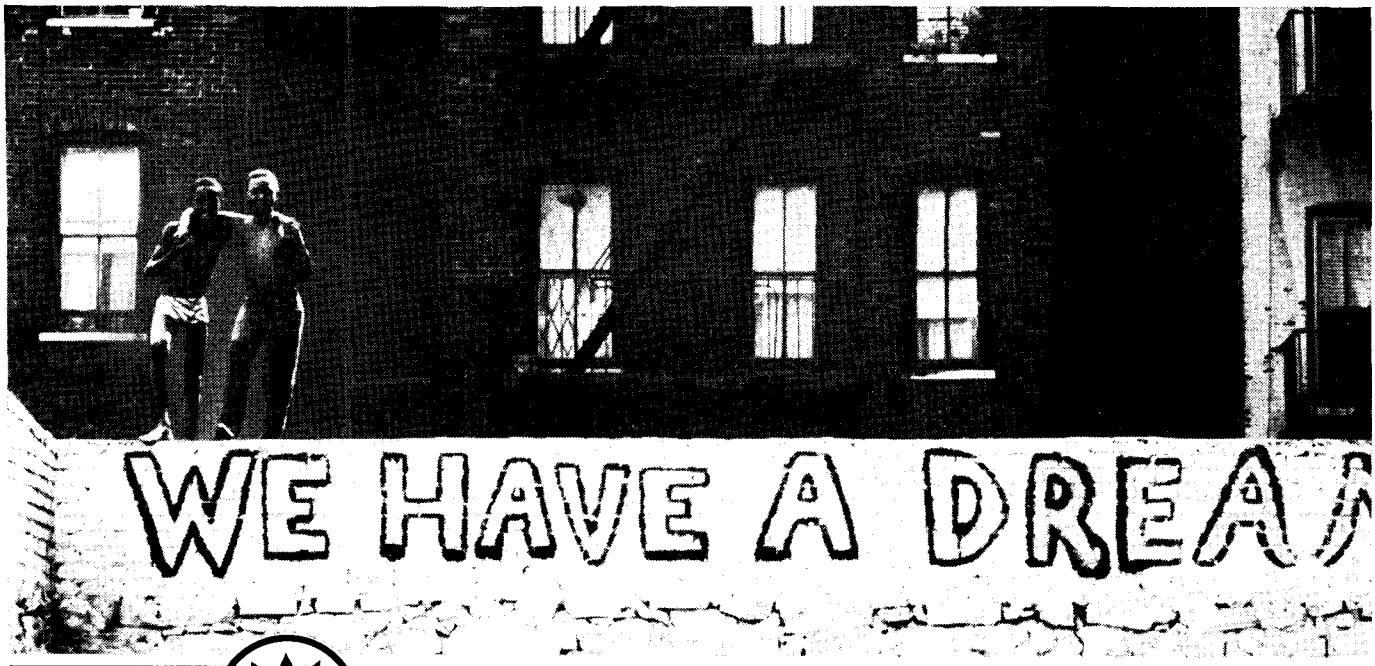

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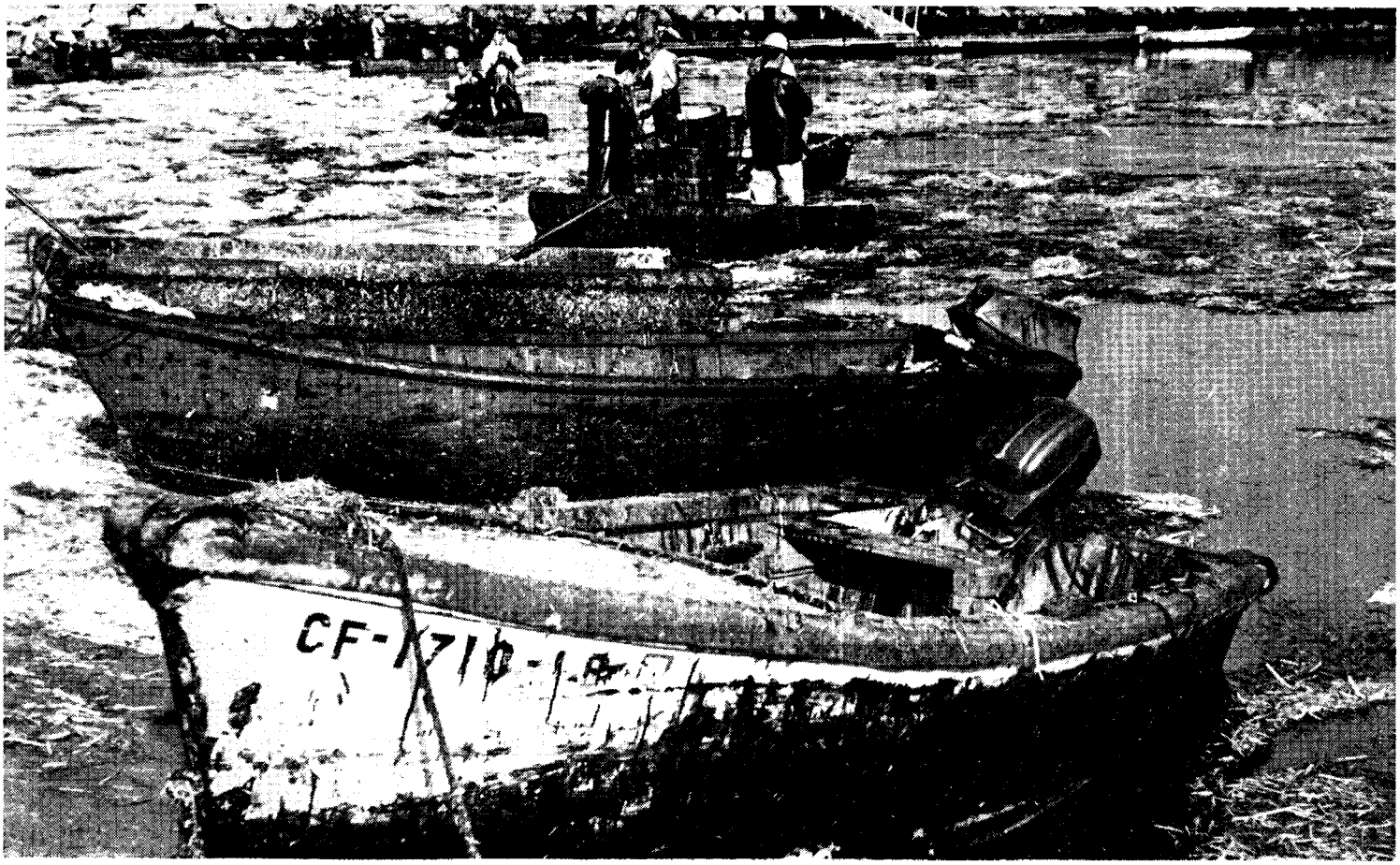

—UPI.

FINDING LEMONADE IN SANTA BARBARA'S OIL

By GARRETT HARDIN

To hardheaded men, economics cry louder than dying seabirds. Fortunately for naturalists, there is a hardheaded reply: "The central core of business dogma, the cost-benefit analysis, can be shown to support the aims of conservationists better than those of commercial exploiters."

"AN opportunist," said Elbert Hubbard, "is a man who takes the lemons fate has handed him and opens up a lemonade stand." Hubbard was a folksy philosopher, and most of what he wrote is as irritating to the modern reader as Edgar A. Guest's poetry. But I've always been fond of Hubbard's remark about the lemons. Incurable optimists like myself find it a soothing support.

In Santa Barbara, we need such support now. Miles of beaches covered with filthy oil turning to tar, hundreds of seabirds dead and dying from the oil, the air along the coast sour with the smell—all this is the grim legacy of the oil spillage that began in the channel in late January. Yet, I am optimistic enough to believe that what has happened in Santa Barbara can bring ultimate benefits not only to our city but to the entire nation. But it will take a fight.

I don't think it will do much good to dwell on the fate of the poor seabirds and all they symbolize. As a member of the Sierra Club, I am moved by their plight—but I know I am in the minority. Indignation over the rape of the environment is an avocation of many people who are paid to do other things. Making money is the full-time occupa-

Garrett Hardin is a professor of biology at the University of California, Santa Barbara, and author of *Nature and Man's Fate.*

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tion of the oil drillers. They can be patient. They can ride out a storm. Sooner or later, emotional fatigue overcomes the viewers-with-alarm. Even the worst news ultimately becomes a bore. Apathy and anomy set in, and the drillers take over.

To reach hardheaded men, hardheaded arguments are required. In economic theory, according to Gresham's Law, soft money drives out hard. Economic analysis is governed by an inverse law (which has no name): *hard concepts drive out soft*. Red ink in the ledger book moves more minds than the missing cries of loon and merganser.

Fortunately for those who love unspoiled nature, a completely unemotional, rational analysis can be extracted from the Santa Barbara experience. The central core of business dogma, the cost-benefit analysis, can be shown to support the aims of conservationists better than those of commercial exploiters. We need only to take a deep look at the exploitation problem, unfettered by what Kenneth Galbraith has called "the conventional wisdom."

To look deeply at this vital problem we must first clear away a miasma of sophistical terms. Of all the forms of pollution from which we suffer today, verbal pollution is perhaps the worst. Spokesmen for the oil interests tell us that the "resources" of the world must be "developed" to meet the "needs" of a growing population. The quotation marks are essential to sensitize us to the assumptions hidden in the words. As conclusions can be loaded into premises, so can reflex responses be incorporated into these words, the content of which is more than mere description. To speak of a "resource" is to imply it must be used up, destroyed. To "develop" something is to somehow help it realize the full potential for which it was predestined (as a fertilized ovum is predestined to develop into a human being). There are men who desecrate the landscape with hundreds of ticky-tacky houses and boastfully call themselves developers, but would never dream of living in their own developments. Natural resources that are destroyed are also said to be developed.

Possibly the trickiest word of all is "needs." Few men are so rich that they don't feel they "need" more. Informed that the population is growing—and accepting as gospel that such growth is inevitable—few people question the legitimacy of the "needs" of a growing population. Seldom is it asked: "Is this growth necessary?" How often is the question raised as to the possibility that what we really "need" is a smaller population?

Conventional wisdom should be challenged. This can best be done by investigating its hidden implications so that we may fully understand the practical, human consequences of accepting the conventional view.

A larger population, enjoying a high standard of living, can certainly use more oil. In a statistical sense, we can say that oil can be converted into people. With the generous U.S. standard of living, about 150,000 calories are required per person per day. Of these calories, only 3,000 are needed for food. The rest of the energy units are used for the many other purposes of our life: heating our houses, manufacturing and operating our automobiles, radios, televisions, washing machines, etc. Therefore, the average American requires about 55,000,000 calories per year.

A barrel of oil can furnish 1,000,000 calories. So, if a man obtained his energy from no other source, he would require fifty-five barrels a year. In his lifetime, he would require approximately 4,000 barrels. In this context, the energetic cost or value (they become synonymous) of an American life is 4,000 barrels of oil. This materialistic way of looking at the matter will prove useful in building a case for the preservation of the nonmaterial goods of life.

How much oil is there under the Santa Barbara channel? The oil companies, of course, play their cards close to their chests. The truth is not publicly known. Geologists have told me, however, that an educated guess would be that the channel reserve amounts to billions of barrels. Scuttlebutt has it that the reserve is apparently not as big as had been hoped in the beginning, so let's assume that it amounts to only a few billion barrels. To make the arithmetic easier, let's say there are four billion barrels of oil under the channel.

If the lifetime value of each American is 4,000 barrels of oil, four billion barrels would support 1,000,000 Americans for their lifetimes. This means—to develop the sort of argument favored by those who would exploit this reserve—that using the channel oil will make it possible for 1,000,000 more Americans to live—for just one lifetime (what happens to their descendants one is not supposed to ask).

The matter can be put another way: if the wells are closed down, the country foregoes the possibility of 1,000,000 additional Americans. Is that good or bad? An unprincipled protagonist can easily lead the public to believe that those who propose to shut down the wells are proposing to kill 1,000,000 Americans. No one is in favor of that, so the proposal to plug the wells is likely to be rejected.

But foregoing is not the same as killing. Lives never begun can never be ended. With modern medicine the average mother could have fifteen children instead of the present three; however, it would be ridiculous to say that a mother's selfish concern for her own comfort deprives the world of a dozen people. She does not murder twelve children by not having them.

To say that shutting down the Santa Barbara channel oil drilling will prevent the population from increasing by 1,000,000 people involves the hidden assumption that our population size is carefully (or at least accurately) determined by available income. This is a hard position to defend. On the contrary, it is possible that the number of babies born is independent of foreseeable income, and is determined by other factors which we need not specify. Taking this view, and assuming that the population in the years ahead will be uninfluenced by cutting down drilling operations in the channel, it would appear that the result of giving up this oil would result not in a diminution in population but rather a relative impoverishment of the population. If, for simplicity, we disregard the changing population base and assume a static population of the present 200 million, an increase of 1,000,000 without a concomitant increase in energy income would mean that everyone would figuratively have to "tighten his belt" by one-half of 1 per cent. At the present time, the aver-

". . . hundreds of seabirds dead and dying — this is the grim legacy."

—Wide World

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age family in the United States has a median yearly income of about $8,000. Foregoing the channel oil would mean a diminution in yearly income of about $40 per family.

The arithmetic used in these calculations is rough, but it is precise enough to make a rational decision. If there is a "need" to produce this oil in order to support more people, there is also a need to face the question: *Why*? Is there a shortage of people now? Does the country really need more people? Would the country be better off with a larger population?

ON the other hand, if the position is taken that the country needs the oil to prevent a diminution in our scale of living by one-half of 1 per cent, then the question naturally arises as to whether a consideration of energy alone gives a fair measure of what is called the "scale of living." It is a convenient measure, because it is so easily quantified.

But energy is clearly not all that is involved in the scale of living or in the quality of life. There are other components in the good life, and these are often diminished by a release of energy. The burning of petroleum products in automobiles produces smog. Using energy for transportation increases the traffic problem, which wastes time and slows movement and thus adds hidden costs to many other items. An increase in population made possible by any energy source diminishes the quality of those aspects of the environment that cannot be multiplied or subdivided, such as national parks. Every barrel of oil pumped out of the ground diminishes the value of the Grand Tetons. All too often it is taken for granted that every additional oil field discovered is a gain for society. This is principally because conventional economic analysis does not take into account the "soft" concepts of natural beauty and peace of mind. Quantifying these concepts is difficult but it is insanity to say that the value of that for which there is no conventional method of measuring can be assumed to be zero. To make such an assumption is to lay the burden of proof on the wrong side of the balance sheet.

THE gallon of gas that makes it possible for an individual to drive his automobile increases smog, increases traffic, wastes time, increases medical bills, decreases recreational areas, and increases nervous strain. Of the direct and indirect effects that result from the utilization of one more barrel of oil there is no end. This is an illustration of the general ecological principle that "we can never do merely one thing." This principle is in sharp conflict with the unthinking philosophy of business enterprises.

When it was found that spraying fields with DDT diminished the shell thickness of the eggs of predatory birds, thus heading them toward oblivion, such effects were promptly labeled "side effects." Rachel Carson identified this verbal pollution, pointing out that effects are effects, period. What one individual calls a side effect is influenced by his perceptions and his selfish interests. Effects that I do not want to have to pay for, I will call side effects. Effects that I do not want to think about, I will call side effects. Language is more than a tool for the objective description of the world; it is also a form of word-magic to be used in trying to control the world, or at any rate to control others' perception of it. "Side effects" is powerful word-magic.

So also is the economist's word "externalities." Consider the manufacture of some bit of hardware that involves heating and grinding processes. What are the costs that the manufacturer must recover in the price of his product? A partial list might include such considerations as raw materials, capital investment, labor costs, management overhead, silicosis of workers, poisonous effluent wastes, and smoke. If he can get away with it, the manufacturer will maintain that his only costs are the first four items. The other items—the very existence of which he will deny if he can—he will refer to as externalities. They are external to *his* balance sheet. But they are not external to the whole manufacturing system as the ecologist sees it.

THE word "externality" is part of the word-magic of the business accountant. By this word-magic, the costs—to the firm, but not to society—are kept down, and business profits increased. To ecologists, the whole concept of externalities is fiction. All externalities are a true part of the cost. Ecological justice dictates that he who produces a cost should be responsible for paying it.

If the object the manufacturer is making involves a grinding process that in the long run produces silicosis in some of the workers, then, strictly speaking, the cost of silicosis, however reckoned, is part of the cost of manufacture. The manufacturer will try to deny his responsibility; he is pursuing his own self-interest. But society as a whole long ago decided to block the door to externalizing such costs. A manufacturer should be obliged to pay the medical and disability costs incurred by his workers, if they are probably attributable to the manufacturing process. Thus the line be-

"I'm getting tired of your constant attempts at apocalyptic humor."

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tween "internal" and "external" economic factors evaporates.

Suppose the process produces waste waters that are toxic to fish or other aquatic life? Suppose it produces smoke, which poisons nearby trees and makes the air foul for a considerable distance? Society is still in the process of making manufacturers internalize these externalities. A bitter battle is being waged; it is far from being won.

THE media of the world are water, air, and ether (the medium of light and radio waves). Industrial poisons cast into the air or water, supersonic booms via the air waves, visual pollution of the landscape by billboards, audible pollution from radio and TV, all these and more corrupt the media. A man may own the land on which his smelter, tannery, or television station stands: he does not own the media that surround it. When the population was sparse, what a man did to the media could be safely ignored, but no more. Now it is time to say, "Let the polluter pay the cost of pollution"; better still, let him be enjoined from polluting in the first place.

E. B. White has expressed the ecological ethic in his usual, succinct way. Reacting to a newspaper account that the Atomic Energy Commission had "authorized" the dumping of radioactive waste into the ocean, White remarked: "I sometimes wonder about these cool assumptions of authority in areas of sea and sky. The sea doesn't belong to the Atomic Energy Commission, it belongs to me. I am not ready to authorize dumping radioactive waste into it, and I suspect that a lot of other people to whom the sea belongs are not ready to authorize it, either."

The sea belongs neither to an agency of the Government nor to the oil well drillers. The cost of drilling an oil well in the Santa Barbara channel includes not only the cost of the drilling platforms, the labor costs, raw materials, and management overhead, but also the cost of any pollution that results therefrom. What the total cost of the recent pollution is, is anyone's guess. It should be noted that to date the lawsuits resulting from the spill total more than $2 *billion*. For a yardstick, the value of the oil lost in the first twelve days of spillage was less than $1 million.

For bargaining purposes the damages claimed in a lawsuit are almost always overstated. I doubt, however, if they have been in the present instance. We are only beginning to quantify damages to the media and the environment.

Dr. Robert R. Curry, a geologist at the University of California in Santa Barbara, has recently published a detailed study showing the measures that would have to be taken to make the tapping of the channel oil sufficiently safe in this earthquake-ridden area. Sixty-six earthquake epicenters have been identified in the channel by his geological colleague, Professor Arthur G. Sylvester. The five-mile-long pipelines required to bring the oil from the marine platforms to shore would need to have numerous automatic shutoff valves in them, for just two such lines (and there are already a dozen oil platforms in the channel) would contain more oil than has already spilled during the Santa Barbara catastrophe. Many other expensive safety features would be needed. It is doubtful the oil companies could afford to drill in the channel if they were forced to internalize the true costs.

Significantly, Dr. Curry's title is assistant professor of environmental sciences. In the past, established professors of geology, as well as younger assistant professors, have not been notably courageous in laying down the law to the petroleum industry. Money talks. However, it is an encouraging sign of the awakening ecological conscience that there are a few faculty berths labeled "environmental sciences." In such a berth a man may be more independent of industry pressure than geology department members usually are.

The Santa Barbara crisis will be neither the last accident nor the last battle. The idea that there is an environment that professors and others should be concerned about is taking hold. The heresy that no one has a right to pollute the media of the world is changing to orthodoxy. Sooner or later the ecological ethic will prevail. Sooner or later industries will be forced to internalize so-called externalities.

The lemons of Santa Barbara may become part of the nation's lemonade stand.

"I am an over-thirty. Hath not an over-thirty eyes? Hath not an over-thirty hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, should we not revenge?"

WIT TWISTER #111

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Sand in the feed
Made the farmer curse.
Stones in the seed—
The ———— ———
— ———!

—Contributed by
ROGER HAYWARD.

(*Answer on page* 67)

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My Life on the Street Corner

By F. J. SHEED

I MAKE no attempt to set out what life as a whole has taught me. I confine myself to one section of it, the time I have spent talking religion on the outdoor platforms of the Catholic Evidence Guild. In quantity it does not amount to much. In forty-eight years it has averaged perhaps an hour a week, more in the earlier years, not much now. The rest of my working week has gone to earning my living—running a publishing house in London and another (simultaneously) in New York, translating books from Latin and French, writing books of my own. There is naturally an interflow. What I have learned at the desk has helped my platform work; but the flow the other way has been greater, I think. Certainly the lessons learned outdoors stay clearer in the mind, not diffused over the shapelessness of the week but concentrated in their very crowded hour.

Friends have speculated on what reason I might have for conduct so eccentric. It has been suggested that it gratifies my libido; but Casanova would find it hard to feel libidinous teaching the faith or anything else to people coming and going on a street corner. The commonest explanation is that it gives me a sense of power; whereas, if I were to have a nightmare on the subject it would be of talking through all eternity on a windy street corner in hell to three devils and a dog—praying that the devils would not go away. There you have the vast difference between indoor speaking and outdoor. Outdoors the speaker has to hold the crowd; if he does not interest them they leave him.

The indoor speaker loses as many crowds as we do, but he never finds out because their bodies are still there. We of the outdoors cannot fool ourselves: if the audience is not there it is plainly not there, and talking to no one in public has more than a hint of nightmare. Its ever-present possibility forces us to study the crowd, and our subject, and ourselves. I write of what I have thus learned—in Hyde Park London, Times Square New York, Franklin Park Washington, the South Side of Chicago, Sydney's Domain, on the bank of Melbourne's Yarra, and in several dozen other spots. I have lectured as often in more conventional places—university lecture halls, seminaries Catholic and Jewish, international congresses. But if I do not go all the way with a priest friend who said that indoor speaking is to outdoor as cocoa is to beer, at least I can say in all assurance that one could talk indoors for a lifetime without learning as much as in one outdoor meeting with fifteen minutes lecturing and forty-five being heckled, no holds barred.

THE principal fact of life I did not know when I began is that one must never talk for victory—to show oneself right and the other man wrong. An immediate reason is that, if you talk for victory, sooner or later you will cheat. All polemic, religious or other, is stained with cheating. But when the topic is religion there are profounder reasons against cheating. Let me try to explain.

If one is teaching science or mathematics, even history or literature, the main thing is to be lucid. But for the teaching of ideas which could call upon a man to change his life, lucidity is not enough. The self of the teacher has to make contact with the self of the hearer. To say that the speaker must give himself with the truth adhering may sound pretentious, especially if you have the standard picture of the soapbox orator. But it is precise. The speaker and his message reach the hearer together. If the hearer finds the speaker repellent, the message hasn't a hope—it arrives discolored by, smelling of, the one who uttered it.

For vital communication, what is needed is a union of minds, as a result of which a truth living in the one mind becomes a truth living in the other. In a given crowd, outdoors or in, such a union of minds will be consummated with only a small number; nor are all such unions fertile. But there is no other way. Reducing this to practical terms: There is no point in worrying about whether your listeners like you; some will, some won't, and there's nothing you can do about it directly. It is a solid help if they are with you, but not fatal if they aren't—a union of minds is not emotional; only their emotional dislike is fatal. It helps, too, if you like them.

But this is not easy. Crowds can be maddening—spoiling your best effects by interjections; shouting you down (this is true in Australia and England; I've never had it in America); worst of all, walking away and leaving you talking to no one. As you grow in experience, the proportion of the disagreeable diminishes; but it never wholly vanishes. And, be you as experienced as you may, there are still meetings in which the disagreeable has a carnival. When it has, there is no consolation in putting the blame on the crowd. They don't invite you; you invite them. Whether a party has been a success or a failure, there is no appeal against the judgment of the guests.

To like the crowd is not within everyone's power: Street-corner crowds are an acquired taste, and some speakers never acquire it. The one thing absolutely essential in a speaker is external courtesy. This excludes attacking other religions—this lesson learned on the street corner has guided our publishing life as well. It excludes attacking questioners, exposing their ignorance, raising a laugh at their expense. One is forever being told of the smart answers (always the same answers, attributed to the politician of the moment) with which politicians have made hecklers look foolish.

F. J. Sheed

Of F. J. Sheed's objective approach to controversey, a colleague once remarked: "He has more sympathy with liberals than have most conservatives, more sympathy with conservatives than most liberals." Armed with a deep, self-taught knowledge of theology and the simple eloquence to "prick bubbles of fallacies and stupidities," Mr. Sheed has been explaining and defending Catholicism for nearly half a century. The prominent publisher, author, and lecturer was born in Sydney, Australia, in 1897 and received his degree from Sydney University. After moving to London, Mr. Sheed founded the publishing house of Sheed & Ward in 1926. A few years earlier, he had begun speaking on street corners for the Catholic Evidence Guild, a practice he still pursues avidly when time permits. Mr. Sheed's books include *A Map of Life, Communism and Man, Nullity of Marriage, Society and Sanity, Theology for Beginners,* and *Is It the Same Church?*

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But the politician runs meetings for his own good, or his party's, not for the good of the audience. He wants their votes. The religious speaker wants nothing of his hearers. He holds certain truths, truths he himself finds life-giving; he wants to offer them to people who lack them. Put simply, he wants to make God more real in their lives. To have raised a laugh at a man's expense is a sure way to make him loathe you. You have acted against your whole purpose in being there! To whatever barriers there may already be between him and God, you have added your own smiling self.

Normally one does it without thinking; the words are in the mouth and out of the mouth before we realize. But there are worse things—a sneer, for instance, which is a distortion of the face expressing a worse distortion in the soul. There is sarcasm, the deliberate intent to humiliate—a clever man using his skill against a man less articulate in as cowardly a way as a big man hitting a little man. God is love, and love is not served by this sort of callous exhibitionism. Against all such baseness the rule of strict external courtesy is a protection. And practiced long enough, it tends to produce internal courtesy.

With that we are at the heart of all teaching. When Juvenal said that the uttermost reverence is due the child, he was talking of morals not of pedagogy. But he stated pedagogy's first rule all the same. The teacher must reverence the listener; and he must reverence the truths he is teaching. Let me linger upon reverence. I have given as a first reason against talking for victory that sooner or later the speaker will cheat. He may not actually lie, but he will be tempted to shade such facts as might seem to weaken his case, to soft-pedal them, to divert the discussion away from them. I take an example from my own beginnings on the platform. I had a lecture I liked giving on the teaching authority Christ meant His church to have. It was a good lecture, I think, sound scripturally, sound theologically. But I gave it hoping that no one would mention some of our more evil popes. The existence of such men did not weaken my own belief in the infallibility of either church or pope. But I doubted if I could make an audience see it as I did. It took me some years to realize that I was behaving like a shady lawyer, trying to keep his client's shady past from the jury, which is no way of serving truth. Now I begin my lecture with the worst that can be said against the popes—with the doctrine seen all the clearer as a result.

Cheating, or near-cheating, goes with talking for victory. It is a denial of reverence to your hearers; and not only to them, but to the truth. Whereas, if your sole aim is to show what you hold and what its effects are upon life as it is lived, there is no temptation to cheat; there is quite literally nothing to cheat about. You open your mind; you ask your hearers for their comments; you are not trying for a decision. The questions under discussion are too serious for that sort of quick settlement, their roots lie too deep in the person. Question time is the testing time, the priceless time. An instant value is that you learn what your hearers think you have said; you must spend a while clearing that up. The essential value is that you learn how their minds work in the religious field, what ideas they already have or lack. Without the long dialogue you can only guess.

"But, dear, I can't help talking like a woman."

FOR years I wasted time (my time, not the crowd's, for most of them melted away) "proving" the existence of God. I never lost an argument; I never persuaded anybody that there is a God. I was missing the point: They had not rejected God; they had simply lost interest, not seeing what difference it makes whether He exists or not. You must first show that God matters and matters to them. This involves saying what you mean by God. In my experience many practicing Christians have feelings (of varying intensity) about God but almost no ideas. To too many people the word "God" is not much more than a sound, heard respectfully.

If a speaker on religion does not spend a good part of his time making sure his hearers know what he means when he says "God," he risks wasting the whole of it. A closely related word that is little more than a familiar noise is "spirit." A questioner once asked me what it meant. I answered "a spirit has no shape, no size, no dimensions, no color, does not occupy space." His comment, admirably just, was: "That's the best definition of nothing I've ever heard."

The necessity of showing that the truth one is uttering actually matters applies to everything; so does the necessity of finding out what your hearers feel about it. There is no gain in talking on the forgiveness of sins to people for whom sin is a dead word—with only actions that damage others seen as wrong, the notion of sins against God being quite meaningless. There is no gain in talking about an infallible teaching authority till you know whether you and your hearers attach the same importance to certitude in religion. Before entering on a discussion of the virgin birth, find out whether your hearers think there is any value whatever, spiritual or other, in virginity; if they regard the word as only a religious label for anemia, you had better spend some time on that before discussing whether Christ had a human father.

For question time to be profitable the speaker must have a clear notion of the mind of his questioners. Most of them

(*Continued on page* 66)

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America—35,000 Feet

THIRTY-FIVE thousand feet over America, Los Angeles to Newark: Palm Springs, Flagstaff, the Grand Canyon, Colorado, the Rockies, Kansas City, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Pittsburgh. Desert, mountains, snow; wheat, corn, factory smoke. Drought and Mississippi floods. Somewhere below, the pilot tells us, a group of Arizona entrepreneurs are re-erecting London Bridge, which they are bringing from the Thames, stone by stone. In five hours we fly through four time zones and three seasons. It is 4 o'clock in America. It is also 5, 6, and 7. It is spring, summer, and winter. Three miles of altitude (down there, four miles below us) make the difference between too hot and too cold. Six blocks, and sometimes one or two, make the difference between wealth and poverty, between cultures, races, and outlooks.

Fly the American Way. And what is that? How high do you have to be to understand this nation, how close to the ground? Is there a proper distance, a place to see reality without distortion, without losing focus? Where is our reality? In the Los Angeles *Times* or *The New York Times*, both on the next seat? Is it the Brahms overture coming through the stereophonic earplugs over the whine of the jet engines? Or is it (flipping channels) Simon and Garfunkel and "Mrs. Robinson"? Are we one nation, perhaps one world, or are we flying over ten or a thousand every moment—the moment of the Harvard strike, of the Safeguard missile, of the espionage plane shot down over the Sea of Japan?

What we knew for certain three or four years ago no longer seems sure or even probable. In 1966, Vietnam was a dark and dangerous shadow, not yet a disaster, and the thing called the Great Society represented the bright future beyond poverty and hunger, when all children would have equal educational opportunities, when a hundred brave experiments would finally resolve our incomplete agenda of pressing public obligations. Now the Great Society is at an end, and while we should be hearing about new trials and new experiments, we are hearing about the ABM, welfare cuts, and a frustrated electorate resenting taxes, students, and the poor. We close public hospitals for lack of funds, and public schools because we can no longer manage the controversies that surround them. Revolt has become not only a common word, sometimes cheap and inflated, it has become a constant reality: revolt of the taxpayers, of the students, of the workers, the revolt of the Left and of the Right, revolt, increasingly, within the military itself.

And then there is middle America, the innate and endless decency of people in the towns and cities seven miles below. In Oklahoma, the parents of one of the men shot down off the Korean coast are telling a reporter that revenge is useless, that 33,000 Americans have already lost their lives in Vietnam, that killing others to avenge them is stupid, that somehow we must bring this to an end. And there's Senator Ernest Hollings of South Carolina confessing that he had been wrong, that there is hunger in his state, and that something must be done at once to alleviate it. And every day thousands of kids still go to work to man the poverty programs and the tutoring centers, and a million old-timers staff the volunteer programs, the hospitals, and the welfare centers by which ordinary people convey their intentions—for good or ill—to their neighbors.

Perhaps, three years ago, we expected too much, asked for quick solutions when no quick solutions were available. Perhaps we raised too many expectations and thereby created unfulfillable demands and, ultimately, the unrest that became the urban riots of 1966 and 1967. (Yet, surely we were also lucky, given the conditions of life among the poor, that riots had not come with more violence and destruction.) Perhaps we were naïve in expecting that we could somehow resolve, in our time, the afflictions that have plagued men since the beginning of time. Yet, if we were naïve and innocent, it was nothing if not a hopeful and humane innocence.

Where we erred was in misunderstanding ourselves. The nations and the world are too varied to be programed or policed, too complex to be saved by single acts of policy, at home or abroad. What is right for a wheat farmer in Kansas is often wrong for an aircraft worker in Santa Monica, no less a peasant in Vietnam. The men who operate at 35,000 feet spend too little time on the ground, and the men on the ground too little in space. Distance and proximity alone can each be dangerous. Reality is not hidden in an Appalachian hollow, or a university classroom, or a Pentagon computer. Reality is in crossing frontiers; it lies in changes of place and level.

THE nation and the world can be destroyed, we know, with a single blow. They cannot be saved with one. But we should also know by now that the line between human decency and human violence, between charity and aggression is thin and uncertain. During these last three years, we have been asked to respond on increasingly lower levels, have been asked for missiles instead of schools, for soldiers rather than teachers. The Great Society, however misdirected, appealed to the highest in our ambivalent culture; the ABM appeals to the most frightened and limited.

America at 35,000 feet is no better than America at ground zero. But it asks of us, as Robert Frost said, a certain height. We are, as a nation, and as a world, too large, too varied, too complex for the presumptions of saviors. We cannot be programed. We cannot manipulate ourselves, or manipulate others. In the end, all we can trust is decency and freedom, and all we can ask is the resources to make them effective. We cannot be pushed; we can only be led.

—P. S.

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Letters to the Editor

Violence on Campus

A LOOK AT the student that Sidney Hook writes about in his article "Who Is Responsible for Campus Violence" [*SR*, Apr. 19]: He enters the citadel of learning, and stands in awe of the prospects before him. Once enrolled, he discovers some very disillusioning and frustrating facts. His idealistic aims of peace are shattered by a rude awakening that there is an ROTC program on campus geared to war; that there is a faculty researching and promulgating exercises in bacteriological and chemical warfare; scientists prostituting their skills to unearth ways and means to maim and kill, rather than pursuing paths leading to solutions of the mystery of life; medical research struggling with the problems of preserving and extending life only to have their work neutralized by their opposite-minded colleagues.

By dint of hard work our student has climbed out of his ghetto only to find that the university is planning, not an urban redevelopment, but a luxury gymnasium. Furthermore, the draft may pluck him out of school to sacrifice him in a needless war against a paper enemy that has never harmed him.

"Who Is Responsible for Campus Violence?" Indeed, the Sidney Hooks are.

MAX POSCHIN,
Los Angeles, Calif.

I HAVE BEEN profoundly affected by the incidents following the occupation of University Hall on April 10. Sidney Hook's article, obviously written well before that incident, was to the point, but I would like to add a comment.

Despite the impression we may sometimes give to the students, many of us on the faculty view the college as a family and the buildings as a home. We do not condone a laissez-faire attitude toward infringement of rules in a college any more than we would in our homes. We are well aware of the effect of permissiveness. But we would no more call in the city police if students took over a building (even one containing our personal files) than we would if one of our sons, in a fit of rage and malice, broke into our bedroom and ransacked our desk.

CHARLES A. WHITNEY,
Professor of Astronomy,
Harvard University,
Cambridge, Mass.

SIDNEY HOOK'S evaluation of the problem on the college campuses is typical of America's response to critical problems. The real problem with college students is that they realize that they are living in a hypocritical society. It is not simply a matter of a misplaced gym on one campus, a Black Studies Department on another, and military research on a third. It is the general attitude on all campuses which allows these things to go on.

To suppose that the problem is one of law and order reduces it to a level at which men like Mr. Hook would prefer to deal. Problems of law and order are easy to deal with—more police. As witnessed by the recent events at Harvard, this strategy and ineptness only serve to reinforce the doubts of the uncommitted. If the repressive course is followed, one can only expect the SDS to grow from the newspaper story it is now into a very real threat to America.

ROBERT ALTMAN,
Sophomore,
University of California,
Berkeley, Calif.

IN A WORLD where diversity of function and knowledge makes it not only possible but necessary for each person's education to be different from every other person's, we have institutional requirements that force the grade school lock step to continue through college.

Does Mr. Hook believe that it is desirable for our educational institutions to discard the requirements that force students to put their own educational objectives in mothballs or sometimes permanently to sleep? Does he believe that it is possible to create educational situations that allow the students' sense of relevance to function in the creation of course structures?

When economic necessities force the academic world to cut down the possibility for individuality by creating megaversities, does Hook believe that the loss of identity and educational choice by the student enables that student to negotiate rationally?

Does dormitory life provide the degree of personal freedom that seems to be common sense to the majority of students now entering college? Even Hook agrees that it takes some notable averting of face by administrations to achieve enough freedom to avoid revolution. To a generation that would find it immoral to get married without living together first, such hypocrisy is unacceptable. To a group searching for personal identity societal approval is important, but not so important that they would accede to a decadent institutional morality.

When one understands the degree of change to which the current student generation is committed, then it becomes obvious that negotiations between administrations and students, using the ground rules advocated by Hook, are not possible.

MARK RYDER,
Professor of Dance,
Goddard College,
Plainfield, Vt.

Stretch, Rumple, and Bag

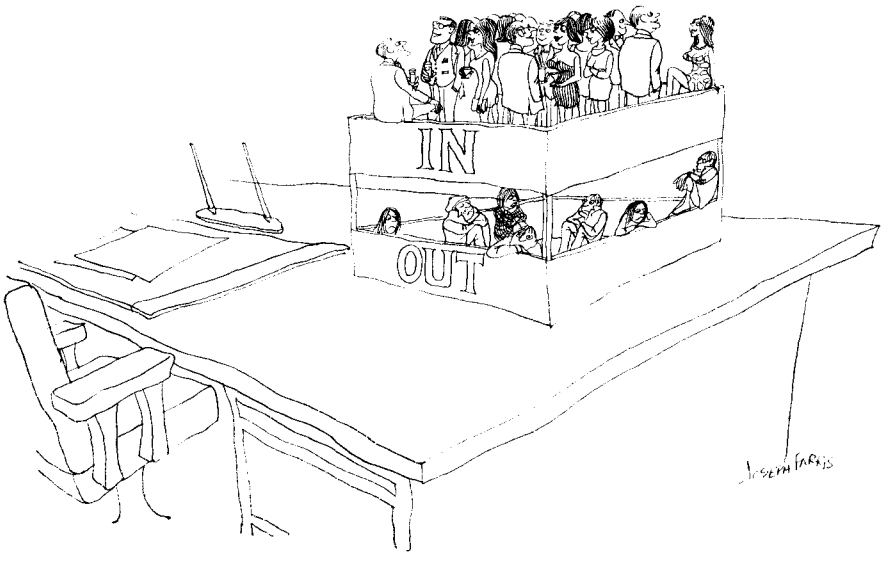
I SHOULD LIKE to carry a little further the issue of rumpled and/or baggy tweeds raised by John Ferris [PHOENIX NEST, March 1].

I reject with indignation the slanderous story of the British earl who had his tweeds rumpled by his butler. British earls' tweeds are traditionally handed down from father to son, and any necessary rumpling or bagging would have been carried out centuries ago. If any present-day earl were to buy new tweeds he would probably have his gamekeeper break them in for the first few years.

A last word on a variety of tweeds not mentioned by Mr. Ferris—the Irish Thornproof. I once bought a magnificently hairy set of these, almost entirely because of the seductiveness of the name. After some days, I came to the conclusion that my tweeds were thornproof because they were made of thorns, woven with the points inward. I suspect that the theory was that once you had got used to wearing the tweeds, no thorns in existence would make any impression on your skin.

It is quite true that tweeds are virtually indestructible. I still have my Irish Thornproof jacket, now suitably baggy and rumpled, and with leather patches on the elbows and leather strips round the cuffs, a refinement of chic not mentioned by Mr. Ferris. I am sure it is still proof against thorns, though I never got round to trying it out in the field. Anyway, I am pleased to say I am now proof against my Thornproof.

RON FARQUHAR,
San Francisco, Calif.



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ALFRED KAZIN

In the Mind of Nabokov

The Russian novelist voyages madly through Time with Lolita's cerebral young successors —a precocious, incestuous pair.

FOR SOME weeks now I have been traveling and floundering in the mind of that American genius, Vladimir Vladimirovitch Nabokov, which (not who) is the dominating and most interesting character in his new novel, *Ada or Ardor: A Family Chronicle* (McGraw-Hill, 589 pp., $8.95). Since *Ada* cannot be confidently explained *in toto* even after several readings, and should not be explained away even when one begins to find some explanations, I can only begin this travel report from the mind of our esteemed Vladimir Vladimirovitch by stating a) that *Ada* is not so much "difficult" as wildly slippery, deceptive, a great tease of a book; b) that it is preposterously erudite, showy and omniscient; c) that it is enchanting even when one is helplessly skidding down VV's linguistic roller coasters. Despite everything, ours *is* "an age of fiction," for Nabokov lives. Not only is *Ada* a novel that is being written by the hero in the form of his memoir (with intimate annotations by his lifelong love, who is also his mistress and his sister), but it also parodies many celebrated novels and the art of storytelling to the point of becoming a mock treatise on fiction as well as a mad voyage into Time, which for Nabokov is always time past and never the future so beloved of utopians and technologists.

Nabokov is seventy years old this year, and he hurriedly left Russia just half a century ago to live in England, Germany, France and (after 1940) the United States. Ever since the success of *Lolita* freed him from teaching at Cornell to live in Switzerland, he has had ample opportunity to review in depth a life that even years ago, when he was an impecunious émigré giving English lessons in Berlin, a sometime tennis coach and the proudest of all Russian writers outside Russia, must have seemed to his intensely personal view utterly extraordinary. It is in fact a life unparalleled by those other modern novelists who, even when like Joyce they were voluntary exiles, would always continue to write in their native language. In any event, Nabokov sees other novelists as middle-class types lifting themselves above humdrum beginnings only by the unnatural exertion of their intellectual will, and so are the victims of "ideas," like those third-raters Balzac, Dostoevsky, Mann, Conrad, Lawrence, Faulkner, etc., etc.

Nabokov, by contrast, has described his own upbringing in St. Petersburg and on the Nabokov country estate as princely and enchanted, a loving saturation in nature, in botany and entomology, in languages, in chess, and in a family that would always be remembered as a separate world, the best of all possible worlds. The Nabokovs were noble, supremely rich, yet the father was also a courageous Russian liberal, a newspaper publisher and jurist who in 1922 was to die in Berlin at the hands of Russian fascists. The young Nabokov grew up on an estate for whose

ALFRED KAZIN is the author of *Contemporaries, On Native Grounds* and other books.

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physical and intellectual spaciousness one has to go back to eighteenth-century landed aristocrats who were also scientists, such as the father of André Bolkonsky in *War and Peace* and Jefferson at Monticello. But unlike Tolstoy himself and so many other aristocratic Russian writers and intellectuals, Nabokov has never been interested in the "people," in salvation through association. Many Russians have hated their revolution, but probably no other Russian has been, on principle, so snooty to it. Nabokov usually describes himself as a supreme individualist left unbelievably free, in exile and amid many languages, to pursue his own vision.

Nabokov makes a point of saying in *Speak, Memory* that he spoke English before he did Russian. But despite his English and Russian, his equal facility in French and German, his scientific Latin (all of which vie with each other in *Ada* to make the characters sound like little Nabokovs, which they are), Nabokov's is more than "a gift for languages"; it is clearly an infatuation with language itself as the source and foundation—not the mere interpreter—of "reality." An original writer *becomes* a language in himself, and like any other language gives names to things that we accept as equal to things. This doctrine of the Romantic poets is Nabokov's own, and the reason why he despises not only novelists weakened by "ideas" but even theoreticians like Freud, who (Nabokov would never admit this) infuriate him because they challenge the sovereignty of great artists and of language by ascribing hidden motives.

For Nabokov "style" is the writer's virtue, his originality being the only virtue. Nabokov has no doubt about his creative "virtue," about the importance of his mind, what the language-that-is-Nabokov can bring out of the unreality of the "world" into the reality of art. That is why *Ada* is so much the record of an enchantment. The hero has a princely sense that everything is open to him; Van Veen (another VV like Vladimir Vladimirovitch) is a millionaire, scientist, psychologist, philosopher, author, athlete, a man of extraordinary sexual freedom and capacity. He is in every sense the star of *Ada*, the tale *and* its teller, who relives his life from earliest childhood to the age of ninety-seven, understands all things, exists only for love and knowledge. The enchantment lies in his surroundings, of course—in the great estate, "Ardis," where he first falls in love with his "cousin" Ada; in the many passages detailing their love games and word games, which are so much alike because this book is not so much about possession of the beloved Ada as it is about the continuing creation, through language, of a world that only the artist can save from general illusion, madness and death.

Van Veen (an American whose full name is Ivan Demonovitch Veen) lives in an America so commingled of English and Russian, the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, that, as one might almost say of Nabokov himself, Van and his other characters live on the planet Daemonia and not on its (reputed) twin, Terra. Everything in the book turns on doubles, twins, "Siamese" relationships of all kinds that tend to fold back into single truths. Van is officially the son of one Walter Dementiy Veen ("Demon") and his wife Aqua, but Aqua is crazy and his real mother is Aqua's twin, Marina. Demon is also the real father of Marina's daughter Ada; Marina's husband is a second Walter D. Veen ("Dan"), who owns the estate, Ardis, where Van and Ada will fall in love. The nineteenth century on Daemonia has movies, planes, long distance calls, but it is also made up of old-fashioned country scenes left over from Jane Austen and Tolstoy's *Childhood, Boyhood and Youth*. But first *Anna Karenina*'s opening line, "All happy families are alike; each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way," is switched around to open *this* "family chronicle" of a happy family certainly dissimilar from all others.

FROM the beginning, as is usual with Nabokov, one is aware of allusions that are meant to be snares, puns that are sometimes alliterative jokes and sometimes cryptogrammic formulas, "hidden" meanings that will take you on exhausting treasure hunts to further jokes, parodies of other novelists that honor Tolstoy but are insults to Maupassant. Nabokov loves to play against the reader and to outwit him, but he also likes to demonstrate his originality in small pedantic matters. Probably no author since Poe has so often consciously scored over his readers. Yet in his gamesmanship he is never as solemn as are those few scholars who can uncover most of his tricks, for Nabokov really enjoys exerting his imagination on improbabilities and distortions of perception, inversions and inventions of language. The babble of many tongues, the zanily insistent references, the sentences that are dizzyingly lucid despite their arcane jokes—all warn the reader that he is being laughed at in small matters but instructed in large ones. For these doubles and twinships exist only in space, and trouble most those who, like Aqua, are mad. Those with the artist's penetration, like Van, know that time transcends space. It doesn't matter how many successive bodies we inhabit as we go from childhood to age, how many countries have been fused by our adventures. Time is the only real element in which the mind lives, and time is the story that we alone can write. *Ada* thus represents a portrait of the creative process. Time does whatever we like. We seek, Nabokov hauntingly wrote in *Speak, Memory*, to know what there was before we were born and what there will be after we die. In his view, consciousness is eternal life, and while we must accept the "nothing" we can locate before we were born, we cannot accept a second "nothing" even if people call it "death." Man cannot conceive of himself without consciousness, and in

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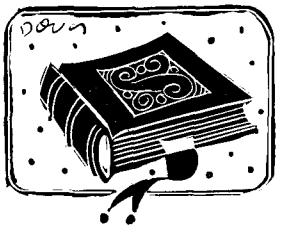
this sense "death" does not exist. The universe consists of our consciousness and in our consciousness.

This is the enchantment, the spell, that *Ada* casts, for the world is made *ours* (Van's) when we see it with perfect love and attachment, the product of our thought. Eros is the name of our life. Van Veen, born in 1870 and still going strong up to age eighty-six, is a superman sexually as well as intellectually. He has been making love for seventy-two



years and he has had as many as forty "convulsions" in one day. Although he and Ada adore each other madly all their lives from the time they first make love (he fourteen, she twelve), she is often unfaithful, while his physical needs and abilities are such that he sleeps with hundreds of other women without ever losing for a moment the ardis, the "point of an arrow," the ardor of loving Ada, who is his ideal, his "hell," his sacred object.

This is the external line of the book, and it is so easy to see *Ada* as an erotic romp that Nabokov typically closes the book with a parody blurb. "In spite of the many intricacies of plot and psychology, the story proceeds at a spanking pace. Before we can pause to take breath and quietly survey the new surroundings into which the writer's magic carpet has, as it were, spilled us, another attractive girl . . . has also been swept off her feet by Van, the irresistible rake."

Very funny (and the blurb on a promotion piece innocently uses Nabokov's parody, which is even funnier). But although the book describes a lot of lovemaking, it is curious that this tends to dissolve into rhetoric—creating a theme, but not making us think of a body—so that Ada herself (an entomologist and botanist who is as much the double of the scientist Nabokov as Van is the double of Nabokov the novelist) is always seen with Van's eyes, and the real warmth of the book is not so much in lovemaking as in the almightiness of Van Veen, with his "mighty" shoulders, his championship at games, his fabulous fortune, his always cool and ready knowledge. Van, you might say, is Nabokov's mind and talks his language. The language-that-is-Nabokov is centered on the shifting dualities, the duplications in space that trick us, until we see through them into Time, where our minds naturally move. By now Russia

(*Continued on page* 35)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Extinction by Common Cold

IN GIVING A STRONG STAMP of approval to Farley Mowat and John de Visser's *This Rock Within the Sea: A Heritage Lost* [*SR*, Apr. 26], it becomes apparent that J. H. Plumb has not done his home-work.

In his summary of the book I found the following passage: ". . . the aboriginal Tasmanians, whom the English hunted to death in the nineteenth century." On this topic I refer Plumb to the *Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute, 1879, No. 1*, p. 7. The writer of this article examined documents available from early nineteenth-century Tasmania when the Tasmanians did become extinct. He reports that there were a small group of seal hunters who did hunt and kill Tasmanians. But this made no significant contribution to decreasing the Tasmanian population. Feuding reported among the Tasmanians (as in Australia), in fact, killed many more Tasmanians than the sealers did. In any hostile encounters between English settlers and Tasmanians the English invariably got the worst of it, being no match for the crafty bush fighters that the Tasmanians were. The English ancient musket weaponry was rather ineffectual as well. The Tasmanians died in large numbers from pneumonia, which developed quickly after catching a cold. No Tasmanian ever recovered from a cold. Thus it was apparently the English cold virus which hunted the Tasmanians to death in the nineteenth century.

In another passage I found the following assertion: "Although they [Ona Indians of Tierra del Fuego] had no idea of God or gods, . . ." *Monotheism in Primitive Cultures*, by Paul Radin, professional anthropologist, describes the monotheistic religion of the Ona Indians.

LEO LERICHE,
University City, Mo.

Burning the Talmud

I HAVE NOT YET READ *Jews, Justice and Judaism*, by Robert St.John, but I have read Robert Milch's review of the book [*SR*, Apr. 19]. Mr. Milch takes Mr. St.John to task for factual errors and cites the burning of the Talmud as a glaring example.

Perhaps Mr. Milch is the one in error since Talmuds were rarely burned and the first purposive destructions took place in the thirteenth century on two occasions—in Rome and in Paris. It was burned on four occasions in the fourteenth century but then was allowed to go unmolested for several hundred years. A flurry of activity in the sixteenth century produced some fourteen or fifteen public burnings in Italy.

The entire matter was difficult to understand because the Church looked upon the literature of Judaism as the undoubted word of God and used the excuse that the Jews were misinterpreting God's dictates. It is quite probable other Talmuds were burned when synagogues were destroyed by fire, and it is also quite possible that some of these unfortunate burnings were inspired by apostates seeking to curry favor with the dominant clergyman of Rome.

I. D. BERNSTEIN,
Surfside, Fla.

Ukrainian and Ukrainian

WHILE OFFICIAL UKRAINIAN LANGUAGE [re *The Chornovil Papers*, Book Forum, Apr. 19] is as distinct from Russian as Portuguese is from Spanish in their written forms, spoken Ukrainian is very close to spoken Russian with about as much difference as between Continental Portuguese and Brazilian Portuguese. Moreover, the existence of Ukrainian is a Soviet fiction; the three dialects of the Ukrainian language—Western or Lvovian, Central or Poltavian-Kievian, and Eastern or Kharkovian—differ as much one from another as any of them differ from Russian. The Western or Lvovian dialect alone has a literary tradition which might qualify it for a half-hearted classification as a language, but the official language of the Ukrainian S.S.R. is a form of Central dialect.

MARIA G. ANTONOVA-ORBELI,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Not Bessie

PERHAPS GRANVILLE HICKS'S ERROR [*SR*, Apr. 19] was occasioned by the fatigue attendant on reading so long a book as Carlos Baker's biography of Hemingway, but it was not I who "spoke of 'that curious megalomania which others had noticed at times during Hemingway's visits to wartime Spain.'"

It was Carlos Baker. Cf. p. 335, *Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story*.

ALVAH BESSIE,
San Rafael, Calif.

For Comprehensive History

I PRAY THAT Basil Davidson's *Africa in History* [*SR*, Mar. 22] is the harbinger of a trend toward truly comprehensive history. It is only from such sources as Davidson's book or social anthropology courses that a fortunate few come upon the sobering fact of the existence of fully developed cultures—and ideologies—whose "perspective is profoundly non-Western." Thank you.

MICHAEL A. SHELL,
Ithaca, N.Y.

Lessing's Complete Woman

I WOULD LIKE TO SUGGEST to Mr. Dieli [Book Forum, Mar. 15] that some years ago Doris Lessing in her book *The Golden Notebook* gave readers a superb characterization of a "complete" woman. She truthfully portrayed a woman as she really is.

GEORGIA HEWSON,
Woodland Hills, Calif.

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Literary Horizons

Granville Hicks

When I visited Flannery O'Connor at her mother's home near Milledgeville, Georgia, in the spring of 1962 (*SR*, May 12, 1962), she was thirty-seven years old and had only two more years to live. I was surprised to find her so dependent on her crutches. I knew that she suffered from a disease, a form of lupus, that was presumably going to kill her, and that she was already far along in a horrible deteriorative process. But both her published work and the few letters she had written me were so vigorous that I really hadn't believed in her invalidism.

I soon forgot about it. She said that she spent from nine to twelve each morning writing and the rest of the day recuperating. I can believe that she needed to recuperate: three hours a day of her kind of writing would wear a strong man down, and her physical resources were limited. But recuperation did not mean withdrawal from life, at least not for long. The plantation was explosive with birth and rebirth: not fifty yards from the house a mare was licking her newborn foal; you couldn't move around the place without disturbing hens and ducks and geese on their nests; and Flannery's beloved peafowl, raucous and beautiful, were everywhere. Nor did she find human life alien to her; she was no recluse. Her mother, a woman of great energy, not only managed the plantation efficiently but also, as a member of one of Milledgeville's leading families, took her place in its social activities. Flannery not only mingled with her mother's friends but, to my surprise and amusement, talked to them as if she were any little old Southern girl.

Almost the only activity that took Flannery away from Milledgeville in the last decade of her life was her lecturing and reading from her work in colleges, mostly but not exclusively in the South. Traveling by plane must have been difficult, but she managed it competently, and obviously enjoyed these excursions. In their collection of her occasional prose, *Mystery and Manners* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95), Sally and Robert Fitzgerald include versions of several of these lectures as well as some of the few articles she prepared for periodical publication. As the Fitzgeralds point out in their introduction, Flannery never gave the same lecture twice; she always worked over her notes, adding here and subtracting there. As a result there came to be several versions of each lecture, and the Fitzgeralds had to select and combine and rearrange. I had read some of these lectures in one form or another, but until they were brought together I had not realized what an impressive body of literary criticism they constituted.

To go back to the spring of 1962, my central impression of Flannery O'Connor was that here was a young woman who had come to terms with herself and her life. In the past ten or fifteen years she had made a series of difficult and important decisions. In the first place, and I think in a way it was the most important of these decisions, she had decided to be a writer, and, as the reader of the book clearly sees, her commitment could not have been more serious if she had decided to enter a nunnery. In the second place, after what seems to have been a period of doubt, she reaffirmed her loyalty to the Catholic Church. Here again what might have been a casual decision, since she had been brought up in a Catholic family, involved every part of her being. In the third place, she had chosen to spend the remainder of her life in the environs of Milledgeville, and she believed that this had saved her from the rootlessness from which, she felt, so many of her contemporaries suffered. Finally, she had faced the almost certain prospect of a deterioration of her strength leading to a premature death. She was sustained, I know, by her religious faith, but also, I am sure, by the challenge of a craft that called for the exertion of all her remaining powers.

She had a tough streak and didn't suffer fools gladly. Her tongue could be sharp when she wanted it to be. "Everywhere I go," she remarked in one lecture, "I'm asked if I think the universities stifle writers. My opinion is that they don't stifle enough of them." She was quick to demolish romantic notions about the literary life: "People are always saying that the modern novelist has no hope and that the picture he paints of the world is unbearable. The only answer to this is that people without hope do not write novels. Writing is a terrible experience, during which the hair often falls out and teeth decay."

She faced up to every problem that confronted her, including problems raised by her adherence to Catholicism. She wrote, for example: "The business of protecting souls from dangerous literature belongs properly to the Church. All fiction, even when it satisfies the requirements of art, will not turn out to be suitable for everyone's consumption, and if in some instance the Church sees fit to forbid the faithful to read the work without permission, the author, if he is a Catholic, will be thankful that the Church is willing to perform this service for him." This chills my once Protestant blood; but look at the concluding sentence: "It means that he can limit himself to the demands of art." And that is what was important to Flannery O'Connor as a writer.

As she made clear in several short stories and in *The Violent Bear It Away*, Flannery had little patience with liberal more-or-less Protestant do-goodism. In one lecture she says that she speaks of Catholic rather than Christian literature because "the word Christian is no longer reliable. It has come to mean anyone with a golden heart. And a golden heart would be a positive interference in the writing of fiction." She writes, "It is the business of fiction to embody mystery in manners, and mystery is a great embarrassment to the modern mind." To many modern minds, yes; but not to the minds out of which has come the best of contemporary fiction, for mystery is always at the heart of their work, whatever faith or lack of faith they profess. The streamlined, new and improved, computerized modern mind has little to do with art of any sort.

The first and last pieces stand apart from the others as being not quite what one would have expected from Flannery O'Connor, and yet they turn out to be perfectly characteristic. The first, on peacocks, was written for *Holiday* magazine; it is charming, mildly sardonic, and full of useful information if you ever plan to raise a peacock. The other is an introduction to a book called *A Memoir of Mary Ann*, a book prepared by the Sisters of Our Lady of Perpetual Help Free Cancer Home in Atlanta, in tribute to a child whose brief and pain-burdened life inspired those who ministered to her. Flannery could not be betrayed into sentimentality even by piety, but the piece has a tenderness that must be remembered when we think of her toughness.

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The Publishing Scene

David Dempsey

Notes from the Underground: How to acquire a new, unrespectable image is one of the ambitions at Doubleday this summer as it launches Projections, an imprint that has been smuggled into the company by two young editors, Matthew Harris and Kenneth Robbins. The purpose is to single out the underground reader and provide him with underground books; above-ground readers, of course, are welcome to share the discoveries.

According to Robbins (Cornell '67) and Harris (Colgate '64), the young people today who are buying and writing books are on the Left, and although anti-Establishment by conviction they need an opening to the Right via Establishment channels. Doubleday hopes to provide one such opening for about a dozen books a year without corrupting the authors; and considering the sales prospects for any kind of experimental writing, corruption isn't likely to be a problem. "Originally, Projections was to be aimed at the eighteen-to-thirty age group," says Robbins, "but Doubleday got a little nervous about this and we're now talking about eighteen to twenty-nine."

"The author doesn't have to be young," Harris added, "although it helps. Paul Goodman has been writing underground books for years; he's a sort of perpetual youth spokesman. Hermann Hesse wrote underground books before there was an underground. The young are just discovering him. We'll take anyone who speaks intelligently in the language of the rebel generation and leave it to the reader to decide whether he can be trusted."

First in line is a prototype volume (without the Projections imprint) called *Informed Sources*, by a thirty-two-year-old West Coast ex-newsman, Willard S. Bain, Jr. Written in a style that parodies wire service teletype dispatches, it is something of a typographical balancing act, best appreciated by those who know their way around newspaper offices. *Informed Sources* was originally published in mimeographed form by a group of diggers in San Francisco, where it enjoyed a truly underground existence (it was distributed free, for example); even now, at $2.95, it has an improvised look about it that suggests the buyer need not beware.

The editors hope there will be more books coming out of "communes" around the country, but nothing is out of bounds and it is expected that colleges, too, will provide a share of publishable material, especially those institutions where students aren't too busy demonstrating that they have no time to write. Example: *Dirty Pictures from the Prom*, by nineteen-year-old Earl Rauch, who wrote the novel while a freshman at Dartmouth.

Screening the underground press for promising writers, Harris and Robbins subject themselves regularly to *RAT*, the Los Angeles *Free Press*, *Seed*, the *East Village Other*, and the *Great Speckled Bird*. One result: the Liberation News Service, which supplies these papers with information, is doing a study on why middle-class students turn radical. Projections will publish it in book form, being careful to give it a proper anti-Establishment paperback look.

"Paperback is the thing," Robbins points out. "It's intimate, inexpensive, can be published in a hurry. Our format will be somewhat larger than average—we don't want people confusing us with dirty books. And we're not saying, 'Hey, gang, here's where it's at.' We're looking for serious college dropouts, not teeny-boppers."

Projections won't be avant-garde arty, Robbins went on to say, but it will be innovative: a mixed-media approach using cartoons, photomontages, newspaper clips, documents, charts, special typography. There will be non-linear books, and portfolios of photographs by promising underground photographers. The project is not full-time with Robbins and Harris (both of whom have editorial duties on regulation Doubleday best-sellers), but even so they are turning over a lot of stones to get at their material.

Without knocking Projections, it's only fair to point out that subterranean literature has been surfacing for some years now, taking its place among the high-fashion items on every publisher's list but without the benefit of a separate cachet—an indication of how meaningless labels can be. Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* more or less started the trend thirteen years ago with its pursuit of the beat generation. There wasn't much of an underground press in those days, and the subterraneans (the title of one of Kerouac's books, incidentally) had to start at the top. Then the City Lights Book Store in San Francisco proved, with Ginsberg and Ferlinghetti, that it was possible to begin about halfway down, in a kind of literary demi-monde, and avoid that awful reputation of having succeeded with the wrong people. The "undergrounds" have made it possible for young writers to work out their hostilities against the system by playing store, so to speak. But if the talent is there, and the stakes high enough, the rebels will find a ready welcome almost anywhere.

Who published Abbie Hoffman's *Revolution for the Hell of It*? Dial Press. (And you can buy a lapel button to match the book.) Random House has just brought out *The Strawberry Statement: Notes of a Columbia Revolutionary*, by James Simon Kunen. Mark Rudd has a book going the rounds, via a literary agent, with an asking price of $12,000. All of these young men are competing with Establishment radicals for a reading public that no longer discriminates between the underground and what's above it, pornography and "filthy speech" being homogenized throughout so much of our literature. The lines are blurred all across the board—same beards on the authors, same graffiti in the books. How do you out-Grove the Grove Press?

We heard of a woman who bought a copy of *Portnoy's Complaint* the other day and asked the clerk to wrap it in brown paper. There's simply no fun reading dirty books any more if it isn't forbidden. Whether this is good or bad is not the point; the point is that books used to afford a sanctuary for the underground that is being shared with other media. (Seen any sexy movies lately?) Hence the new emphasis on technical innovation—the montages, typographical fretwork, etc., envisioned by Projections. The interesting thing about Hoffman, Kunen, and the rebel generation is the political puritanism that underlies their style, which in itself is rather tame. There are no dirty pictures in *Dirty Pictures from the Prom*, and Projections isn't going out of its way to find pornography. The underground press may once more become a refuge, but this time from the prurient excesses of trade publishing. There's a great opportunity here for protest, but we're not sure if the subterraneans are up (or down) to it, even with the help of Doubleday.

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Portrait of Artist as "Escape-Goat"

Pictures of Fidelman, *by Bernard Malamud (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 208 pp. $5.95), an allegory of the artistic and moral life, follows the protagonist's Hogarthian progress from down and out to salvation. Robert Scholes is director of the Center for Modern Letters at the University of Iowa.*

By ROBERT SCHOLES

BERNARD MALAMUD'S *Pictures of Fidelman* is his Portrait of the Artist. In each of its six pictures (or stories) Arthur Fidelman is caught, frozen in some crucial posture, on his way to an esthetic Calvary. The stories are, in a sense, six comic Stations of the Cross. We can trace Fidelman's progress through these Stations, as he plays the roles of both Judas and Jesus, betrayer and betrayed, until the ultimate betrayal, which is his salvation. It is safe to say these rather ponderous and academic things about Malamud because his readership is established and knows that he never fails to communicate in a simple and humane manner. In this respect he resembles that quite different novelist Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. Both men have tried to write really serious and modern fiction for a broader audience than that reached by some of their contemporaries. It may be no accident that they also share a comic and compassionate vision of the world, although Vonnegut is primarily, like John Barth and John Leonard, a novelist of ideas, whereas Malamud is primarily, like Saul Bellow and Philip Roth, a more traditional novelist of social and psychological behavior. And, like the Bellow of *Herzog* and the Roth of *Portnoy,* Malamud is forthrightly and gratefully a Jewish novelist. However, it seems to me (and I write from a *goyische* perspective) that Malamud is the best of these Jewish novelists, that he has been more successful than the others in universalizing his Jewishness.

The recent WASPish parody of *Portnoy* in the *New York Times Book Review*—a mock review of "Peabody's Complaint"—was possible because *Portnoy* is ostensibly so exclusively Jewish. (As if only Jews have Jewish mothers!) But Malamud's Arthur Fidelman, who also has a mother and a sister whom he spies and sponges on, passes through as universal a rendition of the artist's progress as the Catholic Stephen Dedalus or the Protestant Gulley Jimson.

Three of the six Fidelman stories appeared in Malamud's two published collections of short fiction: "Last Mohican" in *The Magic Barrel* (1958), "Still Life" and "Naked Nude" in *Idiots First* (1963). Since they were among the strongest stories in those two remarkable collections, the completion of the Fidelman saga is an important literary event. Though "Still Life" remains, in my opinion, the best individual story in the group, the new ones are worthy companions to the old, and the comic catastrophe narrated in them is an entirely satisfying conclusion to the history of this sad artist. *Pictures of Fidelman,* then, by its nature and its title, seems to invite a kind of retrospective consideration of Malamud's own work, beginning with the publication of his brilliant baseball fantasy, *The Natural,* in 1952.

IN the sixteen years since it appeared, *The Natural* has been rivaled only by Robert Coover's *Universal Baseball Association* (1968) as an example of American sporting mythology transmuted into literary art. Combining legend and history, Malamud created in Roy Hobbs a character who reverberated with virtually every baseball echo from Casey at the Bat to Shoeless Joe Jackson—a fabulous archetype of hero and goat, savior and scapegoat.

This startling achievement in fantasy was followed by Malamud's most intense novel, *The Assistant* (1957). In this somber and bittersweet story he found the theme that has been at the center of all his later novels. Though telling of a gentile who becomes a Jew, the story is not about Jewishness or Judaism. None of the Malamud books are. It is about the possibility of change in man. If we are all locked in ourselves, we start doomed and there is no hope for us. But if we can change ourselves, remake ourselves in some good image, we can indeed save our souls. In *The Assistant* Frank Alpine climbs out of evil into good. From a life of petty crimes and graceless lusts, by stages too gradual to summarize, he struggles through to honesty, responsibility, and love. As Helen, whose love he has lost because he forced his lust upon her, sees his regeneration:

> It was a strange thing about people—they could look the same but be different. He had been one thing, low, dirty, but because of something in himself, something she couldn't define, a memory perhaps, an ideal he might have forgotten and then remembered—

"I'm for giving President Nixon a second honeymoon period."

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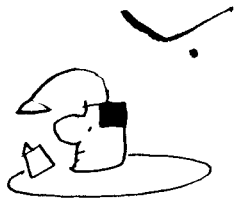
he had changed into somebody else, no longer what he had been.

The theme of regeneration is made explicit in the title of Malamud's next book, *A New Life* (1961), a comic treatment of academic pettiness and erotic foibles. In it Seymour Levin, "formerly a drunkard," progresses—not like Frank Alpine from evil to good, but from weakness and fear to strength and courage. An instructor at an agricultural college, Levin fumbles his way through sex and into love, through teaching and into understanding. After the impact of *The Assistant* this lighter book seemed to many a disappointment. In some ways it is. The surface particulars of life at Cascadia College simply refuse to take on the typicality and luminosity that comic detail requires. Academic routine is hardly interesting enough to support comic scrutiny without being exaggerated into caricature. And Malamud's essential gentleness seems to bar him from satiric postures.

For most readers *The Fixer* (1966) erased any disappointment in *A New Life* and challenged *The Assistant* as the *chef d'oeuvre* of the Malamudic canon. Again he had refused to repeat his earlier work but essayed a new mode and a new subject matter. As *The Natural* was mythic, *The Assistant* problematic, and *A New Life* comic, *The Fixer* was historical, a novel based upon the actual trial of the Jew Mendel Beiliss for alleged ritual murder of a Christian child. *The Natural* had been set in a fabulous world of baseball legend, *The Assistant* in the moody actuality of a New York Jewish neighborhood, and *A New Life* amidst the bright tackiness of the American Northwest. But *The Fixer* was located in Kiev, Russia, half a century



ago. To an extent its materials had to be researched rather than experienced, and this showed in the book's construction. Most readers and critics seem to have admired it greatly. For myself and some others, it was rather disappointing.

Those who liked it, I believe, did so because they approved of its morality and took the good will for the good deed. The title character, Yakov Bok, learned through his suffering that every man lives in history and must be ready to engage in the great continuing struggle between freedom and oppression. This is not only a worthy moral; it is also a fashionable one: "One thing I've learned, he thought, there's no such thing as an unpolitical man, especially a Jew." Or, as we might appropriately add, especially a black, or a draft-bait young man. It is a relevant message. But my feeling is that in so far as *The Fixer* is a political and historical novel it oversimplifies the politics and history on which the narrative is based. And yet as a personal story it is complicated by intrusions of undigested historical and political data. For some writers *The Fixer* would be an achievement. For Malamud the book is merely a success.

Pictures of Fidelman, an allegory of the artistic and moral life, is clearly an achievement. I hope it will have the success it deserves as Malamud's finest comic work and a proper rival to *The Assistant.* The story in its panel of pictures is reminiscent of Hogarth but whereas Hogarth's Rake and Harlot progress downward to destruction, Fidelman progresses down and out—to salvation. He becomes (to coin formally an expression I have seen on high-school English themes) an "escape-goat."

When we first see Fidelman in "Last Mohican" he is making a false start on his career—the first of many. He plans to be an art critic and has come to Italy

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with the opening chapter of a book on Giotto already completed. In Rome he encounters the *schnorrer* Shimon Susskind, who steals his manuscript and finally burns it, offering in defense the statement: "I did you a favor. . . . The words were there but the spirit was missing." Saved by the grace of Susskind from the hideous fate of becoming a critic, Fidelman seems on his way. After all, how could an artist fall lower than to repudiate art for criticism? Fidelman could and does. In the second picture, "Still Life," he rents part of a woman artist's studio in Rome, only to pursue her more assiduously than his work. After a sequence of bizarre misadventures, he unlocks the young *pittrice*'s heart and door inadvertently by donning a priest's garb to attempt a self-portrait "of the Artist as Priest." Annamaria confesses to him what she cannot tell her confessor, and he finally makes love to her, still wearing, at her request, part of his costume:

> "Not the cassock, too clumsy."
> "At least the biretta."
> He agreed to that.
> Annamaria undressed in a swoop. Her body was extraordinarily lovely, the flesh glowing. In her bed they tightly embraced. She clasped his buttocks, he cupped hers. Pumping slowly he nailed her to her cross.

In the next picture, "Naked Nude," Fidelman has "progressed" from false priest and lover to janitor of a whore house. Here he forges a Titian nude in order to escape from his despicable position. As a forger he paints his best work, and he ratifies this criminal deed by stealing his copy instead of the original when he has the chance. In "A Pimp's Revenge" Fidelman does not merely sink to pandering. The subject of his one continuing painting-in-progress sinks from "Mother and Son," to "Brother and Sister," to "Prostitute and Procurer." (Alexander Portnoy would understand.) Even the artist's name in this tale dwindles from Fidelman to F. When he completes this new and truer portrait of himself, the artist as pimp, he cannot let it alone and finally ruins the picture by trying to make it "truer to life."

The fifth picture presents, in a mosaic of fragmented episodes, Fidelman's descent to the underworld: the artist as huckster peddling holes in the ground as sculpture with a pseudo-esthetic pitch about form being the content of art; the artist as Judas, trying to win fame by painting Christ-Susskind's portrait, then spending his traitor's reward of silver on "paints, brushes, canvas"; and finally the artist as a brother too preoccupied with his work to speak to his dying sister. Through a comic miracle, Fidelman finally says "hello" to Bessie on her deathbed, preparing the way for his salvation in the sixth picture.

Salvation works in queer ways. In "The Glass Blower of Venice" Fidelman has given up painting and lives by performing menial errands. Then he seduces—or is seduced by—the wife of Beppo, a glass-blower. One day Beppo, who prefers men to women anyway, catches Fidelman in the act of adultery and gently sodomizes him. "Think of love," the glass-blower murmurs. "You've run from it all your life." Apprenticed to Beppo, Fidelman learns to invent life instead of art. He discovers love, and he becomes a glass-worker. Ultimately he returns home. "In America he worked as a craftsman in glass and loved men and women."

This sometime critic, impostor, forger, pimp, and Judas is saved by giving love rather than taking it, and by abandoning the pretenses of art for the honesty of craftsmanship. Salvation through sodomy sounds like an outrageous and almost blasphemous notion. But as presented by Malamud it is only sufficiently shocking to wake us into awareness. Malamud is writing about love; and love, which is never "normal," is not an automatic thing like heterosexuality. In the iconography of these pictures, Fidelman's submission to Beppo symbolizes his acceptance of imperfection in existence. Craft, not art; love of men and women, not Love. This wise and kindly vision concludes a work in which we find Malamud the craftsman at his wry and comic best.

Retirement from Life: If the days of the residents of Crossbridge, England, seem dreary and without relevance, their inner thoughts are more so, despite the heavy verbiage that lards them. Melvyn Bragg's *Without a City Wall* (Knopf, $5.95) is written in convoluted sentences, laden with adjectives, adverbial phrases and precariously hanging clauses that spread a thick covering over the bare bones of an unresolved story.

Richard Godwin is a successful young television writer who turns his back on swinging London to retire to the small village of Crossbridge. There he sinks slowly (possibly weighted down by his thoughts) into passivity. He falls in love with Janice, a garden-variety neurotic, self-centered and sulky, with groundless pretensions to intelligence and an inability to care deeply for anyone including her own baby. It is curious that even while the author is spelling out Janice's long list of faults he seems to be in love with her himself. This means that he does not present her as a study—why *do* men fall in love with these boring, selfish girls?—but as a heroine. It doesn't wash. One would be crediting the novel with more intent than achievement to say that Richard's attraction to Janice is a sign of his passive descent from life.

The older people in the story are more real and likable than the young couple, probably because they don't dwell on themselves in endless pages of muddled speculation. The heroine's mother is almost too good to be true; the mother of Richard's rival is too horrible to be true. Both mothers die in accidents indirectly caused by the son and son-in-law; the two men blame themselves and then absolve themselves of blame.

And what does it all add up to? Not much more than a badly plotted chart for some self-conscious and not very original thoughts on the Meaning of Life. —EILEEN LOTTMAN.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Clixon

TWICE-FAMED NAMES

Those famous names in the first column are also the full given names—usually abbreviated or otherwise modified—of the well-known persons who wrote the books listed at the right. Carl E. Walker of St. Mary's City, Md., wants you to fill in the blanks with the authors' surnames and the code letters of their books. To cure that blank look, turn to page 51.

1. Edward Everett _____ ( )
2. Benjamin Franklin _____ ( )
3. Clarissa Harlowe _____ ( )
4. William James _____ ( )
5. Thomas Jefferson _____ ( )
6. Francis Scott Key _____ ( )
7. Martin Luther _____ ( )
8. Francis Marion _____ ( )
9. John Milton _____ ( )
10. Oliver Hazard Perry _____ ( )
11. Franklin Pierce _____ ( )
12. George Washington _____ ( )

A. *A biography of Shelley*
B. *Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys*
C. *The Great Gatsby*
D. *Laughing Boy*
E. *McTeague*
F. *The Man Without a Country*
G. *Old Creole Days*
H. *Pike County Ballads*
I. *The Reformation*
J. *A Story of the Red Cross*
K. *Via Crucis*
L. *Why We Can't Wait*

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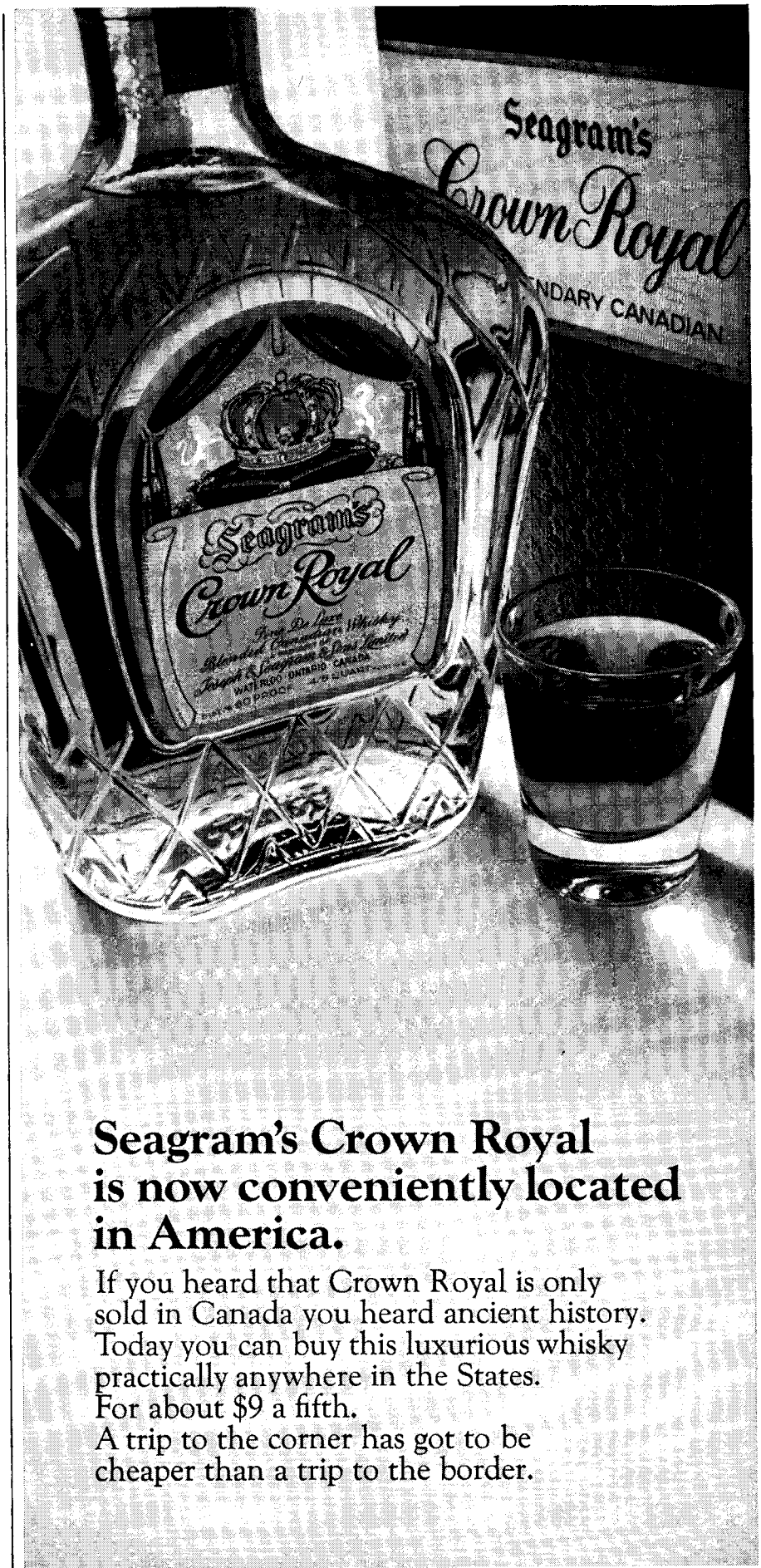
Nabokov

Continued from page 29

and Western Europe and America have all become pieces of Nabokov's mind, the time differences between the "twin" planets Daemonia and Terra analogies of human differences, the twin sisters Aqua and Marina versions of madness and impersonation. All blend into a fascinatingly devilish exercise on Nabokov's part, since "Ada" herself is based on the Russian word for hell, Van's father is called Demon and dresses the part, and "our" planet is Daemonia.

Yet the book, in a sense a thesis novel, gives us the Lesson According to Nabokov. There are long disquisitions on the real meaning of time and its dissimulations, and there are typically farce-like deaths that do not interrupt the action for a moment and remind us that we all die many times in the course of going on from phase to phase. But, essentially, the book turns, as the ultimate of the time sense, on an absolute homesickness for the fabled and lost estate of childhood, "Ardis"; on an ultimate homesickness for the loved one, Ada, as the name, the name alone, that carries our hero through life. The book also turns on the commingling of tongues, continents, nations, cities, inventions, all of which get blissfully mixed up because in the language-that-is-now-Vladimir-Nabokov all the separate pieces of his memory have turned into imagination as the whole. As in *Gulliver* or *Tristram Shandy* or *Alice in Wonderland* (which Nabokov translated into Russian) one is aware of life transformed into pure imagination, pure picture, pure pleasure.

Our Vladimir Vladimirovitch is an extraordinary artist, in the present situation of the novel absolutely a law unto himself. *Ada*, coming as it does after *Lolita* and that far more difficult but greater book, *Pale Fire*, makes a trilogy that simply has no counterpart just now for imaginative detail, for range of interest, for architectural form, for caprice and genius of language. It is prodigious. As a love story, it is more insistent and symbolic than believable, but insistency and symbolism are what Nabokov may ascribe most to love. As fiction or invention, it is the most happily loony work since *Alice*. The little Nabokovs out of whom Nabokov has made his book fire off so many references that certain scenes—two take place in bed—suggest a conclave of pedants released from all earthly ties. The greatest charm of the book lies in the fact that so many of the characters are as creative as Nabokov himself. The lovers are both geniuses. Many mysterious characters are referred to as if we should know them and would know them, if *we* were geniuses.



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Peaceful Soul of the Poet

***My Son's Father**, by Dom Moraes (Macmillan. 242 pp. $5.95), chronicles the first thirty years in the life of a young poet, both in his native India and in his adopted England. Linda Hess, a free-lance writer and former poetry editor for the Asia Society's Asian Literature Program, spent two years in India.*

By LINDA HESS

IN HIS FIRST YEAR at Oxford, Dom Moraes began an essay by saying that Byron had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth and Pope with a wooden one. He then "went on to discuss the tactile differences between silver and wood, without further reference to the poets."

Moraes was more like Byron, born with the silver spoons of wealth, talent, and personal attractiveness to smooth his path to success. In India, a country whose name is practically synonymous with poverty to many Westerners, he grew up feeling that money was something always there, "quantities of it, lying so thickly in the bank that nobody knew what to do with it all." His tutor soon accepted the fact that Moraes's essays were "utterly devoid of content," that he was a poet and not a scholar. Doors opened to him with magical ease: by the time he was twenty he had met and received encouragement from Spender, Auden, Allen Tate, and even the great Eliot; he had won a major poetry prize and was a regular figure on the London literary scene.

Now, aged thirty, he has written his autobiography, a gentle chronicle of his explorations, encounters, ambitions, and achievements, both in India, where he spent the first half of his life, and in England, his adopted home.

Moraes was fortunately unlike Byron in his natural introversion, which unsuited him for bravado or ostentation, kept him inwardly serious about his craft, and modest when others might have become cocky. As a small child his main companions were the characters in the Tarzan, Sherlock Holmes, and Batman adventures, with which he remained engrossed for hours, ardently acting out the parts and embellishing the plots. His only close family tie was with his father, then and now a prominent journalist in Bombay. His mother began to show signs of serious mental illness when he was about five, and her insanity dominated his home life for the next ten years. Having no brothers or sisters, he would go for walks with servants, one of whom fretted about his reclusiveness: "You are a boy," Vincent informed him. "Boys should play games. I shall buy you a football."

But Dom didn't play with the football, or fish with the rod that Vincent subsequently made for him. He read Swinburne and discovered that it wasn't hard to make words rhyme.

Though he was born and raised in India, as were generations of his forebears, Dom's consciousness was remarkably untouched by Indianness. The grosser realities of that teeming subcontinent scarcely existed for him. His was a world of spacious flats, cars and drivers, air-conditioned carriages, and cocktail parties which his parents, smelling of flowers and whisky, hosted in silk and sharkskin.

He recalls a walk along the waterfront with his nanny when he was four or five. "The beggars, armless, legless, eyeless, lolled on the seawall: for me a part of the scenery, like grass or earth or grasshoppers. I had never imagined they were people." A few years later, on a train journey, he noticed pressed to the window of his air-conditioned compartment "brown, inquisitive faces, covered in black and red dust like the faces of clowns." Only when he stepped out for a stretch with his father did he see "that the entire length of the train, like a dead snake infested by ants, was swarmed over by people who stood on the footboards . . . clinging."

India for Dom was always a dream, like those unreal faces at the window. Solid England provided what his talent needed: "a defined tradition, hard outlines, soil for its roots . . . to move from dream to reality."

Arriving in London at sixteen, Moraes called on Stephen Spender, whom he had met in India. Spender immediately promised to publish a page of his poems in *Encounter*, and wrote a letter of introduction to E. M. Forster. On Sundays he was regularly invited to lunch with the Spenders, through whom he met such personages as Cyril Connolly, who stunned him by remarking that his new suit didn't fit, then melted him by calling his poems exquisite. There was Soho, a gallery of younger artists and writers, assorted denizens of Bohemia encountered in pubs and bookshops. There was the Continent, where Moraes met more writers and gratefully gave up his virginity to a violet-eyed young Yugoslav widow.

Finally there was Oxford: the university poets, the literary magazines, the friendship and criticism of Auden and Tate, a conflict-ridden love affair, publication of his first book, and the Hawthornden Prize.

The farther I read in *My Son's Father* the more I liked its author, the more I felt drawn into his experience and con-

"How come you're so amiable about my decisions? What are you—one of those love power kids . . . ?"

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—*Jerry Bauer.*

Dom Moraes—"corners are rounded."

sciousness. The style is simple, clear and alive; the voice gradually convinces me of its honesty. Perhaps it was that honesty, softened by shyness and strengthened by a deep commitment to poetry, which made older, more famous poets recognize and accept him instantly.

Moraes's gifts run to quiet description rather than dramatic action. Even potentially raucous scenes – carousing in Soho pubs; smoking pot in an English train with Allen Ginsberg and Gregory Corso, who offered joints ("American cigarettes") to the ticket collector—are narrated mildly, having jelled in the poet's memory before being committed to the page. Corners are rounded. There is a certain remoteness from the immediacy of physical events, probably linked to the sense of detachment from his own body which Moraes describes as having occurred repeatedly at intense moments in his life. Sometimes this mildness of tone is too lulling; I craved a jagged edge, a jarring change of pace.

The greatest immediacy of feeling comes through in Moraes's account of his mother's madness, particularly the violent scene that led to her being sent in 1953 to a mental hospital. On that day he experienced an intensity of terror and rage perhaps unequalled in his life before or after. Wresting a knife from her hand, he felt the tremendous strength of the insane; when he stunned her with a sharp slap a rush of pity, tenderness, and guilt mingled with his bitter anger toward her. Their reunion years later, when he revisited India after successes in Oxford and London, finally resolved these deeply conflicting reactions: "I had explained myself to my mother, there was love between us, the

(*Continued on page* 51)

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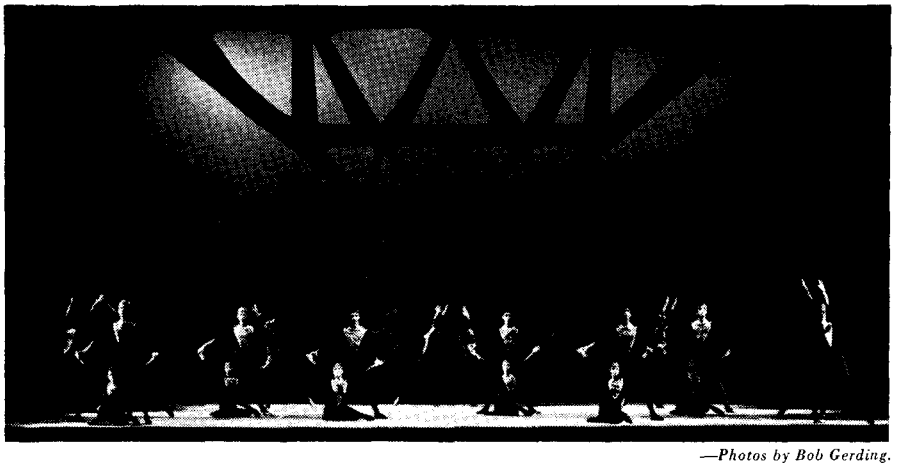
World of Dance

Walter Terry



—*Photos by Bob Gerding.*

Cincinnati Ballet Company in the new *Concerto* (Poulenc)—"two primary arts of dance and architecture were united by the . . . powers of another art—music."

Dance, Architecture, Music

CINCINNATI, O.

IT'S AMAZING, that's what it is. I'm referring to the Cincinnati Ballet Company, operated by the College-Conservatory of Music at the University of Cincinnati. I'm also talking about the amazing young man, David McLain, who has made student dancers seem professional, who has provided for a handsome production which would do justice to a major ballet troupe, and who is himself a choreographer of distinction. Amazing!

Jane Wagner and David Blackburn were featured in David McLain's *Concerto*.

The program that I attended late last month was held in the campus's new and very handsome Corbett Auditorium, and was given as one of many events in the University of Cincinnati Man and the Arts Series during the university's sesquicentennial celebration. It was an all-McLain bill, which included *Antiche Arie e Danze*, with music by Respighi (based on lute airs of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries), and with beautiful costumes and scenic designs, in rich Renaissance hues, by Andreas Nomikos; *Romanza* (Arensky; Nomikos); *Concerto*, to music of Poulenc (organ, strings, and tympani), with décor and costumes by Nomikos, and with the finest choreography of the program; and *D*i*l*e*m*m*a*s M*o*d*e*r*n*e*, to music of Elliott Carter and based on a poem, "Triads, Chairs, Mirrors and Things." Carmon DeLeone, assistant conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, led a splendid orchestra composed of members of the Cincinnati Symphony, and the brilliant organist was Dr. Roberta S. Gary, associate professor of organ at the university.

The only disappointing work choreographically (it was excellently danced, however) was *Dilemmas* (and I'm not going to bother with the asterisks again) in which McLain discovered, as many choreographers do, that muscle humor, kinetic caper, is very difficult to pull off. But he can be forgiven, since the *Antiche* and the *Romanza* were truly lovely—each done with great imagination and sensitivity to the quite contrasting requirements of different music and different stylistic periods—and because the *Concerto* was absolutely brilliant. Here, in *Concerto*, the choreographer mirrored not only the magnificent textures, timbres, sonorities, and movement stimuli characterized by and inherent in the music, but he also reflected in his sharp, modern motor idiom and in his patterns, the design, the architectural structure of the auditorium itself. Here, indeed, the two primary arts of dance and architecture were united by the catalytic powers of another art—music.

But make no mistake, McLain's Poulenc *Concerto* is neither a *pièce d'occasion* nor a *pièce de localité*. It is a strong, vigorous work, often angular, yet with a stark, late-twentieth-century majesty about it, which would do honor to any repertory. It can be toured or transplanted successfully without Corbett Auditorium, which seems solidly rooted on a Cincinnati hill, but I would recommend that it never be given without a mighty organ and a great organist.

The Cincinnati Ballet Company is now in its sixth year, and it is amazing because, although one sees admirable dance advances by semi-amateur regional ballets and by university-based groups across this entire land, it is rare to see such total professionalism in matters of dancing, music selection, décor, costuming, direction, and staging centered upon students. McLain, with degrees from two universities, a modest career as a dancer behind him (you can't choreograph unless your body has experienced dance) in the Robert Joffrey Ballet, and with teaching experience in Joffrey's American Ballet Center (and

(*Continued on page* 82)

Diana LoVerso and Tom Fowler in the ballet comedy, *Dilemmas Moderne*.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

David Amram's Version of "Twelfth Night"

ANY COMPOSER with the patience, interest, and perseverance to write incidental music for twenty-six Shakespearean productions deserves, at the least, a respectful hearing when his twenty-seventh is a fully scored, sung treatment of still another Shakespearean subject. Thus, the respectful hearing on behalf of David Amram's *Twelfth Night* when it had its first local performance under the composer's direction by the Hunter College Opera Workshop (it had been given previously at the Lake George Opera Festival last summer).

Make no mistake about Amram's patience, interest, and perseverance, or about his capacity for weaving a web of instrumental sound around the vocal elements. Four years elapsed between his first effort to finish the project in time for performance during the Shakespearean quadricentennial (in 1964) and its completion last year. Along the way, Amram worked at a variety of other endeavors. Now he has his first opera scored, performed, and reperformed. There is a strong suggestion it will not be his last.

If the next is to be an improvement on the quality of the present one, it would be well for Amram to make a catalogue of virtues and defects, with a view to more of the first and less of the second next time around. On the virtuous side in the present instance is a successful condensation of the many-scened original to a reasonably succinct two acts. Credit for it belongs to that formidable Shakespearean scholar, Joseph Papp, who was Amram's employer for the score and six scores mentioned previously. Among his current liabilities is an inclination to encumber the verbal content with an excess of activity in the orchestra, thus diminishing the prominence that Shakespeare's text should occupy in any setting of it. It may be all too pat to say that the score is at its best in the sections that most resemble incidental music: the danced interludes, or pantomimes, or such settings as that of "O Mistress Mine." But it is also inescapable that the repeated indoctrination Amram has had cannot be wished away; it has to be worked off. In the evolution of his career, that may be the most advantageous result, for him, of pushing this project through to a conclusion.

Viewed as an entity, it is among the virtues of Amram's procedure that he has not excluded any vein of writing from consideration. The original Elizabethan has its place alongside the Elizabethan of Benjamin Britten. There are, in sum, almost too many other inclinations to enumerate, which may, for some, invoke that dread word eclectic. For me, this merely confirms Amram as a musician with an open mind, uncommitted to any current dogmas or procedures. His forward step will come when he exchanges the eclectic for the selective and compounds a method of his own.

The reasons for believing that this outcome is within the realm of possibility relate more to inclinations than to objectives achieved. There were, amid the continuous sound, moments of charm and expressiveness (other than those previously mentioned), especially where Orsino, Viola, the Countess, and Maria were allowed to speak their emotional minds. Amram's abrupt way of going into and getting out of them may have impressed some as abrupt, but it also could be construed as a desirably low-key, understated way of dealing with the essential character of the *Twelfth Night* situations to prevent them from becoming unduly "dramatic" or conventionally operatic. (What he is trying to do must, unfortunately, be termed "operatic," only for the lack of a word better suited to it.)

So far as enunciation of the text, audibility of the words, interpretation of the action, and similar values are concerned, it must be recalled that this was, after all, a subprofessional effort. The Hunter College Opera Workshop is directed by David Lloyd, an esteemed operatic artist of the Fifties and early Sixties, and the staging of this *Twelfth Night* was supervised by Adelaide Bishop, likewise of solid singing and dramatic background. There was a little too much exaggeration in the comedy of Toby Belch, the foppishness of Andrew Aguecheek, and the flippancies of Maria, but some of the other demands of the drama were effectively arranged by Miss Bishop. Among a variety of unfamiliar names in principal roles (none really requiring comment), there was the relatively familiar one of Conrad L. Osborne. He is, if current information is reliable, the same C.L.O. who reviews opera recordings periodically.

Harry

By James Reiss

FROM his delicatessen on 49th St.
back to his modest apartment in Flatbush
all day the woman with the harelip and
three eyes follows him asking, Have you been
good today? How many old ladies have you

helped across the street? Then, before he can
answer, she disappears into the sidewalk.
What have you given to UNICEF? she asks
under his apartment stairs, her hair on fire,
her harelip bleeding. Plenty, he says,

lying. But she has already vaporized
as he climbs to his modest apartment
where there is a note scotchtaped to his door
that spells STAY OUT in red letters. Her
face at the dark end of the corridor

turns green, then purple with candy stripes,
as she asks, Last chance, have you
been good today? Will you be good?
Sure, he growls (lying). But she has already
turned to dust in the corridor

as he flings open the door.
And someone is sitting in his television chair
with no eyes, whispering, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME IN.

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

The Tried and the Untried

ST. PAUL, MINN.

ONE OF THE most important functions of resident companies is to achieve a degree of style rarely possible in a commercial production that must start from scratch and open three weeks after rehearsals begin. Therefore, it is most heartening to find the Minnesota Theatre Company production of *Ardèle* (which, along with *The Alchemist*, constitutes its two-play repertory season here) so fully achieving a very difficult style of acting for American actors.

Ardèle, by Jean Anouilh, in its 1950 Broadway debut closed after only one performance, and a 1958 Off-Broadway staging had a disappointing run of only seven weeks. Its mixture of sophisticated French behavior and anti-romantic irony requires not only a special kind of acting but also demands very ticklish tightrope walking between farcical humor and near tragic emotional intensity.

In this production, director Edward Payson Call has done a miraculous job which equals his work on what was previously the best of all Minneapolis Theatre Company productions, his staging of *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* (SR, Aug. 7, 1965).

Although Paul Ballantyne's General St. Pé begins in a slightly too comic vein, it soon finds the right combination of ridiculous obsessiveness with sexual philandering and sad enslavement to a marriage that has become a grotesque nightmare.

Similarly, the obsessions of the play's other tortured victims of romantic myth are precisely caught. Margaret Phillips as the general's sister, Allen Hamilton as her absurdly jealous lover, James Lawless as her resigned husband, himself involved with a young seamstress who keeps attempting suicide on his behalf, Lisa Richards as the general's daughter-in-law who has married the wrong son, only to find that her physical satisfaction in bed with him is more compelling than her more spiritual love for his nobler, younger brother, and Granville Van Dusen as the brother who has pointlessly kept himself a virgin for an adultery she refuses to consummate are all admirable.

Helen Harrelson as the invalid wife contributes the play's funniest moment as she exasperatedly recites the names of all the girls her husband has desired, ending with "every single inmate of a youth hostel on the Boulevard Raspail." Katherine Garnett is perfect as the play's only sane character, Ada, the sultry, wanton chambermaid who nightly gives herself to the general in an undisguisedly pragmatic exchange for her job and the gifts she asks for.

John Jensen's setting for the 650-seat Crawford Livingston Theatre's intimate thrust stage helps, too, since *Ardèle* is a play in which it would be fatal for the audience ever to become too concerned with one character's problems, as it would tend to in a naturalistic box set. On the thrust stage, however, we maintain a wide-ranging awareness of the total ludicrousness of life's various mismatches, so that what might seem painful if viewed as an individual's misfortune here seems inspiredly funny as a panorama of grotesque involvements.

St. Paul's only resident theater is the semiprofessional Eastside Theatre which, unlike the Minnesota Theatre Company, operates without financial assistance. However, this season it did secure a small grant from the Minnesota State Arts Council to enable it to mount the American premiere of *Asia and the Far East*.

The play, by Venezuela's Isaac Chocron, deals with an unnamed country which votes to sell itself to a richer country. Although the adaptation here by Fred Gaines seems a tediously abstract exercise that only comes to life when the subject of revolution is brought up near the end, the audience appeared to be surprisingly tolerant and appreciative of the attempt at theater. Mr. Gaines is regarded here by some as the most vital talent to emerge from the University of Minnesota's Office of Advanced Drama Research program, which to date has arranged for production of some forty-two new plays by forty-two playwrights, including Rochelle Owens, Jean-Claude van Itallie, Megan Terry, and Terence McNally. Gaines, who supports his family by farming, last year made more than $8,000 from his royalties on thirteen plays that had their premieres at various theaters around the country.

Currently, he may have a comparative bonanza in his adaptation of The Blackwood Apology record album called *The House of Leather*. The show, a smash hit at Minneapolis's 100-seat Cricket Theater, is built around some rather beautiful rock songs with lyrics by Gaines and music by Dale Menten, and tells the touching story of a simple country lad who, just before the Civil War, falls in love with the No. 1 prostitute at a New Orleans brothel which also happens to be a rifle factory *and* a finishing school. Illogical, yes. But the audience doesn't seem to mind as it responds to the combination of rock music and the hard facts of life endured by the workers, white and black, exploited by the system. The show ends after the beginning of the Reconstruction with the white owner of the House of Leather moving north and the black workers carrying on as both prostitutes and munitions workers, but with a fresh militant spirit that predicts the present.

The House of Leather is not a show to be analyzed, but its voltage is high, and its color is rich.

"By George, son, do you realize what we are doing? We are communicating."

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Giving the Public What It Wants

OUR TELEVISION newscasters (along with dozens of newspaper columnists) have already taken note of the long lines at two New York cinemas showing *I Am Curious (Yellow)*. Recently I had a telephone talk with the owner-manager of a Washington "art house" who has been showing the same film for the past month. "We turn them away by the hundreds at night," he reported. "The afternoon matinee is usually sold out, and we have half a house-full for our 10 a.m. showing. On a seat-by-seat comparison, we're outgrossing *The Sound of Music*."

On opening day a half-dozen anonymous hate letters arrived and a few equally anonymous phone calls were received; after that, there were no complaints, except for one strange happening. One man ran screaming from the theater. It was learned afterward that his family immediately had him committed. The counter-reaction has been sparse in New York, too: some thirty hate letters received to date, and the lady manager of one of the theaters showing the film was slapped in the face by an irate woman who was curious and then regretted it. A court case looms in Philadelphia (the third city to play the film): Two policemen saw the film and reported that it had no artistic merit.

Artistic merit or no, *I Am Curious* must be considered significant, and in other than cinematic areas. Grove Press, the film's distributor, went public prior to the film's opening and since then has tripled in value (at this writing). And there has been a kind of spin-off effect in magazine circles. Several large-circulation magazines have taken advantage of the *I Am Curious* phenomenon for feature spreads on the so-called sex wave in movies, theater, and art.

It would appear, then, that those who would treat sex with seriousness, intelligence, humor, and/or artistry are giving the public what it wants—certainly, the buying public. One wonders, therefore, what community a Philadelphia district attorney is supposedly representing when he brings suit against the film. After all, no one is being dragged off the street, forced to shell out cash for admission, then strapped in his seat until the film ends. But let's not assume that the basic ingredient of what a large segment of the public is buying is anything but sex.

Actually, it has always been so with the cinema, even at its silliest. It was only fear that prevented moviemakers from catering more frankly and bluntly to the voyeuristic bent of its audiences. Greta Garbo was one kind of sex heroine. Dumpy little Lena Nyman is another. In a way, she's more preferable to today's audiences because she's a lot more honest about her sexuality, and doesn't think there's much to hide. Not all of what's happening in the current sex cinema is regrettable. On the other hand, we're bound to be in for some curious examples of what might be termed, politely, "art-eroticism" films featuring flesh and fantasy in supposedly meaningful terms.

One now at hand is *Succubus*, a German-made weirdie, featuring Janine Reynaud as a sadistic, murderous sexual demon in her subconscious life, and a nightclub performer on the more "real" plane. Berlin and Lisbon are the backgrounds, and both are found to be rife with decadence, ranging through orgies, Lesbianism, sadism, but of the kind less apt to be imagined by the heroine than by the screenwriter and director. Plainly hokum, it parades its erotic wares under a guise of being artistic. The credits appear against classic works of erotic art, the musical score is by, of all people, Friedrich Gulda.

From Denmark, where just about all is legally permissible, comes *People Meet and Sweet Music Fills the Heart*. Here the direction and scenario are by Henning Carlsen, who made the estimable *Hunger*. It might be mentioned that his new film was held up by U.S. Customs until the U.S. Circuit Court made its determination in the case of *I Am Curious*, although *People Meet* has little total nudity. The sex acts in it are numerous, though, several of them participated in by Harriet Andersson, who does much to give the film humor and even a certain amount of charm. Carlsen's aim was to blend erotic comedy and fantasy into a stylish whole, but his sense of humor is often heavy, and his imagination hardly flowers into brilliance. He does, however, have some excellent actors, among them Eva Dahlbeck and Prebin Neergaard. Such story as there is—about a young student who runs afoul of the amoral dancer played by Miss Andersson and yearns for her ever after—soon runs out of purpose, and the movie gives off only fitful gleams, some of them fleshy, after that.

On a far loftier level is *Teorema*, the latest work of the rigorously individualistic Pier Paolo Pasolini. This film has had its problems in Italy where after first winning the important Catholic prize at Venice, it was condemned by the Vatican, and then seized by Roman magistrates. But though the ground for seizure was obscenity, it would appear that what was being worried about was sacrilege, for the film tells of a young man (Terence Stamp) who, on a mysterious visit to a wealthy Italian family, cohabits with each member of the household: mother, father, daughter, son, and maid. One can take him as a kind of latter-day Christ figure giving sexual surcease, or as some sort of divinity providing an arid revelation.

Pasolini, it must be said, has filled his film with religious (or anti-religious implications), but he is anything but clear about his meanings. His own leanings are toward a mixture of Marxism and Freudianism, but it is his very intellectuality that defeats him. His figures are at best symbols and, at worst, humorless caricatures. We have already learned from other poets that the world is a wasteland, and the equating of religious mysticism with sexuality is hardly new either, since Buñuel long ago explored similar territory. Not even that mysterious, beatific stranger, with his all-embracing sexual willingness, saves the film from downright dullness.

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Edited by David Butwin

The Cognoscenti Abroad—IV: Yehudi Menuhin's London

DESCRIBED BY A leading London commentator as America's greatest export to England since T. S. Eliot, Yehudi Menuhin demurs, quoting the inscription on Eliot's memorial in Westminster Abbey: "The communication of the dead is tongued with fire beyond the language of the living." Menuhin, however, admits that between the English and himself, "there is evermore a feeling of closeness. I know them well. Unlike continentals they don't spill out and over on each other. They resemble rather that other insular people, the Japanese, restrained, respectful of privacy, nature loving, never sentimental but very emotional, feeling deeply but showing little. There is a margin of tolerance here that doesn't exist elsewhere — a conscience, a strong moral streak that makes the English, to me, the world's most civilized people. That's why, ten years ago, we came here to live."

Menuhin, at fifty-two, spare, soft-spoken, blond and boyish looking, lives with his wife Diana in a seventeenth-century row house in Highgate, about ten minutes by tube from Leicester Square. It stands at the same elevation as the cross atop St. Paul's. From their Charles II living room the view embraces Hampstead Heath, 790 acres of gorse and woodland, and beyond, the London that Menuhin loves.

A recent tour of Menuhin's London began beside his own front door. A few steps to the left, in the same row, stands the house where Samuel Taylor Coleridge dwelt. Nearby in the Georgian manor at 17 North Road, A. E. Housman wrote *A Shropshire Lad*. "Highgate groans with the ghosts of great men," said Menuhin. "It was here that Dick Whittington heard the Bow Bells chime 'Turn again, Whittington, thrice mayor of London!' Off High Street is the site of Arundel House where Francis Bacon died. And there, across the Grove, is our local pub, The Flask, once the haunt of Hogarth, Cruikshank, and Morland. It's even rumored that Karl Marx pub-crawled here from Tottenham Court Road."

Marx is buried in Highgate Cemetery. "Walking among its nineteenth-century tombs, temples, and catafalques entangled in a jungle of ivy," said Menuhin, "I never fail to be struck by the contrast between the panache of its rubbly beauty and the carbolic cleanliness and municipal lavatory marble of Marx's mammoth head." The iron effigy loomed like a black cloud above the massive granite plinth, engraved with the famous slogan, "Workers of all lands unite," followed by the lines: "The philosophers have only interpreted the world in various ways. The point however is to change it."

In 1963 Menuhin, taking Marx at his word, set up the Yehudi Menuhin School for Gifted Youngsters at Stoke d'Abernon in Surrey. "It is unique outside the Soviet Union. Thirty-one carefully chosen children ranging in age from seven to seventeen will, I hope, have some kind of signficance in music. Whether they turn out to be brilliant executants, gifted teachers, or first-class orchestral conductors, I hope they will be whole men and women in whom music will produce those qualities of heart and mind, of behavior and mien that are so sadly lacking in so many of the young in these days of rebellion and riot."

An antidote to the gloom of Highgate Cemetery is The Flask. Built in 1663, it shares with The Olde Wrestler's Tavern and Jack Straw's the distinction of being the highest, if not the oldest, of London's pubs. Celebrated here on the last Friday of March each year is "The Swearing of the Horns," a Druid rite by which someone is chosen to stand the house drinks and to kiss the prettiest girls. The Flask specializes in hearty food and drink, such as shepherd's pie and Double Diamond beer to which Rex Harrison, among other locals, is partial. Sue and Nada, two large Labrador dogs, are ever underfoot, and with the oak beams and the old prints, they add a cozy touch to as genial a pub as any in the north of London.

Menuhin rarely dines or drinks at The Flask, or at any other pub or restaurant in London. Exceptions are Claridges'—whose grill was recently restored in *Michelin* to its four-fork eminence—and the Connaught Hotel: "These were our homes in London before we bought our house." Menuhin, however, is part owner of the Farm Bar, an eating establishment at 112 Baker Street, not far from Madame Tussaud's. A severely simple place embellished only by a mural of early English peasants and primitive farming implements, the Farm Bar is part of a conglomerate called Wholefood set up in 1960 by Menuhin in partnership with other dedicated members of the Soil Association. Conspicuous among them is Lord Kitchener, nephew of the hero of Khartoom whose mustache bristles on a poster captioned "I was Lord Kitchener's Valet," a current Carnaby Street fad.

Wholefood's manager, Miss Lilian Schofield, a creamy-skinned lady in her middle years, explained that "everything the Farm Bar serves conforms to the

—*David Farrell.*

Artist and pupil at the Yehudi Menuhin School—brilliant executants, gifted teachers, and first-class orchestral conductors of the future.

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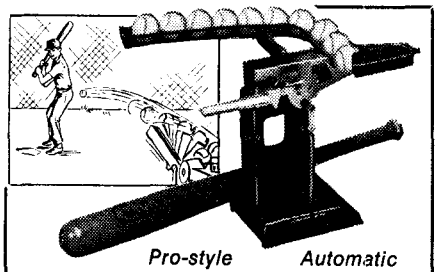

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original testament of Lord Kitchener and Mr. Menuhin. Fruits and vegetables are organically grown, untouched by toxic sprays or chemical fertilizers. Eggs are 'free-range,' that is, laid by uncooped hens uncontaminated by commercial feeds or antibiotics. Meats are exclusively from cattle fed on hay from composted soil, not fodder, and naturally raised without concentrates or hormones."

We nibbled on nut cutlets, a toothsome pâté sandwiched between slices of stone-ground wholemeal bread, and *quiche Lorraine*, a house specialty compounded of unpasteurized Jersey cream, compost-grown mushrooms, natural cheese, and free-range eggs. The Farm Bar and its affiliated Wholefood enterprise purvey baked products, fruits, vegetables, and meats to the Beatles, Lord Londonderry, Albert Finney, Fenella Fielding, Gary Player, and a host of other aristocrats, entertainers, and athletes anxious to avoid illness, obesity, and old age.

The Royal Albert Hall looms large in Menuhin's London. "Here, in 1929, aged thirteen, I made my debut. The Hall is modeled after the Roman Colosseum. It is an enormous, somewhat monstrous place, and a mixed blessing as a concert hall. But oddly, you sound wonderful to yourself standing on stage. And the English make a marvelous audience. More than the Italians who adore only opera, or the intellectual French, the English are an extremely musical people. The tremendous musical flowering that corresponded to the poetry of Shakespeare and Donne in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries continues to this day. No other city supports so many great orchestras as London. I've played Albert Hall so often that when our first son was three, he called it 'Daddy's home.'"

The stage manager of Albert Hall is Terry Cave, and he is aptly named, for his domain goes down below ground almost as far as the dome, 135 feet high, ascends toward the tarnished pewter English sky. Cave led the way to "the Green Room" under the organ where, ever since Albert Hall was opened in state by Queen Victoria in 1871, princes, prime ministers, prize fighters, and prima donnas have primped before confronting the public. The room is appropriately painted and plainly furnished with a piano, a clock, a toilet, a sofa, six wicker chairs, two tables—"one for sandwiches, one for champagne"—and three theatrical dressing tables facing mirrors fringed with naked light bulbs. Here, in 1874, Verdi arranged his tie before conducting the Royal Choral Society in England's first performance of his Requiem. From the Green Room, in 1877, the composer himself strode to the podium to direct the Wagner Festival. As though reading my mind, Cave said, "Name them, they've all been here. Heifetz, Horowitz, Gigli, Rachmaninoff, Casals, Chaliapin, Kreisler, Paderewski, Tetrazzini, Melba, Stern, Moisewich, Myra Hess, Yehudi Menuhin, Ravi Shankar—no other dressing room on earth has known them *all*!"

Behind Albert Hall stands the Royal College of Music, and a short stroll away, off Gloucester Road, is the Queen's Arms, a favorite pub of London's musicians, and locally known as "The 99th Room." The proprietor, Tom Reddy, explained that the Royal College of Music originally had ninety-eight rooms. Students spent so much time drinking at the Arms, it came to be called by its numerical moniker. When the college was enlarged, new rooms were numbered from 100 on, perpetuating the pub's special status.

Rehearsals were being held that afternoon, and "The 99th Room" was besieged by thirsty members of the London Philharmonic whose insistence on buying us bitters testified to the high regard in which Menuhin is held by his peers.

Of London's museums the Victoria and Albert is Menuhin's best-loved. We passed a pleasant hour listening to a jukebox play medieval tunes on ancient instruments. Simply by dialing the controls on a console, we enjoyed a concert of violas, a jig by Holborn on a cittern, and a solo on a seventeenth-century Sellas guitar. Among the instruments exhibited, Menuhin especially admired a violin embellished with the royal coat of arms of the House of Stuart, and believed to have been played by Charles II.

"The Englishman," said Menuhin, "is like a violin. A piano has a fixed pitch, but a violin's strings vary with the weather and must be tuned every day. With a violin one finds one's own pitch, and this is the basis of improvisation. The English are improvisers. They don't trust anything that is arbitrary. They resist dogma. They delight in loose ends and inner contradictions. They prefer to have things a little untidy, and this is good. One hundred per cent perfection is life's destruction, while untidiness allows for ferment which is life's secret. And that is why I, who love to improvise, love London. That is why I admire the English—they muddle through."

Pausing in the Persian Collection of which he is especially fond, Menuhin examined the Ardabil carpet, acclaimed as one of the museum's five finest acquisitions. It is more than 34 feet long and 17 feet wide. At one end is a cartouche inscribed with the first two lines of an ode by Hafiz, the Persian poet: "I have no refuge in the world other than thy threshold. My head has no protection other than this porchway."

There next burst upon us the splendor of the Cartoon Room where hung seven

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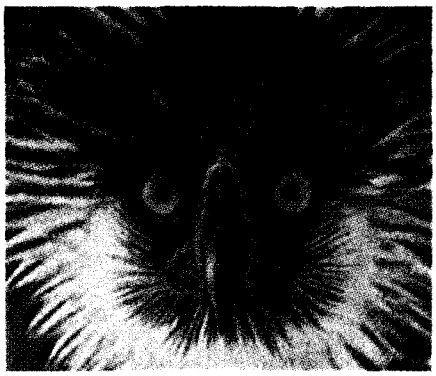

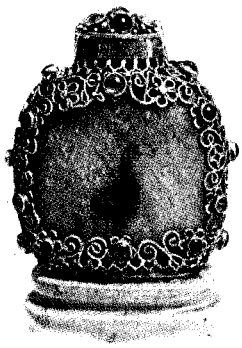

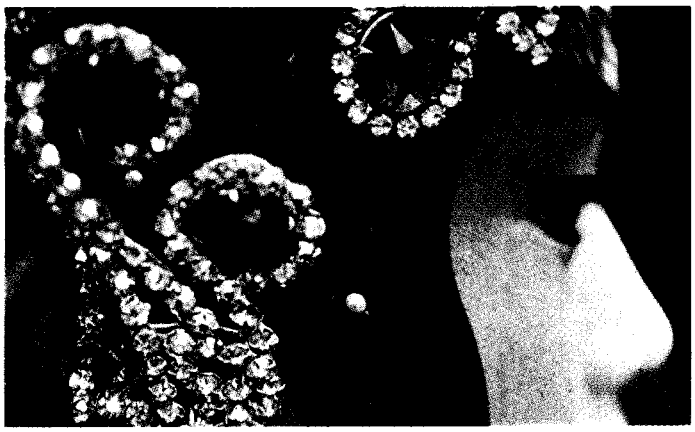

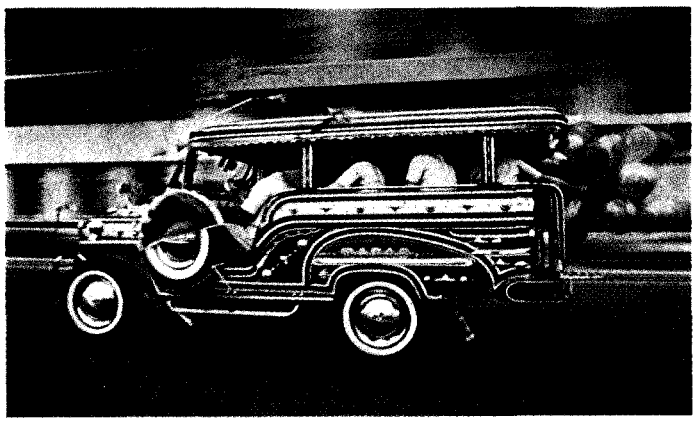

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Some of the Spanish hotels are part of the friendly network of *Paradores* run by the Government. They range from air-conditioned motels to timbered country inns where, except for a tile bathroom with piping hot water, Columbus would feel at home. They include Moorish palaces and crusaders' castles, Renaissance mansions and chalet-styled ski lodges.

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Spain

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of Raphael's working designs for the tapestries in the Vatican's Sistine Chapel. Described by the museum's director, Trenchard Cox, as the most important single feature of the Royal Collection, the giant paintings rank among the finest surviving examples of high Renaissance art. The cartoons cover three walls of the room; before the fourth stands a platform covered with a canopy of velvet and cloth of gold, bearing the crest of Pope Leo X. Behind it a small door leads to a private room used for lectures and as a dressing room for performers privileged to play in the presence of Raphael's saints and sinners. A splendid Moorish ceiling soars overhead, fretted in the style of the Court of Lions in Granada's Alhambra. From this place, one memorable evening, Menuhin carried his violin into the Cartoon Room, mounted Pope Leo's platform, and offered his art in the ambiance of Raffaello da Urbino. "One touches the infinite at a time like that," said Menuhin. "I pray that Raphael was as attuned to me as I to him."

We moved on to the Methodist West London Mission on Kingsway, a shabby structure with offertory bowls stacked in odd corners, where Menuhin records. "It's so cold we play in overcoats, and the Underground rattles so loudly, slow movements must be stopped until the trains pass. But the acoustics are the best in London – better even than in the Royal Festival Hall which is specially insulated against the noise of trains and traffic. My sister, Hephzibah, and I gave the first concert there when it opened in 1951. A great place to play, but for the purest sound, give me the old stones of England's churches."

The stones of one of England's greatest churches lay ahead. Evensong filled St. Paul's as we entered. Menuhin was the first violinist ever to play in the huge transept—three Bach solo sonatas for Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, and a packed church. "I asked for no applause in the cathedral, but the audience waited outside in a pouring rain to thank me."

Standing on the steps and looking over London, Menuhin was reminded of John Gaunt's speech in *Richard II*. "'This other Eden, demi-paradise . . . this happy breed of men, this little world.' It is this quality of indigenousness, of community, and a close sense of belonging that together with loyalty, kindliness, and an innate sense of decency makes England at one and the same time so vulnerable and so dear."

—Arthur Goodfriend.

Arthur Goodfriend, former journalist and foreign service official and widely published author, recently visited some leading artistic and literary figures in Europe. This is one of a series of reports he is writing on their impressions.

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As Others See Us

MANCHESTER:

Nixon, the Secret Do-gooder

THE MAN newly come to power in a democratic system is a never-failing contradiction. He got there by heckling the incumbent, demanding deeds instead of words, promising the people Wilson's—Woodrow's, not Harold's—"open covenants openly arrived at." Once they had believed and elected him, he finds that for the first time he knows more than he cares to say. He discovers the truism that life is simple only to the outsider.

It was Mr. Nixon who bellowed through the long summer about the shilly-shallying of the Democrats over Vietnam. It was Nixon who affected great horror over the "credibility gap." It was Nixon who promised to make all plain.

[Recently,] it was Nixon who complained that policy "cannot be conducted in a goldfish bowl," who saw the best prospect of peace in secret talks with Hanoi which he has no intention of publicizing. —*Cooke's Column, Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

PYONGYANG:

Next Point of Explosion

THE CRIMINAL schemes of the U.S. imperialists to trigger another war in Korea have been more and more undisguised since Nixon came to power. The war boss Nixon blared that "A third world war will break out in Asia, not in Europe," and that, "The Korean Peninsula will be the next point of explosion in the world," and the like.

Moreover, the U.S. imperialists are now intent on cooking up an "anti-Communist military alliance" designed to draw the Japanese militarists and their Asian puppets into a war of aggression against [North Korea], talking about "collective security."

Not content with this, they are trying to employ even nuclear bases in Okinawa as a means of aggression.

—*The People's Korea.*

EDINBURGH:

Playing It Cool

IF THE Defense Department had foreseen any risk, then it is incredible that the plane was not adequately protected against attack by what Mr. Nixon recently described as a fourth-rate military power. This is obviously a North Korean attempt to rub in the lesson, learned painfully and protractedly after the seizure of the reconnaissance ship *Pueblo*, that fourth-rate powers can be both a nuisance to first-rate powers and a danger to world peace. Perhaps North Korea is also trying to gauge President Nixon's character. Are his caution and moderation in Vietnam indicative of his general approach to foreign crises? The danger inherent in this sort of ploy is that if it is repeated too often, the dove may instinctively, or else under political pressure, turn into a hawk. Meanwhile Mr. Nixon is "playing it cool"—an American phrase which could be used to describe hesitation in a difficult and unpleasant situation. —*The Scotsman.*

LONDON:

Reason to Worry

CANADIANS STILL have reason to worry at the way their big neighbor takes them for granted. Particular anxiety about this was roused after President Nixon announced his plans to build the first American anti-ballistic missile sites in Montana and North Dakota. It was swiftly made clear, despite some official fog-making, that Canada had not been consulted about these plans. and that no Canadian objections would be likely to alter them. Yet, the intercepting missiles would cause nuclear bursts and possibly fallout above Canadian rather than American soil. —*The Economist.*

ROME:

The Myth of America

WHEN *Americana*, an anthology of American novelists which is now being republished, originally came out in 1941, it gave us a cultural jolt. . . . The anthology brought about an authentic revolution in ideas. It was as though a hole had been opened in the wall of conformity, impotence, indifference. . . . Not that America was unknown. The legend of America—immense, fecund, happy . . . where the humblest could aspire to riches . . . where the very air was filled with enthusiasm—was well known. But through *Americana* we were able to penetrate the rosy, Eden-like crust, and we came to understand a more valid message from the New World, expressed through a rich literary tradition passionately addressed to man and to reality.

One thus discovered through these writers a different America, one that was tragic and, at times, desperate, an America fraught with traumas and social scars. But the American myth was not reduced by these penetrating revelations. Indeed, it was strengthened by the courageous self-criticism which permeates the works presented in *Americana*. In reading this republication, one wonders how strong America's propensity for self-criticism is today. —*Massimo Vecchi, Vita.*

BARCELONA:

Mission Impossible

IN THE OPINION of some observers, Nelson Rockefeller's trip to Latin America can qualify without exaggeration as an impossible mission. The Nixon Administration is playing some really difficult cards. The countries of Latin America are fed up with the economic neocolonial role traditionally played by the U.S. in their part of the world. The recent events in Peru and the announcement of Venezuela's opening relations with the U.S.S.R. are good indications of Latin America's changing attitude. . . . Skeptics suspect that the Rockefeller mission is just a maneuver to delay Nixon's formulation of a policy for Latin American affairs, or to put off designating, as Latin American's would wish, an Under Secretary of State for Latin America.

—*El Mundo.*

MOSCOW:

U.S. Peace Demonstrations

THE POWERFUL upsurge of mass peace manifestations in the West reaffirms the fact that the movement of opponents of war and aggression is an influential force of our time. Their slogans reveal the conscience of mankind. —*Pravda.*

THE PEACE MOVEMENT in the United States, which died down a bit after the discontinuation of air raids on the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, the start of the Paris talks, and the change of administration in Washington, is again being intensified because of the continuing aggression against the Vietnamese people. It is clear to those Americans, who have emerged in the city streets these days, as to who bears responsibility for the drawn-out Paris negotiations and the continuing bloodbath in Vietnam. Army servicemen have for the first time taken an active part in the manifestations in the cities of the U.S.A. —*Izvestia.*

—COMPILED BY NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

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Peaceful Soul

Continued from page 37

closed window that had darkened my mind for years had been opened, and I was free in a way I had never been before."

Free to return to his adopted homeland and his vocation, free to marry a woman he loves, to father a son, to acquire a dog and a house, and to be, by his own account, an unusually happy man. I felt a twinge of apprehension at this fadeout on a scene of domestic contentment. Are the struggles over, then? Are the powerful emotions subdued to gentleness and benevolence? Too much peace won't do for a poet!

But this author has managed to make me trust him. The book jacket claims he has been exposed to "tragedy, despair, and dissolution . . . that would have ruined a weaker man." This is the hyperbole of publicity and has little to do with the story Moraes tells. The real source of his strength is dedication to his art. I believe his concluding restatement of dedication ("If I have not written as earthquakingly as I hoped when I was a boy, I have written as well as I could"), and expect that it will lead him to new risks and new struggles.

The Elder Burton

Early Doors: My Life and the Theatre, *by Philip Burton (Dial. 238 pp. $5.95), contains a potpourri of recollections and anecdotes by a schoolmaster turned stage director. Margaret Croyden, assistant professor of English at Jersey City State College, is currently working on a book about the contemporary theatre.*

By MARGARET CROYDEN

PHILIP BURTON'S *Early Doors* is not an autobiography but a collection of random memories, mostly about his work in the theatre and only tangentially about his personal life. It is, in fact, a sort of non-autobiography, a convenient genre for the ambivalent writer who yearns to talk but imposes a strict censorship over what he says. This kind of controlled "self-revelation," in which only the most superficial aspects of human relationships are disclosed, reduces a life story to a series of events, anecdotal shop talk, tiny portraits of friends and celebrities, and some old-fashioned "lovable" wisdom.

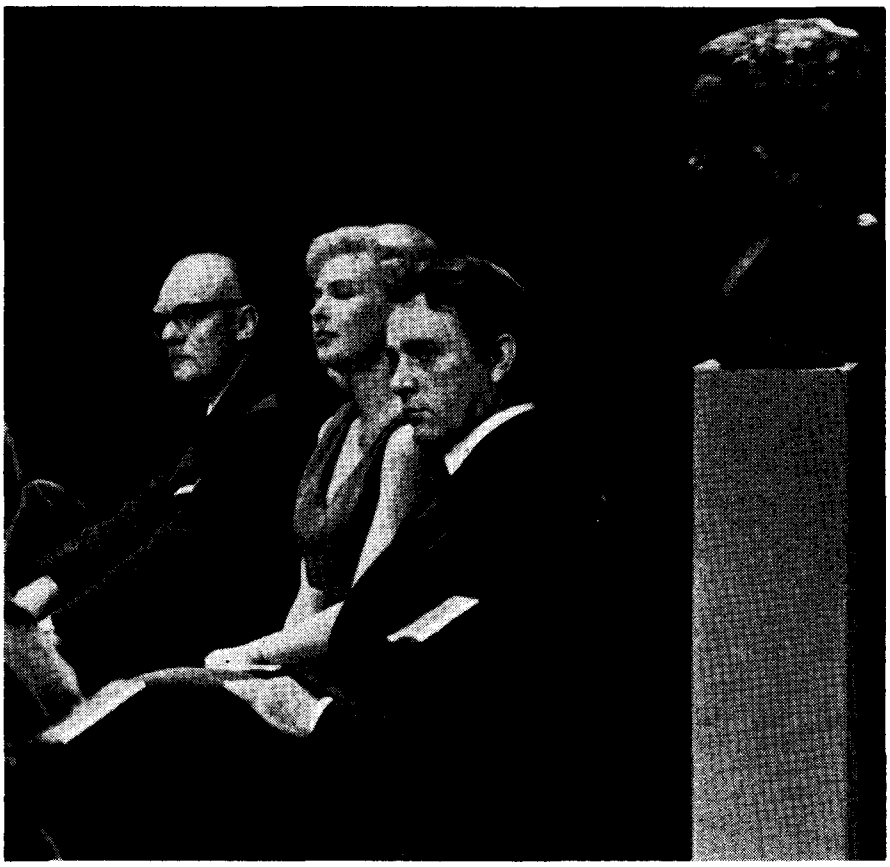
This is not to say that Burton's book is uninteresting; on the contrary, such a potpourri, when it deals with the theatre world, is for certain readers highly intriguing, especially when an intelligent albeit constrained personality is at work. For others, Burton's teasing quality distracts; one wonders when he will relinquish his mask, lose his reserve, reveal his pain. Unfortunately, he never does. He meticulously guards his soul.

Despite these limitations, however, Burton writes with a good deal of grace and narrative skill. His description of his native Welsh mining town with its atmosphere of post-Victorian Methodism and its effect on his career as a schoolmaster is lively enough, though his account of his meeting with and adoption of the famous Richard Burton is shrouded in such ambiguity that that celebrated "father and son" relationship remains a virtual mystery. Nor are the numerous subsequent references to Richard (and Elizabeth) any more illuminating.

Burton's picture of himself as a young stage-struck scholar torn between the security of teaching and the lure of the theatre makes good reading. So do his nostalgic recollections of great performances: Edith Evans as Juliet, Gielgud as Richard II, and Sybil Thorndike as almost anything. Perhaps his best portrait is a thumbnail sketch of Dylan Thomas on the eve of his departure for America and death.

Most of the book concerns Burton's middle years, when his expertise reached its peak. Equally experienced as a teacher, director, and writer, his energy and wanderlust induced him to leave London, settle in New York, and become an American citizen. With apparent ease he moved from job to job, finally establishing himself in the New York theatre scene. Today, as head of the American Musical and Dramatic Academy, he is responsible for the training of some of our best actors. Not to be confined to that alone, he has organized a touring group devoted to the classics, and is extremely popular as a lecturer on Shakespeare. His chapter on that poet is insightful, though one could argue with his romantic and Christian-tradition-bound interpretations of Richard II and King Lear.

The book ends with Burton's quest for new theatrical adventures. Looking to the future, he offers a tribute to the past and reaffirms his zest for living. In so doing he maintains, as always, the certainty and calm of one whose devotion to the theatre has been freely given and richly rewarded.



—From "Early Doors."

Philip Burton, Nancy Wickwire, Richard Burton, and bust of Dylan Thomas—"controlled self-revelation."

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 F, Hale. 2 E, (Frank) Norris. 3 J, (Clara) Barton. 4 I, (Will) Durant. 5 A, (Thomas) Hogg. 6 C, (F. Scott) Fitzgerald. 7 L, King, Jr. 8 K, (F. Marion) Crawford. 9 H, (John) Hay. 10 D, (Oliver) La Farge. 11 B, Adams ("F.P.A."). 12 G, Cable.

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Creating Stability Out of Revolution

A New Foreign Policy for the United States, *by Hans J. Morgenthau (Praeger. 255 pp. $6.95. Paperback, $2.75), and* ***End of an Illusion,*** *by James Avery Joyce (Bobbs-Merrill. 274 pp. $8.95), assert that to be governed in international affairs by a simplistic anti-Communist attitude is "intellectually untenable" today, and urge a complete rethinking of our nuclear policies. John M. Allison has been U.S. Ambassador to Japan, Indonesia, and Czechoslovakia.*

By JOHN M. ALLISON

BACK IN DECEMBER 1967, fourteen American scholars met in Tuxedo, New York, under the aegis of the Freedom House Public Affairs Institute, to discuss America's Asian policy, and in a paper that they published at the conclusion of their deliberations the conferees stated, *inter alia*, "Let us cease defining and defending American foreign policies in grossly oversimplified terms. Our people can cope with complexity if given the chance." These two books, particularly Hans J. Morgenthau's, hold that the makers of American foreign policy have continued to be motivated by an oversimplified, world-wide anti-Communist approach long after such a stance became, as Morgenthau says, "intellectually untenable." Because the leaders of the federal government, it is contended, have not believed the American people could "cope with complexity," they have not made available to them all the information upon which intelligent discussion and analysis can be based.

The new Nixon Administration, which is still determining its policies toward Vietnam, the Middle East, the Atlantic Alliance, foreign aid and the ABM, should study these books. The men on the sixth and seventh floors of the State Department and those in Henry Kissinger's office in the White House—who are by no means fools—will find much with which to disagree in them, but if they are honest and objective, as I believe they are, they will also find much to ponder and, I hope, incorporate into future policies. Of course, they will not make the ultimate decisions, but it is probably too much to expect that President Nixon and Secretaries Rogers and Laird, with their already overburdened days, will be able even to skim these outspoken books.

James Avery Joyce's is the most difficult to get through without wanting to throw it at the author's head. Mr. Joyce is a zealot. He believes NATO, SEATO, CENTO and our whole alliance system are wrong, outdated and dangerous. To his mind, the United Nations is the world's only hope and, while he admits to imperfections in the U.N., and hopes for its development along lines advocated by the United World Federalists, Mr. Joyce gives the organization credit for practically all the constructive action in world affairs since its founding. Anyone who has read the late Robert Kennedy's *Thirteen Days* will be somewhat surprised to learn from Mr. Joyce that it was U.N. Secretary-General U Thant who proposed the solution which "all parties accepted." Such extreme views accompanied as they often are by ill-concealed contempt for American ways, as contrasted with those of his native Britain, only detract from Mr. Joyce's arguments, which often have great merit.

End of an Illusion is filled with quotations from works by others, many of them well worth remembering, such as that attributed to General Lauris Norstad, onetime NATO commander, who, speaking in 1959 of nuclear war, said: "I think you must prevent the thing from starting in the first place, because once it starts in a critical area, such as the NATO area, it is more likely than not, in my opinion, to explode into the whole thing, whether we like it or the Russians like it or anybody likes it."

In the light of General Norstad's statement, it is reassuring to learn from Professor Morgenthau that the present Soviet hierarchy has "made the avoidance of a direct military confrontation with the United States the overriding concern of Soviet foreign policy." Although American leaders maintain a similar concern with respect to the USSR, it is often vitiated, according to Dr. Morgenthau, because of reluctance to admit that policies antagonistic to communism the world over, which might have been appropriate even ten years ago, are not relevant today.

Early in his book Dr. Morgenthau sets forth the fundamental questions that must be asked of any proposed foreign policy. First, is it desirable or is it essential? Second, if essential is it possible? He explains:

> Thus I have always regarded it as essential in view of the interests of the United States that the transformation of Cuba into a center of Communist subversion in the Western hemisphere and a military and political outpost of the Soviet Union be prevented. And on the same grounds, I find the containment of Communism in Vietnam to be desirable but not essential from the point of view of the interests of the United States, especially since this communism is likely to be an independent national communism after the model of Yugoslavia.

Dr. Morgenthau observes that in the underdeveloped areas of Latin America,

(*Continued on page* 63)

Is a Lunar Landing in July Lunacy?

Mission to the Moon: A Critical Examination of NASA and the Space Program, *by Erlend A. Kennan and Edmund H. Harvey, Jr. (Morrow. 345 pp. $7.95), blames the Apollo spacecraft fire of 1967 on bureaucratic bungling and America's haste to achieve a lunar landing. Richard S. Lewis is managing editor of The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists and author of "Appointment on the Moon," a history of the U.S. civilian space program.*

By RICHARD S. LEWIS

THE APOLLO SPACECRAFT FIRE in which three astronauts perished during a routine training exercise on the launch pad January 27, 1967, has been—at least up to now—the worst disaster of the space age. One must add the temporal qualification inasmuch as there exists great risk of further disaster in the first lunar landing attempt, scheduled for July on Apollo 11, and in its rehearsal this month on Apollo 10. The new environment in which the first men hope to set foot next summer is unforgiving in the extreme of human error and technical failure. Yet the loss of a crew in space is more acceptable than on the ground, and the only crewmen America has lost suffocated on the ground in an Apollo capsule that turned into a fire trap.

This tragedy, which plunged the nation into shock and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration into a paralysis of guilt and panic, is the focus of *Mission to the Moon*. The authors, in

their elaborate and well-researched reconstruction of the accident, have treated it as symptom and sign of NASA's incompetence and bureaucratic bungling and as a consequence of this country's headlong rush to the moon.

Unfortunately, the book comes a year—possibly two years—too late, for the mood of recrimination it reflects has passed. NASA and its prime contractor, the North American Rockwell Corporation, have said their mea culpas. The sacrificial goats have been buried in obscurity. All of the carelessness, slipshod workmanship, managerial stupidity and arrogance, and official blundering which the months-long investigation of the fire revealed have been read into the record. Much of it has been recited in the press.

(*Continued on page* 63)

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Bonus Books

By ZENA SUTHERLAND

"THAT'S a funny size package for a book," said the mailman. He should know, since he brings them in staggering heaps. It *was* a funny size package, very long, very flat. Pictures. I've had them for weeks now, along with other delightful odds and ends that don't quite fit into a reviewer's agenda, and clearly it is time to stop being selfish and share them all.

The pictures are from Franklin Watts: two sets of lovely prints, eight in the portfolio by Brian Wildsmith and twelve in the Janusz Grabianski set ($4.95 each). The pictures are from their books and are suitable for bulletin boards or framing or just keeping around to show off. Another new and attractive series are the Jackdaw kits in science and history (Grossman, $2.95). In each sturdy file-size envelope are facsimile reproductions of original source material on a single topic. Jackdaw #37, for example, is stamped "Secret" and "Assassination at Sarajevo," and among its contents are photographs of the conspirators at their trial, an intercepted message from the German Foreign Office, August 4, 1914, a note from the German Embassy on the same day, a selection of press clippings, six broadsheets, and a letter from Cubrilovic to his daughter, in Serbo-Croat with translation. What an intriguing way to learn history!

Although they will probably be used primarily in schools, two other educational series, in book form, are available to the public, and many of the parents to whom I've shown them have wanted the books for their own children or for work in a program with disadvantaged children. One set, published by Bowmar, is the Early Childhood Series ($3.24, with some titles also in a Spanish edition). They are compact little books with bright, colorful photographs of children of many ethnic backgrounds, and the themes are familiar to small readers: learning to ride a tricycle, celebrating a birthday, going on a picnic, etc. The other set that has been looked at covetously is in the Chandler Reading Program. It comprises three paperbound books of poetry and verse for urban children: *Poems and Verses to Begin On* ($1.75), *Poems and Verses About Animals* ($1.75), and *Poems and Verses About the City* ($1.95), all designed for reading aloud to young children or for independent reading by ages 9-11.

Two books by experts in the field of children's literature are addressed directly to parents. May Hill Arbuthnot's *Children's Reading in the Home* (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, $7.50) suggests ways to guide and encourage children's reading. Each section (on books for slow readers, animal stories, biographies, myths, et cetera) includes a discussion of the genre or subject area, specific suggestions for reading guidance, and annotated reviews. *Your Child's Reading Today,* by Josette Frank (Doubleday, $5.95), is a newly revised edition of a time-tested guide to such topics as why children read, the parent's role in the child's reading program, media that compete for the child's attention, the reluctant reader, and reality in today's books. Almost half of *Your Child's Reading Today* is devoted to selected lists of books and magazines for various ages and interests.

The reviewer with limitations of space is often forced to slight the new edition of an out-of-print title. Here are some of the nicest of the past year: Edward Fenton's *Fierce John* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $3.50), which is an amusing tale about imaginative play; *The Far-Distant Oxus,* by Katharine Hull and

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Pamela Whitlock (Macmillan, $4.95), an English story about an adventuresome holiday; Frank Stockton's *The Storyteller's Pack* (Scribners, $5.95); *East of the Sun and West of the Moon* (Viking, $4.95), a newly-edited edition of Norwegian tales by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire; and Elizabeth Coatsworth's *The Enchanted* (Pantheon, $3.95), a tender story for older readers.

Memorabilia . . . For those who enjoyed Marguerite de Angeli's Newbery Award book, *The Door in the Wall*, it will be interesting to read a dramatization by her son, Arthur Craig de Angeli (same title; Doubleday, $3.95). In the Milestones in Children's Literature series, Victor Neuberg's *The Penny Histories* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.95) has facsimile reproductions of seven stories, a fascinating essay, and a bibliography.

In celebration of the centenary of *Little Women*, Little, Brown has published handsome editions of that classic ($5.95) and of the Alcott biography by Cornelia Meigs, *Invincible Louisa* ($4.95), which won the 1934 Newbery Medal. Always worth celebrating is Beatrix Potter. Warne has published, from the longer original version, *The Tailor of Gloucester* ($4.95) and an excellent biography, *The Tale of Beatrix Potter* ($4.95).

Last, but very far from least, an enticing prospect. The happy editors at Harper & Row have learned that among the papers of Rose Wilder Lane, recently deceased daughter of Laura Ingalls Wilder, there is a ninth manuscript in Mrs. Wilder's handwriting.

For the Youngest

Joey's Cat. *By Robert Burch. Illustrated by Don Freeman. Viking.* 38 *pp.* $3.50. Joey's cat had had her kittens in a carton at the top of a pile of crates in the garage, and there was little chance that they would be allowed in the house. His mother didn't like pets. When Joey and his father brought the kittens in after they had been threatened by an opossum, Mother said they absolutely could not stay—but she looked at the four tiny creatures and capitulated. An uncomplicated plot and Don Freeman's brisk illustrations showing a middle-class Negro family add to the appeal of the subject for the very young. Ages 3-6.

A Boy Once Lived in Nazareth. *By Florence M. Taylor. Illustrated by Len Ebert. Walck.* 37 *pp.* $3.75. Double-spread, poster-simple pictures in quiet colors echo the restrained style of a book that describes the boyhood of Jesus. It shows the village street and a modest home, a boy lying on a peaceful hillside, studying in the synagogue, and helping his father—"each act of every busy day an offering of himself to God." Ages 4-7.

Ghost in a Four-Room Apartment. *Written and illustrated by Ellen Raskin. Atheneum.* 46 *pp.* $3.75. Fun to look at, and even more fun to read aloud, here is a book for two voices. White on black, one set of pages comprises the placid thoughts of a domestic poltergeist as he goes about his business; the second set of pages, wildly colorful, shows the havoc wrought by the poltergeist at a family reunion. The text catalogues the family members in cumulative rhyme ("Here is Mary setting the table/Wife of Harry, strong and able/Mother of Doris, dressed in plaid/mother of Horace, good and bad. . .") while the furnishings of the four-room apartment fly about in a frenzied, George Price effect. Ages 5-8.

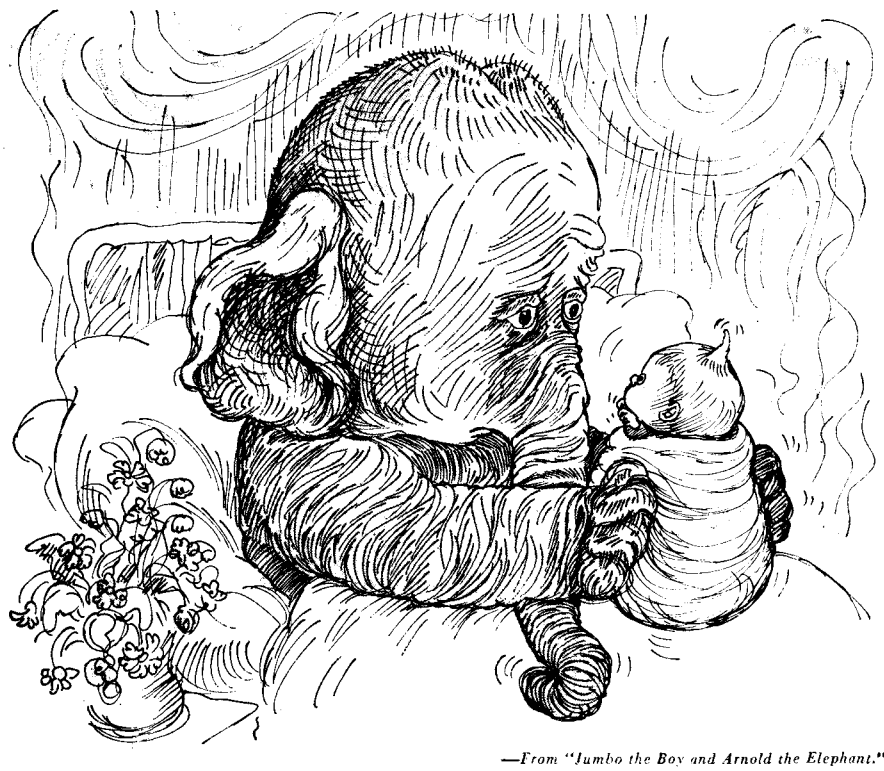
Lovable Lyle. *Written and illustrated by Bernard Waber. Houghton Mifflin.* 48 *pp.* $3.95. That most amiable of crocodiles, Lyle, is now firmly entrenched in the hearts of his readers, so it may come as a shock to them when Lyle starts getting messages saying, "I hate you." Trying to be more lovable than ever, Lyle runs himself ragged doing good deeds, but only when he saves Clover Sue Hipple from drowning does he win over this jealous child and her mother, who has been prejudiced against crocodiles. More contrived than the three earlier books, this still has a raffish charm in its bland style and vigorous, funny pictures. Ages 5-8.

Jumbo the Boy and Arnold the Elephant. *By Dan Greenburg. Illustrated by Susan Perl. Bobbs-Merrill.* 48 *pp.* $4.50. Few small children fail to respond with a happy shudder to the fascinating possibility of infant exchange, a topic treated here with such a sense of the ridiculous as to be only delightful nonsense. The oversize pages give the illustrator an opportunity for lavish display of the plight of two fetching families. *A la* Gilbert and Sullivan, the exchange of a baby boy and a newborn elephant is effected by a myopic nurse. Each set of parents struggles bravely to bring up an adjusted child, but the peer groups are against them. Jumbo (boy) is the only elephant without a tail, and none of the others will play with him. Arnold (elephant) knew he didn't look like other boys—and sometimes he cried. The solution should surprise nobody and please everyone. Ages 5-8.

Roberto and the Bull. *Written and illustrated by Syd Hoff. McGraw-Hill.* 38 *pp.* $4.25. A faint echo of Ferdinand permeates an engagingly silly story. Hoff's familiar cartoons add humor to the bland tale of a small Spanish boy who loves the great bulls that are trained in a nearby field, although their fierceness requires that Roberto address them from the safety of a tall tree. Sent to the city, Roberto dodges traffic so deftly that he is put into the bullring, where he meets an old friend. The bull stops charging, both of them are tossed out, and Roberto and the bull trot happily back to the farm. Ages 5-8.

Brian Wildsmith's Illustrated Bible Stories. *As told by Philip Turner. Watts.* 135 *pp.* $7.95. Brian Wildsmith is a winner of the Greenaway Medal, and his distinctive paintings make this book a thing of beauty, brilliant in the use of color and imposingly dramatic in interpretation. Philip Turner, an ordained minister, is a Carnegie Medal winner and his adaptations are brief, pungent stories that deftly combine biblical mood and contemporary language, giving the most familiar stories a depth and continuity that make the book simple enough for the very young and meaningful enough for older children. Ages 5-12.

Small Pig. *Written and illustrated by Arnold Lobel. Harper & Row.* 64 *pp.* $2.50. The three of them had been perfectly happy together—the farmer, his wife, and the small pig—until the day the farmer's



—From "Jumbo the Boy and Arnold the Elephant."

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wife went on a cleaning spree. Not only did she vacuum the barn, the chicken coop and the pigpen, she washed the pig. Outraged, the small pig left home and thus embarked on a series of horrid adventures in his search for some comforting mud. The illustrations are comical, especially those of the startled piglet embedded in the newly-poured cement of a city sidewalk, and the brief story has a vivacity that should please beginning readers. So will the happy, silly ending. Nice for the read-aloud audience, but designed for ages 6-7.

The Pixy and the Lazy Housewife. *By Mary Calhoun. Illustrated by Janet McCaffery. Morrow. 32 pp.* $3.50. Once upon a time there lived in Devon a slovenly housewife, fat and cheery, and so lazy she thought twice before turning over in bed. Now, the pixies of Devon occasionally cleaned people's homes, but none wanted to tackle the dirt and disorder that Bess made. When some of them were tricked and caught by Bess, they soon turned the tables on her, and tormented the poor woman until she worked harder than she ever had in her life. The message is clear, but it is so cheerfully conveyed that the story is not weighted by a minatory burden. The flyaway pictures of the buxom woman and the darting pixies are in happy accord with the colloquial ease and humor of the writing. Nice for storytelling as well as for reading aloud. Ages 6-8.

Contrary Jenkins. *By Rebecca Caudill and James Ayars. Illustrated by Glen Rounds. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 38 pp.* $3.50. Contrary bids fair to become a permanent addition to the roster of American tall-tale humor, a grouchy curmudgeon whose stubborn excesses should delight the young. The homespun Tennessee backwoods setting is joyously depicted in line drawings, and the episodic plot lends itself to storytelling as well as to reading aloud. Typical of the Jenkins contrariness is the hero's wedding day: having been told he was too old to marry, Contrary immediately proposed to the Widow Sikes, but he balked at the ceremony. "Don't aim to get hitched just yet. Got to go on my honeymoon first." "Folks don't go on their honeymoon,"

SEX EDUCATION BEGINS AT HOME

The Follett Family Life Education Program operates on the two-fold premise that successful family living is due in large part to desirable attitudes and knowledge about sex, and that the family is the basis of human society. It helps clarify for the child what it means to be a man or a woman, and to be a member of a family.

With the family as the keystone, the Follett Family Life Education Program helps children to gain awareness and acceptance of sex in a way that fosters consideration and respect for others. Knowledge of the body is taught tastefully and sensitively yet in a straightforward manner, so that the misconceptions children pick up can be corrected before they become problems. Facts of reproduction in animals and human beings are explained, beginning with the simplest concepts and continuing through more detailed material for the older children.

Important concepts are brought into the child's world through the use of beautiful four-color photographs and illustrations throughout each book.

Each book in the series introduces ideas at a level of understanding appropriate to the child as he grows older. The series encompasses children from kindergarten or first grade, up to the fifth or sixth grades.

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A photographic picture book about living in a family, and the warm, loving relationships between family members.
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The story of the continual renewal of life is told in simple language, and related to the love of human parents for their children.
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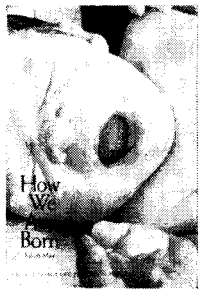

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Human reproduction and the development of the human baby are explained clearly and simply, with emphasis on the loving relationships within the family.
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Julian May
Changes that take place in adolescence are discussed, as well as the physical and social implications of becoming a man or a woman.
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SCRIBNER BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS

Elliott Arnold
A KIND OF SECRET WEAPON. Set in Nazi-occupied Denmark during World War II, this suspense-filled novel tells how a boy and his family played their part in the country's remarkable Resistance movement—by running an underground newspaper.
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Ernestine Byrd
TOR, WYOMING BIGHORN. *Illustrated by Donald Carrick.* An absorbing account of the life of a bighorn sheep which captures the drama of his life and the splendor of his rocky domain with the same skill and sensitivity demonstrated in the author's *Ice King.*
Ages 10-14 $3.50

Robert Carse
KEEPERS OF THE LIGHTS: A History of American Lighthouses. *Illustrated with photographs.* A colorful account which relates the heroic adventures of lighthouse keepers and describes the development of lighthouses—and equipment—from pre-Revolutionary days to the present. Index. Ages 12-up $3.95

Gloria Jahoda
THE ROAD TO SAMARKAND: Frederick Delius and His Music. A biography of the unorthodox composer who dared to blend New World American Negro music with that of the Old World—and who composed the first Negro opera. Music, record lists; bibliography, index. Ages 12-up $4.50

Olivia Coolidge
TOM PAINE, REVOLUTIONARY. A meticulously researched biography of a man who devoted his life to the American Revolution, the rights of man and the reform of religion. Bibliography, index.
Ages 14-up $3.95

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

said Dan'l, "till after they're married." "I do," said Contrary Jenkins, and off he went for seven solitary years. Ages 6-9.

Granny and the Indians. *By Peggy Parish. Illustrated by Brinton Turkle. Macmillan.* 40 *pp.* $3.95. An Indian was watching when Granny Guntry robbed his rabbit-trap, and an Indian was watching when she calmly walked off with the turkey he'd just shot. Granny, in fact, was a nuisance, and when her log cabin burned down she just moved into the nearest wigwam. "That woman will decide to be chief next!" one of them growled, and the braves quickly built her a new cabin. "You stay here. We'll bring you meat." Every day there was meat left at her door, but Granny never saw the Indians; the story ends, "they made sure of that." There is irresistible humor in the idea of a band of braves cowed by the complacent impositions of a little old lady. A pleasant bit of nonsense and a nice change for independent reading. Ages 7-8.

The Emperor Penguins. *Written and illustrated by Kazue Mizumura. Crowell.* 35 *pp.* $3.50. Attractive illustrations, precise in detail and soft in execution, add to the forthright appeal of a simply written book that gives facts about an interesting bird. The text covers the emperor penguin's habitat and group behavior, care of the young, ways of walking and swimming; there is also information—supplemented by the drawings—about the double feathers that keep the bird warm and dry. Ages 7-9.

Tarr of Belway Smith. *By Nan Hayden-Agle. Illustrated by Barbara Seuling. Seabury.* 93 *pp.* $3.75. It's a dog's life; nobody knows that better than a dog. The pitfalls of dealing with humans are described from the point of view of a Labrador retriever in a story that has humor to mitigate the occasional note of cuteness. Jealous of a petted visiting dog, Tarr runs off and is dognapped, but eventually he is retrieved from the dog pound by his rightful boy. Though its plot is not unusual, the book has appeal because of the author's breezy style and perceptive, affectionate observations of canine reactions. Ages 8-10.

Bico: A Brazilian Raft Fisherman's Son. *By Leona Shluger Forman. Photographs by Shepard Forman and the author. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* 96 *pp.* $3.75. Far and few between are the books in this genre that have a note of spontaneity in the writing and an absence of contrived captions to fit cute photographs. Bico, who is ten and charming, describes his village, his family, and the way of life in Pontal de Coruripe with ingenuous awkwardness and a smooth incorporation of historical background that gives a feeling both for the continuity and the progress of the community. Ages 8-10.

The Other City. *Edited by Ray Vogel. David White.* 42 *pp.* $4.95. Like *The Way It Is,* reviewed below, *The Other City* is a compilation of photographs and commentary on an urban neighborhood, both books being an outgrowth of a school photography project supported by an Eastman Kodak grant. Here the larger pages and shorter observations give a more childlike impression; the four young photographers make such candid comments as "Sometimes there's nothing to do except sit around" or "People throw things in empty lots. They're not supposed to and if they get caught they pay a fine. But they never get caught." It's grim, it's pathetic, and it's an eye-opener. Ages 8-10.

For the Middle Group

Lillie of Watts: A Birthday Discovery. *By Mildred Pitts Walter. Illustrated by Leonora E. Prince. Ward Ritchie Press/Golden Gate.* 61 *pp.* $3.75. Although sedate in mood and not always cohesive, the story of a few days in the life of an eleven-year-old girl has interest because it is set in Watts and because it puts into perspective the problems of a ghetto child. That her home is overcrowded, her mother works for a white woman, and she has only one good set of clothes are only factors in Lillie's life, although they affect her. Her concerns, on her birthday weekend, are getting along with her sisters, overcoming her fears, and wanting to please her mother and her teacher. The subtitle notwithstanding, *Lillie of Watts* is a direct, modest story about a girl with universal problems; it would be stronger were the protagonist younger or the writing more sophisticated. Ages 9-10.

Knights in Armor. *By Shirley Glubok. Designed by Gerard Nook. Harper & Row.* 48 *pp.* $5.50. When knighthood was in flower, battle dress was fashioned with the art and craftsmanship demanded by society's élite for its major occupation. Shirley Glubok's lectures at the Metropolitan Museum translate superbly into a book that offers a good view of the age of chivalry and the intricacies of knighthood, with stunning pictures of different kinds of armor. Careful labels and captions make the book as informative as it is imposing; although *Knights in Armor* will interest a wider audience, it is primarily for ages 9-11.

William Mayne's Book of Giants. *Edited by William Mayne. Illustrated by Raymond Briggs. Dutton.* 215 *pp.* $4.95. Some of the

—From "Lillie of Watts."

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most familiar giants of children's literature are included in this pleasant collection, the handsome black-and-white illustrations of which echo the moods of the tales: the poignancy of Wilde's "The Selfish Giant," the humor of "The Ogre Courting," the pathos of "The Gouty Giant," the ferocity in "Jack and the Beanstalk." Nothing new here, but these are tested tales in a handsome edition that has variety. Ages 9-11.

Why You Look Like You Whereas I Tend to Look Like Me. *By Charlotte Pomerantz. Illustrated by Rosemary Wells and Susan Jeffers. Scott.* 63 *pp.* $3.95. Mendelian laws never looked so good! The combination of merry drawings, bouncy rhymes, accurate information—with the leavening of an occasional flippant throwaway line—supplies an introduction to genetics that is as much fun as a detective story. Two brief serious sections follow, one on the structure of the pea plant and the method Mendel used in crossbreeding, the second on Mendel's work and its place in the history of genetics. Ages 9-11.

The Electronic Brain: How It Works. *By Joseph J. Cook. Putnam.* 72 *pp.* $3.29. Although not as detailed or as comprehensive as some of the more sophisticated books now available, this explanation of the computer is simple enough to be useful as a first book for the younger child. The early forms of aid to computation are dealt with briefly and rather superficially, but the more important topics of programming, storage systems, the binary system, control, processing, and output are elucidated, and some of the uses of computers in industry and in government programs are discussed. Ages 9-11.

The Way It Is. *Edited by John Holland. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 87 *pp.* $3.25. This is a collection of photographs made by a class of boys in a Brooklyn, New York, school—part of an experimental project made possible by a grant from the Eastman Kodak Company. The fifteen boys who took the pictures and wrote the text (descriptive captions or comments of variable length) are Negro and Puerto Rican members of a crowded, rundown urban neighborhood. Their remarks are terse, sometimes touching, sometimes obvious ("We play handball. The playgrounds have fences around them.") What is important is the total impact: for those who don't know what slum living is like, this is the way it is. Like *The Other City,* reviewed above, this is a book that may find a wide audience because of the subject. Ages 9-12.

Peter and Veronica. *By Marilyn Sachs. Illustrated by Louis Glanzman. Doubleday.* 174 *pp.* $3.95. Remember the song "Friendship"? That's Peter (undersized and amiable) and Veronica (big and bullying), whose friendship is doubly threatened by the jeering of their classmates and the disapproval of their parents. Peter presses his mother into admitting that she dislikes Veronica because she isn't Jewish. Veronica admits her mother is prejudiced, too, and the two friends are able to take this in stride until the time of Peter's bar mitzvah, when Veronica doesn't show up. Bitterly angry, since he has fought with his mother

Make your child's summer more interesting—with these new books from Little, Brown

Edward Lear
THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT
By popular demand, the original English version adorned with the illustrations of the Caldecott Award-winner *Barbara Cooney.* All ages. $2.95†

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A humorous account of the friendship of a boy and a toll collector. *Illustrated by James Stevenson.* Ages 4-8. $3.25†

Miska Miles
****NOBODY'S CAT***
A beautifully illustrated story about a scrappy cat who makes his own way in the jungle of the city. *Illustrated by John Schoenherr.* Ages 6-8. $3.75†

Virginia A. Tashjian
JUBA THIS AND JUBA THAT
Story Hour Stretches for Large or Small Groups
A fun-filled collection of chants, poems, stories, finger plays, riddles, songs, tongue twisters and jokes. *Illustrated by Victoria de Larrea.* Ages 6-8. $4.50

Claudia Paley
BENJAMIN THE TRUE
A sensitive story about a questioning boy and a powerful witch. *Illustrated by Trina Schart Hyman.* Ages 8-12. $3.75†

Betty K. Erwin
BEHIND THE MAGIC LINE
The warm story of a young black girl and her dreams and determination. *Illustrated by Julia Iltis.* Ages 8-12. $4.95

Jacqueline Jackson
THE GHOST BOAT
Menace and mirth combine when four children discover a "ghost" near their summer home. *Illustrated by the author.* Ages 8-12. $4.50

Janet McNeill
GOODBYE, DOVE SQUARE
A band of English children adjust to a new neighborhood and to growing up in this sequel to *The Battle of St. George Without. Illustrated by Mary Russon.* Ages 10-14. $4.50

Robert Coles
****THE GRASS PIPE***
Plain-talk in story form from the well-known child psychiatrist about the use of marijuana by middle-class teenagers. Ages 12 up. $4.25

Peter Dickinson
****THE WEATHERMONGER***
A highly imaginative and compelling thriller about two children seeking to free England from a malevolent spell. Ages 12 up. $4.95

Special for parents

Eleanor Cameron
****THE GREEN AND BURNING TREE***
On the Writing and Enjoyment of Children's Books
Fascinating, critical essays on children's literature by the successful author of many children's books. $6.95

Illustration from *Juba This and Juba That*

**Atlantic Monthly Press books*
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At all bookstores

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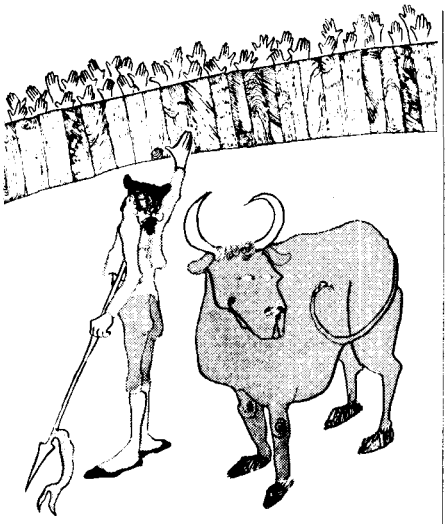

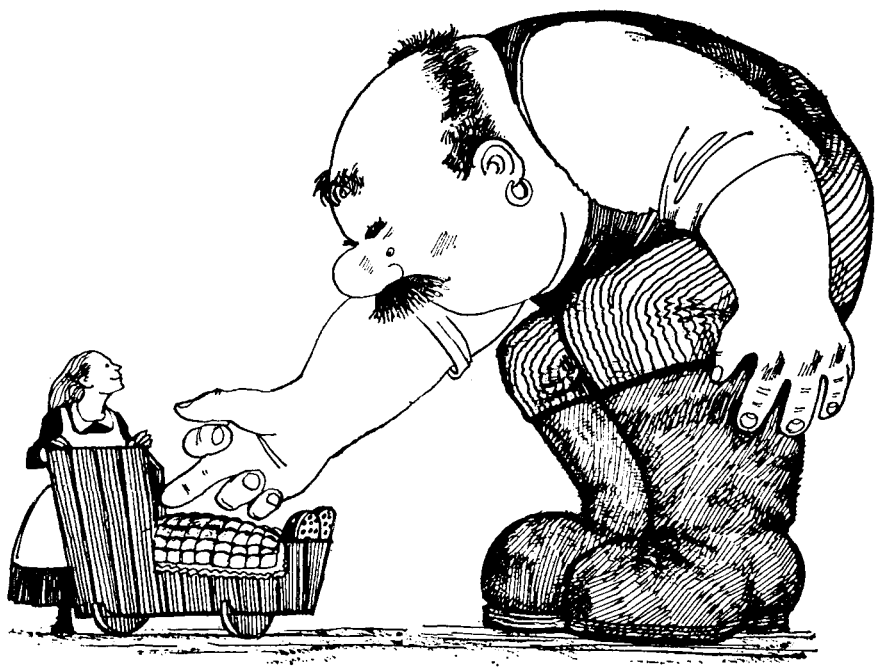

—From "William Mayne's Book of Giants."

New picture books winning cheers and bravos

W. S. Gilbert
Pictures by Rosemary Wells
THE DUKE OF PLAZA TORO. A Gilbert and Sullivan aria, transformed into a sly, funny book. "A delightful creation of the gifted Rosemary Wells."—*Library Journal.* With music and lyrics.
Ages 4 up $3.95

Jan Wahl
Pictures by Lillian Hoban
A WOLF OF MY OWN. "A lovely picture book that shows how a little girl's mighty imagination is capable of viewing a birthday gift puppy as an untamed (but loving) wolf cub." —*Library Journal* (starred review).
Ages 4-8 $4.95

Lillie D. Chaffin
Pictures by Helga Aichinger
BEAR WEATHER. Cuddly drawings complement the story of a bear cub's first winter and spring. "*Bear Weather* bears watching—it's a beauty."—*The Kirkus Reviews* (starred review). Ages 4-8 $4.50

Theodore Fontane
Woodcuts by Nonny Hogrogian
SIR RIBBECK OF RIBBECK OF HAVELLAND. "Perky, gently pulsing rhyme . . . Fresh and resonant woodcuts add to the happy flavor . . . Choice."—*The Kirkus Reviews* (starred review). Translated by Elizabeth Shub. Ages 5 up $4.95

Carol Carrick
Pictures by Donald Carrick
SWAMP SPRING. "A fine choice for a read-aloud, an attractive early-grade supplement for units on animals, the seasons and conservation." —*Library Journal.* Ages 4-7 $4.50
Illustration by Rosemary Wells

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
866 Third Avenue, New York 10022

about Veronica's being invited, Peter rejects his friend. Only slowly does he come to understand how difficult it was for her. Often funny, the book is brilliantly real and tender. Ages 9-12.

Puerto Ricans from Island to Mainland. *By Arlene Harris Kurtis. Illustrated with photographs. Messner.* 96 *pp.* $3.95. Although the straightforward writing is static, the broad scope and sympathetic approach make this a book that should be valuable both to Puerto Ricans and to those who want to know more about them. Providing full historical background, the text covers the problems of Puerto Ricans in the United States and the changing situation on the island. With respect to both the author is candid about difficulties and encouraging about solutions. The book contains information that should be useful to a much wider audience than that intended, which is ages 9-12.

The Second Greatest Invention: Search for the First Farmers. *By Eleanor Clymer. Illustrated by Lili Rethi. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 117 *pp.* $3.95. Tools were the first great invention that made it possible for primitive men to survive; the second greatest invention was the planned food production that led to settled communities, diversification of function, and the consequent beginnings of civilization. In a crisp, matter-of-fact examination of archeological findings, the author moves further and further backward in time, following the scientific evidence of early farming. The illustrations and index add to the book's usefulness, but more appealing is the element of suspense in the true and exciting pursuit of knowledge about the agricultural communities of primitive men. Ages 9-12.

Plants for Pots: Projects for Indoor Gardeners. *By D. X. Fenten. Illustrated by Penelope Naylor. Lippincott.* 128 *pp.* $4.95. Explicit instructions for easy projects and precise, attractive illustrations make this a good book for the beginning gardener, young or not so young. In addition to his basic information on propagation, soils and fertilizer, light and water, starting from seeds and transplanting, the author tells how to make a terrarium, grow plants from fruits and vegetables, force bulbs, and handle other special situations. The book concludes with an enticing program of suggestions for each month of the year. Ages 9-12.

One Hundred Favorite Folk Tales. *Chosen by Stith Thompson. Illustrated by Franz Altschuler. Indiana University Press.* 439 *pp.* $12.50. Although several pages of notes and sources are included, indicating that the book is for professional use, this is a collection too choice to be denied the young reader. The compiler is one of the world's most distinguished folklorists, and his authentic versions of tales from many countries are delightful for reading aloud, reading alone, and storytelling. A treasure. Ages 9 up.

The Bonus of Redonda. *By Robert D. Abrahams. Illustrated by Peter Bramley. Macmillan.* 136 *pp.* $4.50. Bonus L. T. Hamilton is thirteen, an orphan who lives with his grandfather on Nevis, in the West Indies. Grandfather, the acknowledged leader of a small fishing village, and a man fixed in his ways, is determined that Bonus shall also be a fisherman although he knows the boy dreams of becoming a calypso singer. He also secretly dreams of being ruler of deserted Redonda—until an adventure takes him to the bleak island with Gran'pa and George or William (the survivor of twins, but his mother doesn't know which one). Steeped in local lore and ver-

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nacular, the book is delightfully warm and humorous. The setting, the plot, the style have originality, and the marvelous characters are drawn with a teasing affection. Ages 10-12.

The Dragons of the Queen. *By Mary Stolz. Illustrated by Edward Frascino. Harper & Row.* 49 *pp.* $3.50. The Queen was a very old and charming woman whose decaying hacienda afforded hospitality to two tourists stranded in a small Mexican town. George and Ethel Kenilworth, the epitome of the self-satisfied American abroad, are so impressed by the grace of Doña Pascuala and by the dignified beauty of her life that they are, for once, touched by a subtler emotion than pity and a nobler one than fear. This vignette has no child characters, but there is an elemental quality and a poetic mood which the young can claim. That is the artistry of Mary Stolz. Ages 10-13.

A Building Goes Up. *By Ely Jacques Kahn. Illustrated by Cal Sacks. Simon & Schuster.* 63 *pp.* $3.95. An eminent architect describes the intricate procedure of planning and designing a large office building. After a rather patronizing introduction, he gets down to brass tacks: consideration of the tenant's needs, selection of site and other preliminary decisions; the choices of architect and builder, structural and mechanical engineers; the details of construction, design and space planning. Lucid and interesting, this is a book written with authority. Ages 10-13.

The Ghosts of Glencoe. *By Mollie Hunter. Funk & Wagnalls.* 191 *pp.* $4.50. As much as any writer for the young today, Mollie Hunter has the ability to infuse a historic event with vitality. In a fictional framework that has pace and vigor, the story of the Massacre of Glencoe is told through the adventures of one young officer, Ensign Robert Stewart. Appalled by the brutality and treachery of his commanding officer, Stewart violates his military duty and warns the betrayed clansmen, thereby becoming himself a quarry of the bloodthirsty Glenlyon. The Highland setting and the period details provide a solid, realistic base for the drama and excitement of events. Ages 11-13.

Exploring the Great River; Early Voyagers on the Mississippi from De Soto to La Salle. *Adapted and edited by Robert Meredith and E. Brooks Smith. Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Little, Brown.* 161 *pp.* $4.50. History is afforded a personal imperative by the odd, amusing, or impressive details from three eyewitness accounts of Spanish and French explorations and descriptions of Indian tribes encountered by De Soto, Marquette, Jolliet, Hennepin, and La Salle. Although the illustrations are bold and strong, the Indians are drawn almost in caricature. Modern place names are in brackets, but editorial explanation is otherwise minimal. Ages 11-14.

Whose Town? *By Lorenz Graham. Crowell.* 246 *pp.* $4.50. Only a few years earlier, David's family had moved from the South in an effort to escape prejudice and violence. Jumped by a gang of white boys, David is shocked by the biased treatment of the case, torn by the mounting tension and bigotry in the town, and tempted, in his anger, to follow the bitterly hostile black leader, Moshombo. Finally David's minister convinces him that he should accept the path of moderation, in the belief that "the civil rights movement was not a movement of black people against white people. Rather it was a struggle of mankind to overcome evil and hate and selfishness." The book is simply written, sometimes naïve in style, but the approach is far from naïve and the issues are examined with frankness and dignity. Ages 11-14.

I'll Get There. It Better Be Worth the Trip. *By John Donovan. Harper & Row.* 189 *pp.* $3.95. As poignant and honest an account of an unhappy child as one could read, Davy's story is told in the convincing words of a thirteen-year-old who copes, with anguish and courage, with death, divorce, and a tentative, bewildering relationship with another boy. His grandmother has died, and all the boy has left of love is vested in his dog Fred. Davy comes to New York to live with his divorced mother, a bitterly unhappy woman who drinks and who finds her son a burden. He knows it. His first friendship with a classmate leads to a brief homosexual affair that leaves Davy ashamed and, when his dog is killed, convinced that his guilt has led to Fred's death. The book is written with compassion, perception, and honesty, and the portrayal of Davy's parents is bitingly real. Ages 11-14.

The Grass Pipe. *By Robert Coles. Atlantic-Little, Brown.* 112 *pp.* $4.25. "No, I can't say why I took pot. I don't think I'm much different from any other ninth grader," Paul begins, and his all-too-real story describes stolidly his introduction to marijuana by a friend. As a discussion of the prevalence and folly of taking drugs, this is successful, and it is an important contribution to the small but growing literature on the topic. As a story, however, it is slow-paced, and the ending (in which a doctor, who is the father of another friend who has tried pot, lectures both boys on the effects and dangers of marijuana) reads more like a brochure than fiction. Ages 11-14.

A Book of Nature Poems. *Selected by William Cole. Illustrated by Robert Andrew Parker. Viking.* 256 *pp.* $5.95. What could be more appropriate to the springtime than a book filled with the beauty of nature? There are poems in every mood, for every season, a culling of centuries of delight. Wide in range and source, chosen with discrimination, this anthology is one to cherish. Ages 11 up.

For Older Boys and Girls

A Candle at Dusk. *By E. M. Almedingen. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* 182 *pp.* $3.75. Why should a boy want to learn to read? Idrun's father impatiently refused to let him study at the abbey nearby, feeling that in eighth-century Frankland all a boy needed to learn were the skills of the hunt and the art of war. Granted his education as a reward for saving a servant's life, Idrun happily became a member of the monastic community and later proved the usefulness of his education. The story line is of minor impor-

Viking Junior Books

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Illustrated by Capt. James Bryan, RAEC
On Cyprus the name "Sippacik" means "very small young donkey." Sippacik and a courageous boy are the heroes of this story of the United Nations forces sent to keep the peace between the Greeks and the Turks.
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$5.50. $4.79* Ages 8-12.

PORKO VON POPBUTTON
By **WILLIAM PÈNE DU BOIS,** *full-color pictures by the author.* The Newbery Medal-winning author's hilarious saga of a 274-pound boy's first year at boarding school — on the hockey rink and at the diet table — will be cheered by fat boys, thin boys, and hockey fans everywhere. $3.95. $3.79* Ages 10 up.

I'LL GET THERE. IT BETTER BE WORTH THE TRIP.
By **JOHN DONOVAN.** A novel about a lonely thirteen-year-old boy whose story includes a passing sexual relationship with a boy his own age. "A perceptive, funny, touching story, a remarkable book."—*Publishers' Weekly.* "Not only for teen-agers . . . but also for adults with teen-agers in the family."—DR. FRANCES L. ILG, Gesell Institute of Child Development. HONOR BOOK, *Book World* Children's Spring Book Festival.
$3.95. $4.11* Ages 12 up.

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Harper & Row
1817

—*From "The Taizé Picture Bible."*

tance, although it reflects historical events: the major interest in the book is the re-creation of a period, and this is effected with notable success. The pattern of life on a Frankish freehold, the struggle for power within the church, and the pressing fear of Saracen invasion are vividly evoked. Ages 12-14.

The Skating Rink. *By Mildred Lee. Seabury.* 126 *pp.* $3.75. Shy and self-conscious, Tuck Faraday found it even harder, now that he was fifteen, to take the teasing he got in school: either he stammered or he was silent. "Dummy," they called him. When Pete Degley, who was building a roller-skating rink, offered to teach Tuck to skate, he won the boy's confidence. Tuck could hardly imagine that the formal opening of the rink would see him doing an exhibition dance on skates with Mrs. Begley, but that was the triumph that made his dreams come true. Set in rural Georgia, the story is so permeated with the bleak life of Tuck's impoverished family, so taut in construction and so rich in understanding that it easily surmounts the flourish of the happy ending—in part because Tuck's achievement has been the result of arduous effort. Ages 12-14.

Three Who Dared. *By Tom Cohen. Doubleday.* 144 *pp.* $3.50. In the stories of three young men who went South to join in the fight for freedom there is an urgency and an awareness of dedication that makes *Three Who Dared* a compelling documentary despite the fact that the writing style is standard journalese. Henry Aronson and Eric Weinberger are white; John O'Neal is black. Their roles were very different, but each of them is an impressive example of the courageous tenacity within the civil rights movement. Ages 12-15.

The New Sound. *By Leslie Waller. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 142 *pp.* $2.95. Back in the days when he was Stanley Novotny, he had lived on the West Side of Chicago. "College material he ain't," his father said, and predicted that Stanley would come back begging for money, a bum interested in nothing but music. He was wrong. Stanley became Stacy Nova, the top banana in a top combo, the big wheel, the music man with the new sound. Stacy tells his story in a slangy, bitter style that is honest, convincing, and at moments pathetic. With it all the way. Ages 12-15.

Let X Be Excitement. *By Christie Harris. Atheneum.* 236 *pp.* $4.95. "In this age of advanced technology, what can you plan to be if you don't like school? I did not like school." Ralph liked mountain climbing, skiing, and excitement; he studied engineering and then decided that the one thing in the world he wanted to be was a test pilot. This is the true story of a thrilling career, written in a breezy, engaging style—by Ralph's mother, who has clearly absorbed enough of her son's enthusiasm and technical knowledge to give the book a convincing first-person flavor. Ages 12-15.

Up to the Quarterdeck. *By Patrick J. Williams. Four Winds Press.* 174 *pp.* $3.95. Steve Larsen, given the choice between a jail sentence and a probationary term at sea under his father's supervision, chooses the latter. He finds that his father, whom he hasn't seen since his parents were divorced years before, is tough and demanding, but he learns to admire him and to enjoy the discipline and camaraderie of shipboard life. There is little drama in the story, but it is well-written and convincing, with good characterization and natural dialogue. The author has resisted the temptation to be briny, sentimental or melodramatic, and Steve's change of attitude is gradual and logical. Ages 12-15.

The Taizé Picture Bible. *Adapted from the Jerusalem Bible. Illustrated by Brother Eric de Saussure of the Taizé Community. Fortress Press.* 277 *pp.* $4.95. A modern version of stories from the Scriptures, adapted by the brethern of a French Protestant community, is illustrated with stark, powerful pictures in black-and-white and in color. Not a retelling, but a modernization of language, the Taizé Bible retains the solemnity of biblical language, yet it has a fresh vitality. Ages 12 up.

Our Eddie. *By Sulamith Ish-Kishor. Pantheon.* 183 *pp.* $4.50. To a small boy from Denver, knowing nobody in London, the warm and bustling Raphel family home

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was a haven. He didn't feel comfortable with Mr. Raphel, but then neither did the Raphel children. Papa Raphel was a Hebrew teacher, a man so devoted to his ideals that he ignored his family, rejected better-paying jobs so that he could teach the poor, and drove himself to a nervous breakdown. After this slow buildup, the story shifts to New York, where the Raphel family migrates in the early nineteenth century, and where Eddie, the oldest child, is so sternly treated by his fanatic father that it contributes to the boy's early death from a hereditary illness. The shift of focus is a drawback, yet the story is so powerful and the characters so honestly and incisively drawn that the book makes a remarkable impact. Ages 12 up.

Who Says You Can't? *By Beryl and Sam Epstein. Coward-McCann.* 254 *pp.* $4.50. It doesn't happen often, but the establishment doesn't always win, and it is satisfying indeed to read the stories of determined men and women who were so dedicated to their cause that they refused to give up. The contestants are Ralph Nader, fighter for safer cars; the New Jersey conservationists who kept the Great Swamp from becoming a jetport; Daniel Fader, who found a way to make non-readers read; Leon Sullivan, who created new opportunities for Philadelphia's Negro population; Joseph Papp, who was determined to give New Yorkers free theater; Frances Kelsey and Helen Taussig, two doctors who recognized the dangers in using thalidomide; and Gene Wirges, a David against an entrenched political Goliath. A brisk, competent, and stimulating book. Ages 12 up.

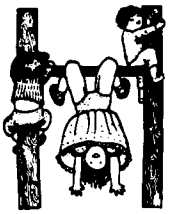
Exploring Giant Molecules. *By Raymond A. Wohlrabe. Illustrated by Phil Jaget. World.* 95 *pp.* $3.75. The complexities of an important aspect of chemistry and of its application to industrial uses are remarkably clarified in a fine example of science writing for the layman. The material is carefully developed, with historical background and definitions of terms making it easy to understand the more intricate analyses of structural formulas and developments in polymer chemistry, particularly in the areas of plastics and of research in nucleic acids and proteins. Ages 12 up.

A Bedouin Boyhood. *By Isaak Diqs. Praeger.* 177 *pp.* $4.95. Now a Jordanian citizen and a teacher, Isaak Diqs, whose infrequent mention of a lost homeland is wistful rather than bitter, writes with nostalgic affection of the life he knew as a boy living at the edge of the Negev. Although the writing is always stiff and often ornate, the book is deeply interesting because of the vivid picture it affords of the Bedouin way of life: the intricacies of marriage customs and of tribal justice, the impact of cultural conflict, the cohesion of communal life, and the rich heritage of history and legend in the storytellers. Ages 13-15.

Korea: Land of the 38th Parallel. *By Frank Gosfield and Bernhardt J. Hurwood. Parents' Magazine Press.* 254 *pp.* $4.50. The long and complicated history of the small country that is "a shrimp among whales" is covered here in an incisive, lucid, and thorough fashion. Frank Gosfield has produced documentary films on Korea for our government, and Bernhardt Hurwood has covered the war and the peace negotiations for NBC. Both are knowledgeable and objective in their analyses of personalities, governments, causative factors, and errors of omission and commission. Some of the interesting appended documents are a report on the *Pueblo* crisis and one by the U.N. on truce violations. A fascinating and informative book. Ages 13 up.

The Telescope Makers: From Galileo to the Space Age. *By Barbara Land. Crowell.* 245 *pp.* $4.50. Much more than the work of the ten scientists whose discoveries are examined here is included in this fine survey of the history of astronomical research. The author not only writes vividly about each innovative astronomer; she also gives an excellent picture of the exchange and accrual of information that build the body of knowledge within a discipline. The material is up to date, with good balance between biographical information and the professional accomplishments of the subjects. Ages 13 up.

Nineteenth Century Art. *Adapted by Ariane Ruskin. McGraw-Hill.* 192 *pp.* $8.95. Profusely illustrated with reproductions of superb quality, this impressive and beautiful book, which is brilliantly adapted for young readers, is based on part of the text of "Discovering Art," a magazine series. *Nineteenth Century Art* describes both the major developments and the individual variations in art movements. Each section of il-



Spring books for boys and girls

All Ages

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AND OTHER FOLK SONGS FOR GROUP SINGING

John Langstaff, Editor; illustrated by Robin Jacques. A delightful variety of folk songs with simple piano arrangements and guitar harmonies. April $4.75

Ages 3-8

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Elizabeth K. Cooper; illustrated in color by Beth and Joe Krush. Harvey's paper kite was a fish out of water until he came up with an ingenious solution.
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Ages 5-10

THE GREAT HAMSTER HUNT

Lenore Blegvad; illustrated by Erik Blegvad. Both Nicholas and his mother learn some important things after a furry pursuit. April $2.95, $2.97*

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A CRAZY FLIGHT

AND OTHER POEMS

Myra Cohn Livingston; illustrated by James J. Spanfeller. Poems about the momentous and the minute enable children's imaginations to soar. March $3.50, $3.54*

MISS PATCH'S LEARN-TO-SEW BOOK

Carolyn Meyer; illustrated by Mary Suzuki. Drawings, diagrams, and clear instructions will attract even the most reluctant to discover the fun of sewing.
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THE ROE DEER

Astrid Bergman Sucksdorff; illustrated with photographs by the author; translated by Alan Tapsell. Simple text and luminous photographs describe the life cycle of the shy roe deer in Sweden's woodland glades. Feb. $3.50

LARS OLAV

A BOY OF NORWAY

Harvey Edwards; illustrated with photographs by Ira Spring. Life on the banks of a Norwegian fjord, described in striking photographs and informative text.
April $3.25, $3.30*

Ages 12 up

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Jean Maddern Pitrone. The moving story of Frances Elliott Davis, first Negro nurse officially enrolled in the American Red Cross, who won many honors for herself and her race. March $4.25

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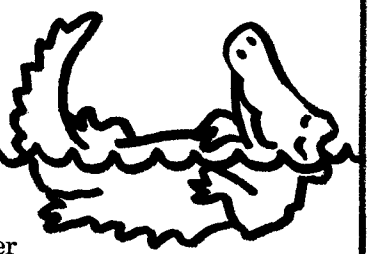

LOVABLE LYLE
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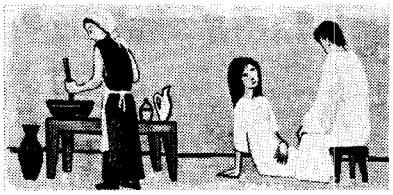

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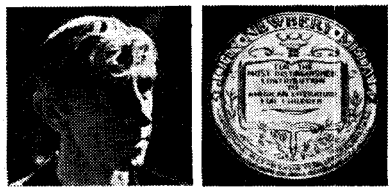
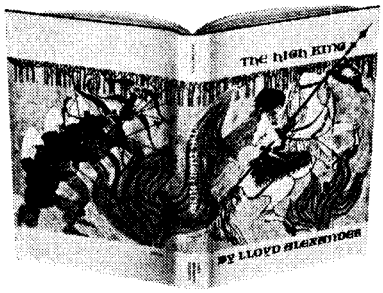


Lloyd Alexander's THE HIGH KING



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lustrations is preceded by a lively, enlightening and astute discussion of their category (neoclassicism, romanticism, and so on to post-impressionism). Most of the book is devoted to painting, although other media—principally sculpture and architecture—are included. A notable contribution to art history. Ages 14 up.

For Young Adults

Except for Me and Thee: A Companion to "The Friendly Persuasion." *By Jessamyn West. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 309 *pp.* $5.95. Jess and Eliza Birdwell, the Quaker couple so firmly ensconced in the hearts of thousands of readers, look back over their years of courtship and marriage in a book that has all the warmth, the sturdy affection, and the quiet humor of its predecessor. In episodic structure, the story moves from the years in which the newly-married couple's lives were dominated by a patriarchal father to the slow, happy period of building a home in the West, and from the turbulence of participation in the Underground Railroad to a last Christmas gathering of children and grandchildren. In part the charm of the novel owes to the vibrant authenticity of its characters; in great part it is due to the practiced ease and resilience of style. Perhaps an added asset is that Jessamyn West depicts a family in the pioneer tradition with loving sympathy rather than sentimentality.

When the Enemy Is Tired. *By Russell Braddon. Viking.* 251 *pp.* $5.95. The time is 1975, the place the Far East, the only two characters of any importance an Australian officer and his suave, relentless interrogator. On this sparse frame is built a literary *chef d'ouevre* in the suspense genre. Convinced that Colonel Russell can be broken down by psychological erosion, his captors alternately force him to write the story of his boyhood and expose him to shocking experiences by hypnotic suggestion. A happy, middle-class childhood is described with distinctive flavor and superb characterization. In sharp contrast are the brutal prison episodes and mounting tension, as the exhausted man is pushed closer and closer to defection, the propaganda goal that the Chinese are seeking. Bold, original, and written with craft.

The Black Flag of Anarchy: Antistatism in the United States. *By Corinne Jacker. Scribners.* 211 *pp.* $4.50. A thoughtful discussion of the nature of anarchism and the origins of anarchist philosophy precedes a detailed description of antistatism and anarchists in America from colonial times to today. Especially interesting because it includes so many minor figures in our history, the book is notable for the smooth integration of so many movements and diverse causes into a comprehensible whole. The individual issues are related to the over-all development of a philosophy that has had measurable influence even if it did not achieve success. Voluminously annotated and indexed.

Strongholds. *By Lucy M. Boston. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 249 *pp.* $4.95. In her first novel for adults to be published in the United States, Lucy Boston achieves the same gentle, romantic mood and the same cameo style that have made her "Green Knowe" books so popular for children. Indeed, in the concluding episode of the story, the real Green Knowe is the setting for the last of the strongholds in which Persephone Stalker finds refuge. Having run away from a sordid home at the age of fifteen, Persie moves from a convent to a hospital to the manor house where she finally has love and security. Each setting is brilliantly conceived, the characters are perceptively etched, and the elegance of the writing compensates for the fact that the primary story line is sentimental in woman's magazine style.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT No. 1344

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1344 will be found in the next issue.

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—BH TUFCJOUSFHSBN

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1343

Books are always the better for not being read. Look at our classics.
—George Bernard Shaw.

A STAR IN THE SEA
by Alvin and Virginia Silverstein
illustrated by Symeon Shimin

In the shallows and pools at the edge of the sea, millions of creatures begin life as tiny eggs. Some survive to become crabs or clams, sea lilies or urchins. Most do not weather the dangers that are part of daily life. This is an exciting story about the life cycle of a starfish — from fertile egg to mature adult, from birth to mating and the creation of new life. Children will learn not only about one of the sea's most common creatures, but about other sea life as well in this fascinating educational story.

Ages 6-10 (Gr. 1-5) 40 pp. *$3.95*

FREDERICK WARNE & CO., INC.
Publishers of the Original Peter Rabbit Books

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Lunar Landing

Continued from page 52

Three craters on the moon will memorialize the dead astronauts by bearing their names: Virgil I. Grissom, Edward H. White II, and Roger B. Chaffee. The ashes the authors have raked over so thoroughly are cold, and no embers remain to be fanned into flame.

NASA recovered from the fire with a stunning series of successes: Apollo 4, the first space test of the Saturn 5 moon rocket; Apollo 7, the first test of the Block II spacecraft in earth orbit; Apollo 8, the first test of the spacecraft in lunar orbit, and Apollo 9, the first test of the Lunar Module in earth orbit. These have been the most trouble-free flights in America's manned flight experience. On the eve of the May flight Apollo 10, first test of the Lunar Module in lunar orbit, NASA's image could hardly be better. A detailed recitation of NASA-industry blunders in 1967 is no more likely to "surprise and shock every American citizen," as the book promises, than a recapitulation of the assassination of President Garfield.

A corollary to the indictment of NASA in the Apollo fire is the perpetual question of whether the lunar trip is necessary. Like other critics of manned space flight, the authors raise the issue of the cost of Apollo in terms of its social utility. How can a nation that does not have decent housing, adequate schools, or an effective anti-poverty program justify the expenditure of $25 billion to put men on the moon? This issue and this question are rhetorical. One might as well ask whether Queen Isabella would have been better advised to apply the proceeds of her pawned jewels to the aid of Spain's poor than to the first expedition of Columbus. Yet it is the fashion of critics of federal spending to compare Project Apollo with the Pyramids or the WPA. This approach relies on the notion that the entire effort was designed only to prove that American space technology can beat Russian space technology to the moon, if it has to.

It is true, of course, that Apollo was conceived largely as a response to the early Russian manned flights, and that what President Kennedy was calling for in the spring of 1961, in setting the date for a lunar landing, was a technological charge up San Juan Hill.

Those who haven't been watching lately, however, may be surprised to discover that Project Apollo has evolved into something else. It has become an interplanetary transportation system, the first one. And it seems to be working. It will take men to the moon and beyond. It will enlarge the frontier of human scientific investigation. It will enable scientists to traverse the surface of the moon much as they have crossed the ice cap of Antarctica since 1957. Like the ice-breaker ship, the tractor, and the airplane that opened the earth's polar regions to sustained scientific exploration, the Apollo transportation system opens the moon and the solar system to human investigation.

These are the terms in which utility ought to be assessed. Long after the space race that stimulated the funding of the project becomes a footnote in history, Apollo is likely to be remembered as the means by which mankind extricated itself from the terrestrial cradle and began to wander about in the cosmic neighborhood.

Many critics do not perceive Apollo as anything more than a pseudo-military response to Soviet competition in space. As the landing draws nigh, however, the scientific prospects of the transportation system become more clearly visible. In the fifty pounds of rocks and soil the crew of Apollo 11 hopes to bring back from the Sea of Tranquility to the Lunar Receiving Laboratory at Houston, investigators may find clues to questions about the origin and evolution of the moon and solar system. It is conceivable that the question of whether life ever evolved on the moon may be answered. The Laboratory, where the lunar landing mission crew is to be quarantined until twenty-one days have elapsed after departure from the lunar surface, is elaborately equipped to detect microorganisms or fossil remnants in moon soil. These expectations tend to vitiate the complaints about Apollo's cost.

If world reaction to the Apollo 8 flight last Christmas is any indication, much of mankind will be sitting on the edge of its chair on or about July 20 when, if all goes well on the flight of Apollo 11, Edwin E. Aldrin, Jr., and Neil A. Armstrong begin their descent from lunar orbit to the surface. It is likely that over a billion people will see or hear the event.

Apollo 8, wherein man approached to within sixty nautical miles of the moon, was probably the happiest event this country produced in an otherwise dismal year. It won the admiration of those millions of men who were not too busy shooting at each other to watch it on television. If Apollo 11 comes off as planned it will unite, for a moment at least, much of the earth's population in concern for the fate of two Americans on the moon.

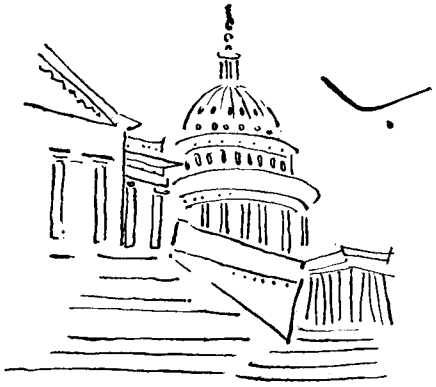
In the final analysis, the real test of NASA is whether it carries out the national commitment to land a man on the moon and bring him home safely in this decade. The moment of truth is approaching. If the first, or the second, or the third landing attempts succeed, the carping of the space program's critics may be historically interesting but they will be politically irrelevant.

Creating Stability

Continued from page 52

Africa and Asia, where nationalism, instability and potential revolutions are rife, our efforts to oppose all local revolutions as being forerunners of communism are actually counterproductive. "For the very logic that makes us appear as the anti-revolutionary power surrenders to communism the sponsorship of revolution everywhere." Professor Morgenthau believes we should base our policies not upon a moral and philosophical opposition to communism as such but on a consideration of how communism in a particular country or area affects the interests of the United States. The real issue facing American foreign policy, he says, is "how to create stability out of revolution."

I agree with Professor Morgenthau about the necessity of judging communism on a case-by-case basis, and of creating "stability out of revolution," but when I think of the well-meaning, over-



worked, harassed government servants, both civil and military, who will be called upon to arrive at these judgments and create these policies, I wonder, will they? It is so much easier to make a blanket condemnation, to pull a trigger or drop a bomb.

The problem of Communist China is dealt with by both Morgenthau and Joyce. The former devotes a whole chapter to China, which he calls "the most powerful nation on the Asian mainland and potentially the most powerful nation in the world." Much of his discussion makes good sense, and I hope it will be read by those considering our posture in East Asia. The two authors also refer with approval to the works of former Ambassador to Japan, Edwin O. Reischauer, particularly his *Beyond Vietnam.* They must have read it in haste, however, for they seem to have missed Reischauer's statement, in reference to Japan, that "What it does will probably be more important for the future of Asia than anything China does, at least for the next generation or two."

Morgenthau and Joyce criticize and

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make suggestions regarding our aid programs and those of the U.N. such as the United Nations Development Program, which they claim deserves strong support. They urge a complete rethinking of our nuclear policies. And they point out that we must realize that American ways are not, of necessity, always the best ways for people with different backgrounds and cultures. The warning given in the last paragraph of Professor Morgenthau's stimulating book should never be forgotten. He says:

> No change in American foreign policy, however sound in itself, can guarantee success. For foreign policy is always at the mercy of accidents and, more particularly, of the foreign policies of other nations.

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Upheaval in the Religious Arena

The Last Years of the Church, *by David Poling (Doubleday. 513 pp. $4.95),* ***Goodbye, Jehovah,*** *by William Robert Miller (Walker. 206 pp. $5.95), and* ***The Search for a Usable Future,*** *by Martin E. Marty (Harper & Row. 157 pp. $4.95), examine the prospects and possibilities that lie before establishment Christianity. The Reverend Robert V. Morris is Minister of Christian Education and Youth at Calvary Episcopal Church in Summit, New Jersey.*

By ROBERT V. MORRIS

For Christians today, as for almost everyone else, everything often seems "up for grabs." It is generally agreed that the greatest upheaval since the Reformation has overtaken the church, bringing in its wake no small confusion over the future of religion. Each of these three books tries to address itself to those bewildered Christians who are asking, "Where do we go from here?"

"Into all the world!" says David Poling. In *The Last Years of the Church,* he issues the by now familiar call for radical lay involvement in the secular arena. He cites Dietrich Bonhoeffer's picture of Jesus as the "man for others" as his model, and castigates the institutional church for keeping laymen caged up while the world suffers. God will not be found, he asserts, in the trivialities of church work, but "in all the pain and progress of human relationships on the job," as well as in the movements against racism, poverty, and the war. It is quite true that the institutional church is dying, but that is all to the good. The rise of the underground church demonstrates that the material and administrative overhead of establishment Christianity is unnecessary. The church should declare a moratorium on building, sell most of its property, and release both people and money to "increase the output of our worldly mission."

While Poling's basic message comes through loudly enough, the book as a whole suffers from lack of focus. This is not due to an absence of concrete example. The text is top-heavy with detail, none of it documented, citing examples from Robert Louis Stevenson to Father Groppi, but it is short on interpretative guidelines. The effect is rather like a large, disordered mosaic.

Particularly lacking are criteria for discerning the presence of God in the secular. He is evidently present in the "whirl and wonder of business" and in the "revolution, the alienation, the overthrow, the protest," but strangely absent from the attempts of theologians like Tom Driver to find love in the world of "shame, perversion, and depravity." The latter kind of involvement is, to Poling, nothing more than letting worldlings "glory in their filth." Perhaps. But if one is going to have one's secularity and eat it too, the bases for judgment ought to be made a bit more explicit.

In *Goodbye, Jehovah* William Robert Miller invites Christians to move toward a deeper humanism. Miller sees the central question of our time as "What is man?" In an emerging technopolis, where the development of human qualities of life is up to man himself, the critical issue is "Who will go to bat for humanity?" Not the church, which is still wedded to a past that does not speak to the present crisis. Miller's own stance is made clear in his agreement with Thomas Altizer that the "church's religion [is] a perversion of the original gospel." What is needed is a radically new form of Christianity, true to the meaning of Jesus' life—that man "might live and be fully human." He discerns in the "new theology" of the Sixties the emergence of a pioneering movement of Christian humanism which is willing to say "goodbye" to the Jehovah of the past and join other non-Christian humanisms in the search for Man.

It is against this standard that Miller surveys the writings of Pierre Berton (*The Comfortable Pew*), Harvey Cox (*The Secular City*), Joseph Fletcher (*Situation Ethics*), Malcolm Boyd (*Are You Running With Me, Jesus?*), Robert Short (*The Gospel According to Peanuts*), Stephen Rose (*Renewal* magazine and *The Grass Roots Church*), Thomas Altizer (*The Gospel of Christian Atheism*), and John Robinson (*Honest to God* and *A New Reformation?*). In each case Miller provides a vignette of the author as well as a brief situational context for his ideas. The result is not, however, a series of disconnected book reviews so much as it is a single essay on the strengths and weaknesses of a whole movement of Christian-humanist thought.

For example, Berton, Cox, and even Fletcher are chided for remaining too close to traditional Christian norms in their dealing with the sexual revolution, while Robinson and even Rose do not go far enough in their overhaul of the institution. Short's theologizing of Charlie Brown is included only as an anti-

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humanist contrast, demonstrating that novelty in the present church can cover a multitude of pessimistic beliefs. There is a fine, almost celebrative essay on Malcolm Boyd, whom Miller sees as an example of the honest human life—"a self engaged in a lifelong struggle for freedom." Perhaps his single finest essay is an exposition of Altizer's "atheism"—which is really about how God became human and stayed that way, rather than about his ultimate demise.

Miller performs a valuable service in giving a clear and concise outline of an argument which, in the original, is unavailable to most laymen because of its imprecise terminology and heavy indebtedness to German philosophy. While there are occasional moments of confusion when the reader is unsure of where exposition ends and commentary begins, what Miller offers is an easy access, in one slim volume, to the most talked-about theological writers of the decade, as well as a unifying discussion of their possible usefulness for the larger human community.

"Stop and think a bit more deeply" is Martin Marty's word to the present church. In *The Search for a Usable Future* he brings the tools of a historian to bear on the new theologians' attempt to direct the church toward a more secular-humanist future, and finds it to be a "half-false prophecy."

Marty looks back on the Sixties as a decade already wrapped up—a decade in which many were alienated from the past, dreamed wild visions of both Utopia and Armageddon, and are today in danger of falling prey to either paralysis or abortive revolution. What we need now, Marty insists, with the coolness of historical perspective, is not visionary forecasting but something more solidly rooted in the facts. He instructs in a method by which one " 'bounces' off the screen of the future some images gained from what has prevailed, from present tendency, and from what one might wish to see prevailing in the future," and then he "calls people to try to live out the consequences of the steps needed to bring about such a situation."

The problem with the new theology was that it was too visionary. It rested implicitly, Marty maintains, on a *philosophy* of history that "knew" the outcome in advance, rather than being grounded in verifiable data. It was addressed not to modern man as he really is, but to Man as He Really Is. "The secular theology knew too much about emerging man; it did not ask what rough beast slouches to Bethlehem to be born—what new religious or spiritual forces, liberating or oppressing, are emerging in this fertile period. . . ."

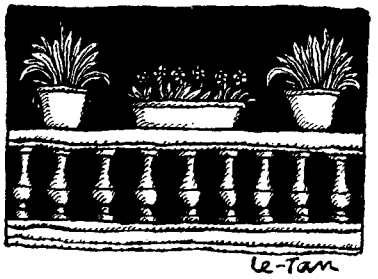
As a historian, Marty calls for a view of man and his future more humble, more empirical, more tentative than that found in the secular theologians. Empirically, modern society is both religious *and* secular. Man's nature is still "indeterminate." We must wait and see, in openness to the future.

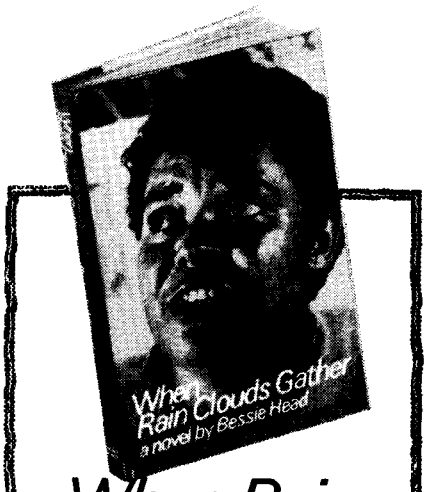
As a Christian, he finds in the "theology of hope" movement characterized by Jürgen Moltmann a similar openness to the future, a stance that frees the Christian for innovative participation in society without the fear of being crushed by any fatalizing forces and without the necessity of pinning his hopes on the success or failure of a particular "known" outcome.

Marty is not criticizing the worldly theology in an attempt to direct Christians back to a spiritual ghetto. He sees the church's most fruitful possibilities for action in an alliance with "those who have least to lose in the passing of the old orders and the old ways and who would have the highest moral, personal, and social motives for developing the new." But what he *is* calling for is a far more careful plotting of goals, and the development of a set of criteria for distinctively Christian participation in innovative movements.

He, more than either Poling or Miller, sees some real possibilities in the institutional church, imperfect as it may be. The church "serves to integrate people into some framework of meaning and interpretation" and can help them "organize their responses." It is still viable as an agency of education for its uncommitted members, can function as an arena where conflicting opinions are aired without the rupture of fellowship, and—at least through "élite" groups of specially committed laymen and clergy—can act as a power group in social movements. In the belief that the church is capable of taking part in the "search for a usable future" for man, Marty provides a thought-provoking "scale of responses," ranging from education to participation in violent revolution.

This is a carefully-wrought book, offering a cool assessment of the present situation and some discriminating judgments about the possibilities open to the church as it is rather than as one might like it to be. For Christians interested in working with a realistic present toward an attainable future, it ought to act as a catalyst for the kind of serious thought about action that is not always manifest in the church's present upset over its place in the city of man.





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What I Have Learned

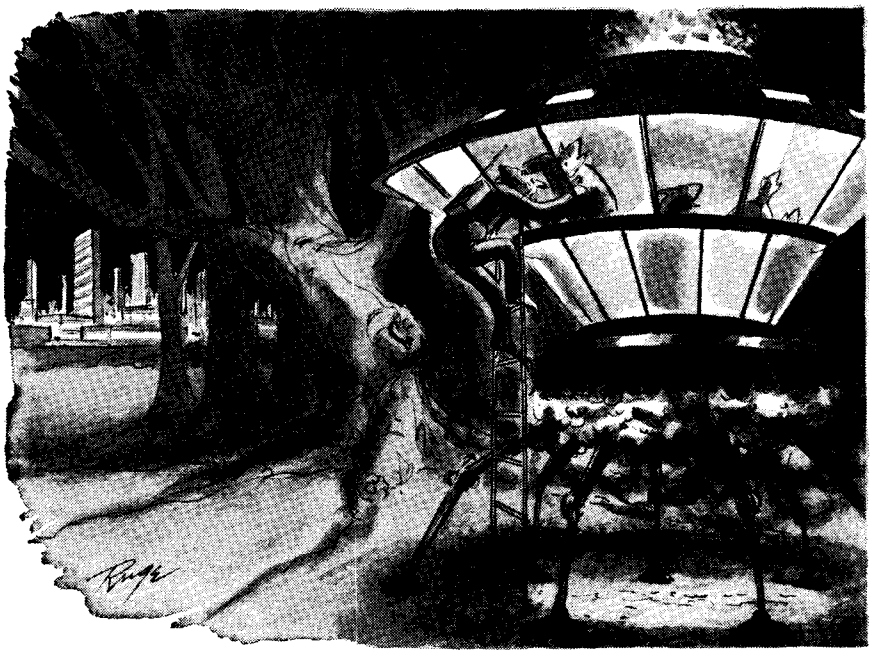
Continued from page 23

have not his training in putting ideas into words. Frequently their real problem is not the one they manage to get uttered. The speaker must help them to find it and state it—even if thus stated it is harder for him to answer. But, of course, "answer" is not the word; only superficially is dialogue a matter of question and answer. It is a matter of two people looking at the same reality and comparing what they see. If on some matter—animal suffering, perhaps—we see no light, there must be no pretense. Sharing our vision means sharing our darkness.

Thus described, the Street-Corner Dialogue may sound too good to be true. So it is. I have described the ideal we aim at, and once in a blue moon attain. The street corner is no school of courtesy. You cannot count on your hecklers accepting these principles of discourse or even on yourself invariably living up to them. I remember one failure: The heckler had said, "Your church has been in existence for 2,000 years, and look at the state of the world"; the speaker said, "Water has been in existence for millions of years, and look at the state of your neck." The answer was rude, was irrelevant, was inexcusable. But at least the speaker has principles and can know his guilt. The heckler has no similar principles. He may be blasphemous. He may be scurrilous—like the one who accused a young woman speaker of having solicited him in Piccadilly the night before. That sort of thing is exceptional. For the most part questioners err either by want of logic or by powerful bias. Either way, they are part of our education. You discover bigotry and prejudice in yourself by having to cope with these evils in them—prejudice especially, which is the tendency to judge precisely the same set of actions differently according to whether your side did them or the other.

Correcting your questioners' logical oddities provides a graduate course in logic for yourself. In case anyone cares, the commonest error in dialogue is what we may call "the difference that makes no difference," a branch of *ignoratio elenchi* perhaps. I give a pleasant example. I was talking to a London crowd of Christ's ascension into heaven. A heckler said: "If he'd gone up into the sky in Australia, he'd have been upside down." I answered that I myself had gone up into the sky in Australia, and I was not upside down. "Ah," said the heckler triumphantly, "but you were in an airplane."

One way or another the crowds have taught me a vast amount—directly by reminding me of things I had not sufficiently dwelt on, indirectly by forcing me to go deeper than, but for the pressure of their questioning, I should have gone. To have everything one utters subjected to crowd scrutiny, every word liable to challenge on the spot, is very concentrative.



"Of the ten Earthmen I approached, three thought I was promoting a new TV series; two wanted to know what product I was advertising; two started to tell me what their President should do in Vietnam; two told me to get lost—and the last one gave me a quarter."

So far I have been concerned with the way one goes about the bringing of religion to the street corner. What is it that we are trying to bring? How do we choose our topics? To some extent one is governed by the crowd's interests. In my early days there were two main interests—no popery and evolution. And a fair amount of nonsense was talked on each, not only by our questioners. Both are dead, I mean as issues. The name of Alexander VI brings no execration, no recognition even. I have not heard evolution mentioned outdoors for twenty years. Nothing has taken the place of these two. Our hearers are aware of no special interest at all. Ecumenism is scarcely more alive than evolution. Listeners arrive with no objections sizzling and leaping inside their heads; their questions arise out of what they have heard us say in our speech. So that what we talk about is entirely up to us; but they can still walk away the moment they are bored. We still have to interest them sufficiently to keep them standing there.

Argument will not do it, and it would be of no value even if it did. Men will not change their lives because of a syllogism well stated. There is an odd idea that the only alternative to logic is emotional appeal. But that is even more definitely out. Revivalism is not for us. That sort of highly charged appeal to will and emotions could not go on week after week for years, and the rebuilding of a mind requires just that. Argument is not the way; emotional appeal is not. Even honest eloquence can be dangerous. The great orator probably has his function in religion. As it happens I have never heard one. But the feeling grows in me that it would have been better for the world if all the born orators had been born dead. Oratory sets the audience vibrating to the speaker's vibrations, not to the splendor of reality.

IN every man there is an unpinpointable something which makes the vital decisions; he himself hardly knows how or why. The speaker cannot aim at this—what cannot be pinpointed cannot be aimed at! He may hit it by chance, of course. Any speaker who has been long at it knows of people who thank him fervently for something he cannot remember having said and, in any event, sees no great point in. I remember one such incident: a priest on the platform fell silent for a long moment, evidently lost in thought, then said: "The Catholic church is the only possible place for a poor bugger like me." It had no relation to what he had been saying. It horrified some of his more pious hearers. It started one man on his way into the church.

That was sheer chance. You can't rely

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on touching a vital nerve. What one tries is to have the man's mind slowly react to the realities the Christian lives in and by. The way of it is the presentation of the truth—not the case for it or the beauty of it, but the truth itself. If we can show any truth clearly, it will do its own work in the mind. The truth is a more powerful argument for itself than any case we can make for it. It is not the intellect that makes the decisions, but it is the best way to reach that in men which does.

But before we can make contact with men's minds, they must be persuaded to listen. It would be unwise to rely on the personality of the speaker or on the natural interest of the topic. In religion there are few topics which make today's man feel "I must listen to this!" The Inquisition, perhaps; it is hard to think of another. As to personality, the street corner is an incomparable deflator of magnetic personalities. Somehow the truth one is offering must act upon a response in the minds of the hearers, and the surest way I know how to elicit the response is to show how the truth meets needs.

This presents two difficulties. The first is that people are not conscious of any such needs. One hears preachers say that people are hungry for God. But in my experience they are not. They may be unnourished by food that God could give them, but the unnourishment is not felt as hunger. It is by showing the needs God meets in ourselves that we make them aware that such needs exist in them too. An obvious example is that unless God has spoken, we do not know what life is all about—why we or anything whatever are here (why isn't there nothing?), and where we are supposed to be going (what follows death?).

Not everyone cares; but in those who do care, the need to know can become a craving, a great driving force. And there are needs less obvious: the need for hope, for instance, the need for reassurance in one's own meagerness, the need to adore.

To show God as meeting the needs we have helped them to feel, we must show them what God is—not *that* He is but *what*. To repeat an early point—when they hear us say "God," they must know what we are saying. Vibrating to the speaker's vibration is no substitute. We must do all that lies in us to show them Christ, to come to some sort of genuine gospel intimacy with Him. If we fail in this, we have failed totally. If we succeed, they are ready to meet Christ's God (and incidentally, Christ's church, but this is usually for much later).

I have said that we get them interested in God by bringing to the surface

needs in themselves that only God can meet. This is only a beginning. A man thus brought into contact with God can come to want God not as healer or provider, but as Himself. Religion has come alive in him. With this I am at the high point of what the platform has taught me: there is no stopping short of the Trinity. If we do, we are withholding the God of Jesus Christ. And there is no topic on which we can be more certain of holding a crowd. This is our secret; we shout it from the housetops, but we are not believed. I have never heard a sermon on the Trinity in my own church. The books that tell one how to teach religion to the modern man vary in value (some of them would make a cat laugh, an experienced outdoor cat); but not the best of them mention the Trinity. Nor is there much indication of the modern man's ability to respond to mystery, in the sense that we cannot know God as well as God knows Himself. All this means hard thinking for ourselves. For we cannot meet men's depths with our shallows. About what interests a crowd we of the outdoors cannot be wrong—because of our hearers' inalienable right to go away.

When I began, I assumed that the Trinity would be beyond the minds of all but the highly educated. I was wrong. There is a real difference between highbrows and lowbrows, but intelligence has nothing to do with it. There are stupid highbrows, intelligent lowbrows—intelligence is pretty evenly distributed over the brows. Anything you can teach a highbrow you can teach a lowbrow, provided you can learn to say it in words the lowbrow understands.

Finding the words is the problem for every teacher of religion, from God down to the street-corner speaker. It is not only that it is impossible to utter a sentence which cannot be interpreted in more ways than one. More profoundly, it is the simple fact that words cannot contain the infinite (and if they could, finite minds could not extract it). Yet words are indispensable. The right words are light-giving. They are life-giving, provided "the unpinpointable something" responds. And over that the speaker has no control at all, and even the listener not very much.

I have mentioned occasions on which the response surprised the speaker. I end with the one that has surprised me most, namely the fascination the doctrine of the Trinity—not flat-footed figures of speech but the doctrine—has for the man-in-the-street. With all diffidence I advance my own explanation. We have all had the experience of recognizing a photograph of ourselves that we had never seen before. I think the response to the Trinity is rather like that, but in reverse—not the original recognizing the image, but the image stirring toward the original. For in God's image we are made.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 21: sower, swore, worse.

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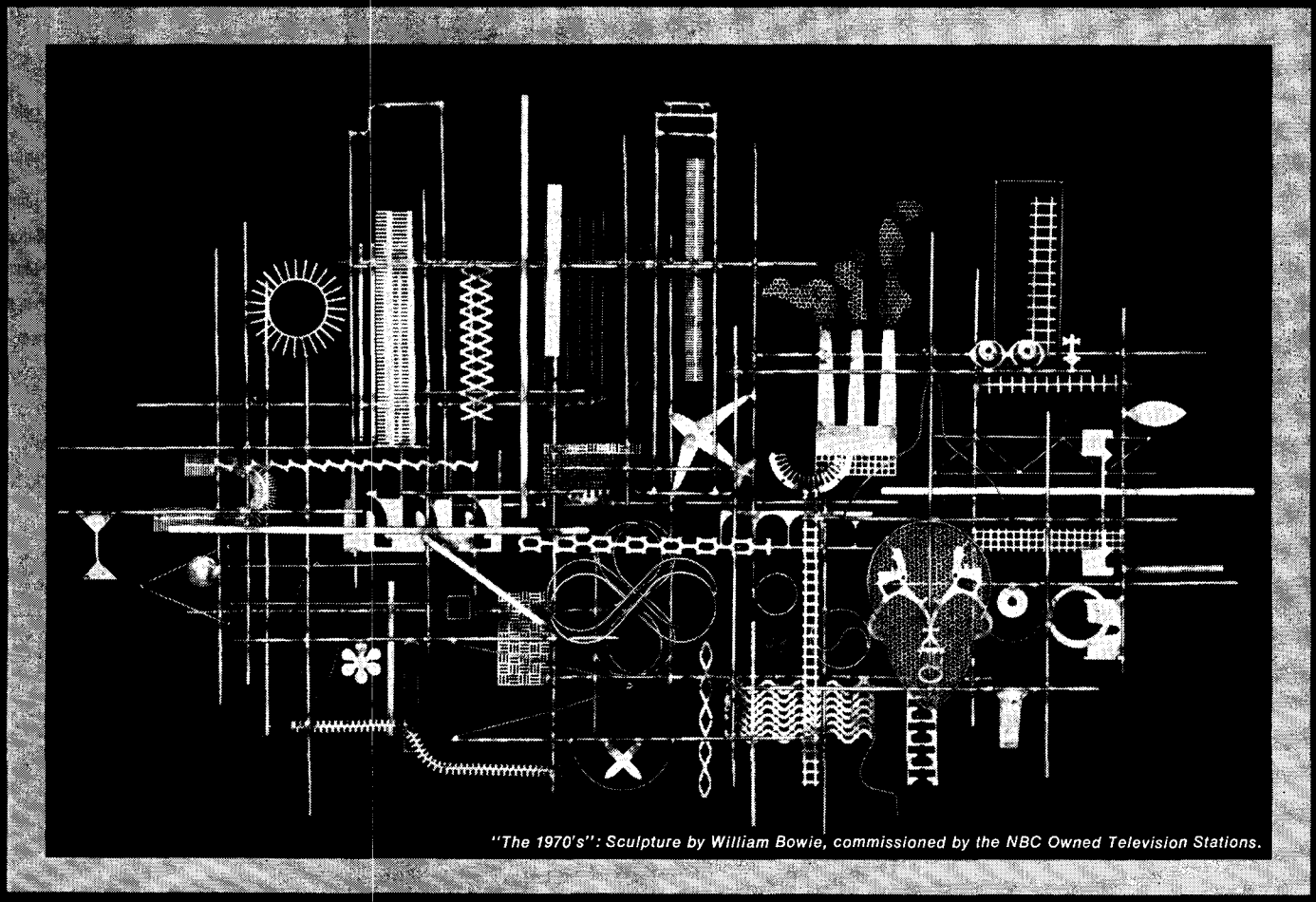

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COMMUNICATIONS

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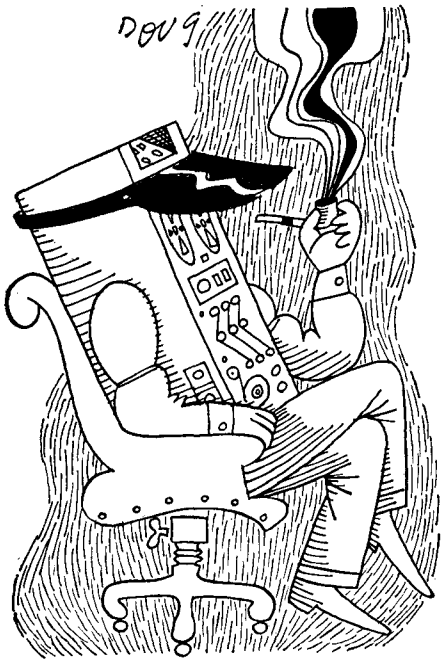

Computer with the Green Eyeshade

WE ARE going to let Otto Silha and other old friends of the American Newspaper Publishers Association write our editorial this month. At their recent meeting at the Waldorf, the ANPA faced up to some hard facts about the rear-guard action the print media have been fighting and must continue to fight in the foreseeable future against ever increasing pressures from electronic competition. Since the ANPA's strongest weapons will be found in improved techniques, this month's column will feature the work during the past year of the ANPA Research Institute under the chairmanship of Mr. Silha, executive vice president and publisher of the Minneapolis *Star* and *Tribune*. So let's let Mr. Silha tell us what technical developments are ahead for tomorrow's daily papers, the unions willing and perhaps the unions notwithstanding.

The newspaper of the future will offer staff reporters very high-speed electrostatic printers that silently churn out abstracts of world news supplied by the wire services—stories of any desired length on any selected subject that is deposited in the newspaper's computer news bank. Cathode ray tube units will connect the reporter or rewrite man to a computer-operated morgue that will provide him with far more background information more readily than any present-day morgue. As the reporter writes his copy it will be entered directly into the computer, where the burdensome chore of editing will be greatly simplified by cathode ray editing units inside the computer. In other words, the creative part of writing and editing copy will produce far better in-depth stories than are possible at present and at infinitely greater speed.

Both display and classified advertising will also arrive by wire from outlying offices, and once the ad is entered into the newspaper system all other functions such as scheduling, billing, credit checking, sorting, and proofreading will be done by a central computing machine, as will the screening, sizing, and handling of all photographs for the paper's advertising and news columns. This is not science fiction but fact, and the ANPA's annual convention saw film sequences of actual text and picture editing and ad handling done automatically by computer. The text editing area is probably the most interesting of all the displays we encountered at the ANPA. First, a news wire "budget" is called up on the screen in front of the editor from a computer, where it had been stored. The editor scans the stories available and calls for abstracts here and there to get more information on certain stories. His mind made up, he then calls upon the computer that has the complete story to present the package for editing. The editor can then correct, insert, or delete single characters, words, sentences, or even entire paragraphs by simply pressing the proper keys. The edited story is then put into an electronic printer—1,200 words per minute—where it will be hyphenated and justified before appearing on paper tape, ready for typesetting.

There are several possibilities concerning the printing of the future newspaper, and these include facsimile systems that will enable a number of small papers to utilize a common electronic composition center, yet

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leave complete editorial control to each paper, despite the fact that composition is taking place miles from the newspaper's news and local printing plant. The printing itself will undoubtedly be done directly from the computer and may not involve type at all, at least not in the way the press has come to know the word. One of the prime objectives of the ANPA Research Center this past year has been to develop systems that will enable the ordinary newspaper to use electronic typesetting machines more effectively, the principal objective at the moment being the elimination of the bottleneck in platemaking. Millions of dollars' worth of research have already been spent in seeking out a practical photo-imaged letterpress plate; several are now being tested which could eliminate the bottleneck in the film-to-letterpress plate system.

IT is quite possible, however, that the letterpress will pass completely into limbo as the years go on and that printing will be done directly on the paper by electronic methods or, eventually, that the newspaper will simply be broadcast directly to everyone's home, at which time the electronic and print news media will begin to combine forces and even converge at the source. It is quite possible that in another generation all the homes in America may well have a massive electronic information-entertainment system hooked to a national control. When one feels like Beethoven or the latest musical comedy, one will simply punch the proper button and watch or listen. One may also have several national newspapers available as with the broadcasting networks now. But, since no national broadcast can possibly encompass all of the daily minutiae of each local area, the small-town paper is here to stay, if presented in a form different from the one we are used to at present—something printed in type or offset upon newsprint through plates and press and distributed from a central printing plant. Tomorrow's newspaper will probably skirt the Linotype operator, the stereotyper, the pressman, and the trucker who now distributes the newspaper bundles.

What we are trying to say is that newspapers are here to stay, though soon to be reported, edited, printed, and distributed by means as fanciful as anything in Buck Rogers. In such a context, union featherbedding practices like "bogus" and unwarranted roadblocks against modernization of composing rooms seem not only absurd but downright self-defeating. It may be, after all, that New York will once again have a standard-size afternoon paper despite benighted unionists who put four Manhattan papers out of business in as many years. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Pandering to Animalism

AS AN EDUCATOR I want to congratulate R.L.T. on the forthright stance he articulated in his editorial, "Blood and Gore on the Home Screen" [*SR*, Apr. 12]. It is pathetic that TV, while ready enough to alert the public to the growing threat of air pollution, smoking, DDT, and the like, seems wholly oblivious to the increasing harm it does the same public by saturating the screen with sex and violence. It is high time it stopped ducking responsibility and took a sober look at the handwriting on the wall. When our young are served an unvarying menu of programs pandering to animalism, how can the harvest be anything but a spiraling crime rate? Appealing to freedom by way of defense is absurd; TV is no more free to corrupt the young than anyone else. Admittedly, the corruption is an undesired by-product of the industry's aims. But it is there, and it's time the right priorities are acknowledged.

THE REVEREND MELVIN L. FARRELL, S.S.,
HI-TIME Publishers, Inc.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

A GORY, grunting fight on TV was witnessed by my young son and his friends the other evening. On the screen two men beat another badly and finally went on their way. One of the children watching said, "They weren't too bad, I mean, they weren't real mean men." When I asked him why he thought the two men weren't so bad, he answered, "Well, they didn't kill him, did they? They could have." All things are relative—but the incident still haunts me.

MRS. KAY MEERSAND,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Exciting Ad Awards

I FIND MYSELF each year excited by *SR*'s Annual Advertising Awards [*SR*, Apr. 12]. Whom do I write to for copies of the 1969 winner, Shell's ad, "What Have You Done to Your Country Lately?"

PETER S. MALLETT,
St. Albans, Vt.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For information about the Shell ad, write to Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc., 200 Park Avenue, New York 10017, attention of Betsy Levitt.*

World Press Offspring

WE OF THE World Press Institute agree with Stuart Little's praiseworthy review of Max Hastings's book, *America 1968—The First This Time* ["View of a Fiery Country," BOOKS IN COMMUNICATIONS, Apr. 12]. But then we should. Max was one of fifteen young foreign journalists who participated as a 1967-68 Fellow of the World Press Institute. Mr. Hastings's book, as he pointed out in the introduction, is based largely on the experiences he gained while participating in our year-long program along with journalists from fourteen different countries. We are proud to have had Mr. Hastings as a WPI Fellow, and proud, too, to be giving fifteen foreign journalists like Mr. Hastings the opportunity each year of a broad and penetrating exposure to our society. In the eight years of our existence, we have given more than one hundred journalists from forty-six countries just such exposure.

JAMES V. TOSCANO,
Managing Director,
World Press Institute,
Macalester College,
St. Paul, Minn.

Very In "Peanuts"

I ENJOYED THE ARTICLES by John Tebbel and Charles M. Schulz on the *Peanuts* people [*SR*, Apr. 12], as I am sure every fan of Mr. Schulz's work did. I wonder, though, was Snoopy reading about himself in the cover illustration? And since Lucy the psychiatrist is stocking *SR*, she is "very in"!

W. R. GARRETT,
Augusta, Ga.

BEING AN avid *Peanuts* fan, I am most appreciative of the article by the column's originator and author, Charles M. Schulz. Undoubtedly many of your other readers found it amusing. The point that I found most informative was the fact that Mr. Schulz himself is unable to explain "the philosophy of *Peanuts*" which has become famous world-wide. I am sure that it is agreed that Schulz is a very talented individual who deserves all the fame and credit that his column receives.

DEE DEE FOSTER,
Omaha, Neb.

McGills of the Future

IN R.L.T.'s TRIBUTE to Ralph McGill ["Passing the Baton," *SR*, March 8], he told us that McGill was frustrated because he had been able to change so little with so many words. That, of course, was his own humble appraisal.

With the modern trend in communications it is less likely that a successor to Ralph McGill will enjoy the freedom he did. His value to the Atlanta *Constitution*, which he did not own, was great enough that he expressed himself with boldness that was fifteen years ahead of the times.

The conglomerate corporations have made it less likely that a new Ralph McGill will emerge, for the new Lords of the Press are more interested in defense contracts, airlines, drugs, and the New York Stock Exchange fluctuations than they are in communications.

The American people don't generally seem aware that the corporate giants have bought up our TV stations, magazines, newspapers, motion picture firms, and even the great book publishing houses. Unless the Department of Justice quickly reverses these mergers, it will soon lack the means of communicating the dangers to the public.

In my forty-two years of newspapering, the conglomerate has posed the most serious threat to free communications I have seen.

HOUSTOUN WARING,
Editor Emeritus,
Independent Arapahoe Herald,
Littleton, Colo.

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Voluntary Press Codes

By GILBERT CRANBERG

SHAKEN by the news coverage in the aftermath of President Kennedy's assassination, the Warren Commission advised the press in 1964 that "promulgation of a code of professional conduct governing representatives of all news media would be welcome evidence that the press had profited by the lesson of Dallas." The suggestion for voluntary regulation of crime reporting ran into a stone wall seven months later at the 1965 annual meeting of the American Society of Newspaper Editors. "We are persuaded that no set of specific rules can be written into a code of press conduct that will not do more harm than good," declared the editors. "We are convinced that the solution to whatever problems of free-press/fair-trial that may exist will not be solved by such codes." Four years later, the number of state press groups adopting statements of principles or guidelines for reporting crime news has climbed to seventeen. The total is expected to increase appreciably later this year in the wake of meetings between representatives of the press and the bar to explore similar codes in sixteen other states. The ASNE "hard line" of 1965 is now considerably more dovish. Favorable references to "guidelines" and "cooperative agreements" between press and bar show up increasingly in the reports of the organization's Press-Bar Committee.

The initial rejection by the press of the Warren Commission's proposal left the organized bar free to pick up and run with the fair-trial issue. The Warren Commission had declared that responsibility for "ethical standards of conduct for the news media" must also be borne by the bar. Taking its cue from the report, the American Bar Association in 1964 established an Advisory Committee on Fair Trial and Free Press headed by Justice Paul C. Reardon of the Massachusetts Judicial Court. The Reardon Report, issued in October 1966, proposed that prospective jurors be shielded from news that could prejudice them against a defendant by closing the mouths of prosecutors, defense attorneys, and police.

The Reardon plan to shut off the supply of crime news to the press was influenced by the conviction that the nation's editors would continue to follow a laissez-faire policy on crime reporting. Justice Reardon recently told me that he was "quite aware" of the language used by ASNE in 1965 to reject the Warren Commission's call for self-regulation, "for I employed it on many occasions to indicate the problem we were facing of procuring cooperation from the media." Justice Reardon said that he "harbored the hope" until the month his report was issued "that we might arrive at a joint statement with the media, and thus resolve the problem."

Editorial response to the bar's plan to deny newsmen access to the sources of crime news was almost uniformly hostile. "Putting prior restraint on news sources is equivalent to putting prior restraint on the press," declared a statement of greeting to the Reardon Report by the ASNE board of directors. "The discretion of the editor as to what is news must not be chained by prior restraint."

At the same time, the editors cautiously edged away from their outright rejection eighteen months earlier of the voluntary guideline concept. They proposed as an alternative to the Reardon Report "a set of guidelines for the press." The guidelines endorsed in the ASNE statement were couched in general terms. They recommended full disclosure at the time of arrest. At the immediate pre-trial and trial stages, "the press should recognize the sensitivity of the judicial process, and should cooperate on a voluntary basis with the bench and bar in preserving the substance of fair trial."

Voluntary guidelines had an understandably more inviting ring to the editors after exposure to the harsh-sounding Reardon rules. The Reardon plan drew a distinction between prejudicial and non-prejudicial news. Information classed as non-prejudicial, including factual data about the crime and circumstances of arrest, could be released to the press. The prejudicial information to be kept from the press covered six common elements of criminal news — prior criminal records, the existence or contents of a confession, the performance on examinations or tests, information about witnesses, the possibility of a guilty plea, and opinions about guilt or innocence. The Reardon plan proposed additionally that newsmen be barred from some judicial hearings, and that they be punished for contempt under certain circumstances.

The bar committee recommended that the ban against disclosure of forbidden information by prosecutors and defense attorneys be enforced by court action and bar association ethics rules. Disclosures by police would be the province of the courts or state legislatures, if law enforcement agencies fail to regulate themselves. Despite all-out press attacks on the Reardon proposals, the ABA House of Delegates approved the plan in February 1968. New canons of ethics for lawyers incorporating the proposals as they apply to lawyers are due to be adopted by the ABA at its meeting in Dallas this summer.

Evidently concerned about the growing rift with the press, and possibly foreseeing difficulty getting the rules against police disclosure enforced by courts and legislatures, the ABA House of Delegates last year made a fresh stab at promoting voluntary press codes. The same session that approved the Reardon proposals established a Legal Advisory Committee on Fair Trial and Free Press to implement the proposals, and to encourage voluntary action by state bar associations and media groups to adopt the substance of the ABA fair-trial/free-press standards. The new committee, headed by Chief Judge Edward J. Devitt of the U.S. District Court of Minnesota, has cleared the way for voluntary press codes to be accepted as an alternative to closed hearings and restrictive court rules on release of information. The Devitt Committee has said:

> The validity of voluntary codes obviously will depend upon how successful they prove to be in accomplishing their objectives, and how fully the press and broadcasting media in a given jurisdiction abide by them. Much will depend, too, upon the cooperation of members of the bar and law enforcement officials. Ultimately, the decision will rest with the courts in each jurisdiction whether it is necessary or not necessary in the light of experience to apply the ABA standards by rules of court.

The press codes adopted in three

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states are generalized statements of good intentions similar to the ASNE's 1966 guidelines, and are too sketchy to give much guidance to newsmen. Most of the codes are detailed and specific. Though they differ on some points, most notably on the treatment of prior criminal records, they agree in most respects with the Reardon Report's definition of prejudicial news. The guidelines adopted in 1967 by the Oregon State Bar, Oregon Newspaper Publishers Association, and Oregon Association of Broadcasters are more or less typical:

It is generally appropriate to disclose or report the following:

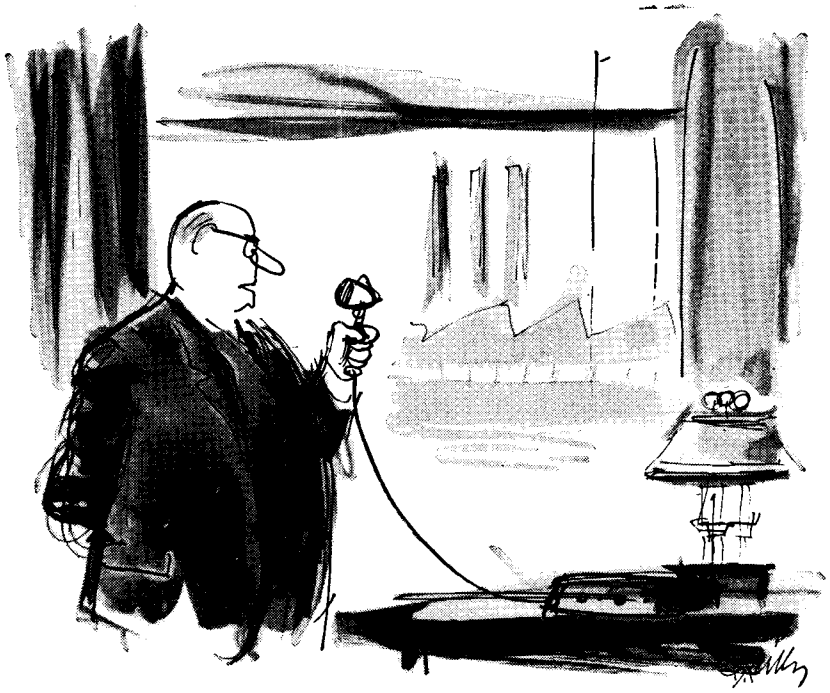
1) The arrested person's name, age, residence, employment, marital status, and similar biographical information.
2) The charge.
3) The amount of bail.
4) The identity of and biographical information concerning both complaining party and victim.
5) The identity of the investigating and arresting agency and the length of the investigation.
6) The circumstances of arrest, including time, place, resistance, pursuit, and weapons used.

It is rarely appropriate to disclose for publication or to report prior to the trial the following:

1) The contents of any admission or confession, or the fact that an admission or confession has been made.
2) Opinions about an arrested person's character, guilt, or innocence.
3) Opinions concerning evidence or argument in the case.
4) Statements concerning anticipated testimony or the truthfulness of prospective witnesses.
5) The results of fingerprints, polygraph examinations, ballistic tests, or laboratory tests.
6) Precise descriptions of items seized or discovered during investigation.
7) Prior criminal charges and convictions.

The guidelines contain a proviso that they "are cautionary, not mandatory. They do not prohibit release of, or publication of, information needed to identify or aid in the capture of a suspect or information required in the vital public interest after arrest. Neither do they proscribe publication of information which is already in the public domain."

PRESS guidelines stress that "decisions about handling the news rest with the editors." The guidelines may "discourage" disclosures about confessions or results of lie detector tests, but editors are free to use their judgment. News stories about confessions were commonplace in the state of Washington before the press adopted guidelines and they are now a rarity, but when a figure in a Tacoma kidnaping case walked into the sheriff's office and led officers to the spot where the ransom money was hidden, editors felt justified in printing the story. Guideline "enforcement" is low key and informal. Questions about news handling in Washington are referred to a member of the state Bench-Bar-Press Committee representing the news media. He explains informally to the newspaper or broadcasting station that a question has been raised. There are no sanctions or enforced compliance.



"Attention all personnel: At ten o'clock we shall all observe a moment of silence to commemorate the successful repulsion by your management of Apex-Amalgamated takeover thrust one year ago today."

The voluntary guideline system leaves news channels open for the press to fulfill its public watchdog function. Newsmen operating under guidelines are entitled to information that enables them to keep tabs on criminal cases and the performance of the agencies of criminal justice. If corruption or incompetence is suspected, the press has a right to ask questions, demand answers, and print the news even if it violates the guidelines. When guidelines are formulated, the press participates in making the rules that affect its operations.

The Reardon rules are premised on the contrasting belief that the press is best kept in the dark on many matters. When press inaction resulted in the Reardon Committee asserting jurisdiction over news policies, non-press people were allowed to write the rules vitally affecting the press.

Judge J. Skelly Wright of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia saw the value to the press and public of voluntary press guidelines and tried to talk the nation's editors out of rejecting the Warren Commission's proposal. Appearing on a panel at the ASNE meeting in 1965 that turned down the proposal for self-regulation, Judge Wright warned that the alternative was action to silence news sources. The judge declared:

"I am not certain that it is in the interest of your profession simply to say, 'We are going to be rugged individualists. We're going to decide these things each for ourselves without any guidelines from our particular profession, from our particular discipline.' I think that it is important that news sources are available to the press, and that the press makes its own judgment as to what it is going to publish."

EVENTS have shown the soundness of Judge Wright's advice. Action by the press in nearly two-thirds of the states to approve guidelines or enter into guideline talks is recognition by substantial segments of the press that the initial reaction to the Warren Commission's suggestion was ill-advised and counter-productive.

The newly-elected president of ASNE, Norman Isaacs, executive editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and the Louisville *Times*, is a long-time advocate of ethical self-regulation by the press. Isaacs recently commended Judge Devitt for promoting "voluntary measures" to protect the right to fair trial, and added, "Those of us who seek a higher responsibility by the press welcome this new trend and can be expected to drive harder for the guideline process."

After years of verbal war between press and bar, the outlook is encouraging for de-escalation and peaceful settlement of the fair-trial/free-press conflict.

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Broadway's Sam Zolotow

By JOHN K. HUTCHENS

THE word is around that Sam Zolotow, for forty-nine years the unofficial boss of *The New York Times* drama department, and its peerless stage news reporter, is retiring on June 1. Of course, anyone who knows Sam, and especially anyone who has worked with him, would not put odds on this. Worked *with* him? *For* him, I mean.

Considering the eminence of those drama critics whom the public assumed through the years to have headed up Sam's domain—among them Alexander Woollcott, John Corbin, Stark Young, and Brooks Atkinson—Sam's impending retirement may hardly seem noteworthy. Unless you are a veteran reader of the *Times* daily theater page, or have been part of the Broadway scene in Sam's time, you probably never heard his name. This merely goes to show that fame and greatness are not necessarily one and the same. But the aforementioned eminences all knew at heart who really was in charge of the *Times* drama department, from the day Sam arrived there in 1920, a twenty-one-year-old office boy.

"From the first," Woollcott was to write a few years later, "there was in his breezy manner of taking possession a not implausible intention to own the newspaper itself at his earliest convenience."

Somehow or other, Sam never actually got around to that. All he did was to become the best, hardest working, most memorable theatrical reporter in Broadway history, a warm friend, a tireless competitor, thoroughly respected, sometimes disliked, and even hated (but for the right reasons).

He had hardly settled in at the *Times* before the Zolotow career was off and running. Within a week or so, Woollcott noted, the office phones began setting up an unholy din in the late afternoon. At Sam's end of the wire the talk struck Woollcott as gibberish, until the truth dawned. His new office boy was making book on the horses and netting $40 a day, rather more than Woollcott's salary. Sam's nominal superior did not begrudge him this marginal revenue. He did, however, object to the noise, and finally nerved himself to present an ultimatum: Did his office boy prefer a career as bookie or journalist? The future Richard Harding Davis of Times Square, in his way a dedicated romantic, did not hesitate. He simply developed a couple of other outlets for all that excess energy: a weekly theatrical guide to current and impending shows that became indispensable to newspapers and producers, and a messenger service of whose facilities Broadway denizens sensibly made use.

So it was only a year or so later that Woollcott, on his way back to the *Times* to write his review of a Broadway opening, and vainly trying to flag down a taxi, became aware of a new, sleek automobile pulling up to the curb. The driver was his former office boy, now a news gatherer, who asked, "Why not let me drop you at the office, Aleck, old man?" In due course, Woollcott was faintly bemused to hear Sam adopting Woollcott's own somewhat florid style when answering telephone queries concerning the critic's judgment of a new play. "I am able to assure you, madam," he overheard Sam saying one night before the edition containing a Woollcott review had reached the newsstands, "that this play is as droll a whimsy as these old eyes have seen in a month of first nights."

BY the time I became a deskmate of Sam's at the *Times* in 1929 he was a solidly established Broadway figure, although he had not yet acquired a by-line. He was a legman for George S. Kaufman, who was by then a hugely successful playwright but still writing his Rialto Gossip column for the Sunday *Times* drama section. Fresh from his Shubert Alley rounds, Sam would arrive with his pockets spilling over with notes for Kaufman. A man of forbidding silences, Kaufman occasionally rejected an item Sam deemed to be pure gold. It was then, and only then, that I ever saw Sam cowed by anyone. His expression, as Nunnally Johnson said of some luckless minion, would become that of a collie slapped in the face by Albert Payson Terhune. But even Kaufman recognized that the man was not only here to stay but might well become immortal. Atkinson remembers the co-author of *The Royal Family* and *You Can't Take It With You* answering Sam's phone with

—*The New York Times.*

Sam Zolotow—"An aura of omniscience grew up about him, an impression he did not conspicuously discourage."

a mild, "I'm sorry, Mr. Zolotow is not in at the moment, but this is his assistant."

As for me, an awestruck neophyte, I could only observe the Zolotow tactics and marvel. For him the telephone was an instrument of cajolery and terror. Confronted with a reluctant news source—and it could be so mighty a Broadway mogul as Gilbert Miller—Sam would threaten with a frosty, ominous, "So you do not care to cooperate with *The New York Times*?" and would slam down the receiver with a thunderous finality. Four times out of five, the news source would meekly call back within ten minutes. "Thank you so much," Sam would say gently, allowing the party at the other end a new lease on life.

On weekends, Sam and I were often alone together in the drama department, looking over releases and rumors for a Monday stage news column. Sundays usually found him restless—offices closed, no afternoon papers to check on. Around 4 p.m. Sam might call Producer A at his home (Sam's list of unlisted numbers was staggering) and, in the course of an amiable chat, suggest that Producer B had recently said something disparaging about Producer A, who would thereupon explode in kind. This, relayed to Producer B, would then give us our story for the next morning: NEW BROADWAY FEUD FLARES.

An aura of omniscience grew up about Sam, an impression he did not conspicuously discourage. Producers complained that he knew about their projects before he did, or that he announced those projects before they were ready to, which left them whimpering that while he was entirely accurate his revelations were "premature." Sometimes they must have been downright astounded. One

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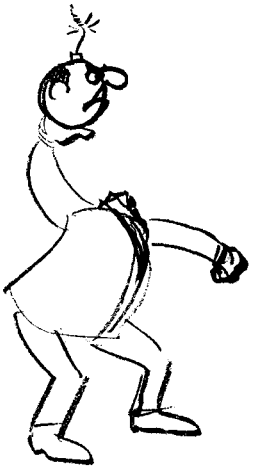

singularly rewarding Sunday afternoon, Sam, in putting in a call to the attorney of an actor planning a long-awaited production of *Hamlet*, chanced upon a conversation between the attorney, in New York, and his actor-client, in California. They were discussing in detail the production and booking contracts, the casting, the probable director. Sam, taking notes, wore the angelic smile of the pure in heart. If God hadn't wanted the *Times* to have a nice, clean beat on that story, would He have granted His Broadway representative the million-to-one chance of being a third party to a long-distance phone call of such importance?

Once in a while, to be sure, the tables were turned. Sam, who considered that no one had any secrets that could legitimately be kept from him, demanded that Elmer Rice tell the *Times* exactly how much one of Mr. Rice's plays had grossed in the preceding week.

"How much did the *Times* gross last week?" Mr. Rice screamed desperately.

There was the time, too, when he asked Arthur Miller if it were true that he was writing a new play. Miller admitted that it was. "What," Sam asked, "is it about?" "I don't know yet," said Miller. "If you don't know, how do you expect the public to know?" asked Sam, who appeared at this point to be ahead. "And what is the title?" "*Death of a Salesman*," Miller said. "And what," Sam asked, "is the reason for that title?" "Because," said Miller, "one of the characters in it is a salesman who dies."

Sam accepted that, and in his column made the first mention of a play that was to become an American theater classic.

In the office Sam could, now and then, get on our nerves as well, as when we all had to wait around for an hour after midnight while he called the West Coast to track down the replacement in a minor role of the No. 3 company of *Boy Meets Girl*. For him it was an item to be pursued as diligently as a page 1 theater ticket scandal. Even the remarkably tolerant Atkinson had to wonder a little when, coming in on Mondays, he would find his personal mail had been opened and obviously read, Sam having been unable to resist a few comments of his own on the margins of letters. Hoping to put an end to this, Atkinson engaged two friends to write him letters which, when opened, would contain notes saying: "Sam, why don't you leave Atkinson's mail alone?" Strangely, these letters went unopened. The legend of the Zolotow psychic power grew accordingly.

If he recognized a boss, we figured, it was his astute and charming wife, Sadie. Apparently granting that so industrious a spouse needed a touch of relaxation, she did not object unduly to Sam's Saturday afternoons at the race track. Things got out of hand once, though, when he neglected to tell her that he was going on vacation, and that the vacation was to be spent at Belmont Park. When she called him at the office and discovered this fanciful stratagem, his associates quivered as they envisaged the ensuing domestic scene. Eventually they asked Sam about it. "I got out of it with a fur coat and a trip to Europe," he said.

Stocky, graying, somewhat thicker in girth as the years passed, Sam pounded his Broadway beat with the incessant enthusiasm and curiosity that made him the reporter he was. To see how the other half lived, he played the role of himself in a summer theater tryout of a show that went no farther but left him a permanent member of Actors Equity with, presumably, some news pipelines he had not had before. To the surprise of his rivals, not all of whom had reason to love him, he had a modest personal success. "I rely on the Stanislavsky Introspective Method," he explained. For the most part he relied on methods strictly his own, the likes of which are not apt to be known again, because the days of such individualists as Sam are vanishing at the *Times* as elsewhere in this increasingly impersonal, computerized era.

Now, as this is being written, a group rather curiously calling itself The Committee to Send Off Sam Zolotow plans to fete him on May 9 at The Playbill. The crowd there will be a composite of Zolotow's Broadway—newspapermen, actors, producers, press agents, horse players. Undoubtedly, he will receive their tributes with dignity, but he won't be altogether happy about it, because at a mere seventy he doesn't want to leave the *Times* and, in fact, is quite irritated that he is about to. However, the show biz instinct in him will surely take some satisfaction in realizing that Manhattan will have heard no valedictory of the sort since another top man in his field said farewell to his pals, also with dignity, 173 years ago at another tavern, farther downtown.

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IT'S UP IN THE AIR:

Who Owns Television?

By JOHN TEBBEL

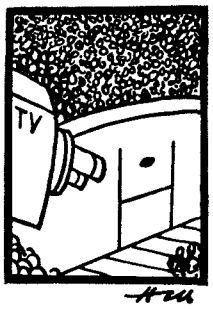
SINCE commercial television was introduced in America three decades ago, its rise has been as spectacular as any in this country's industrial history. Today it grosses nearly $3 billion annually through its three networks alone. Even the smallest of these networks, the American Broadcasting Company, reported a total annual revenue of more than a half-billion dollars in 1967. The child of infinite promise has grown to be a formidable giant whose place in the fabric of society compels us to examine anew what kind of people we are.

As a communications medium capable of reaching the entire nation at one time, and demonstrably capable of influencing national life in a number of ways, TV has quite naturally drawn the fire of nearly every segment of public life, since each is affected by it.

We have seen this most recently in the coverage of the Democratic convention in Chicago, where two things became clear: 1) the medium does have the power to distort; and 2) the nature and quality of the distortion depends on the political beliefs of the viewer. Thus we have the paradox of a population that gets most of its information from TV and believes what it sees and hears in preference to what it reads in newspapers—according to repeated polls—yet, in large majority, disapproves of the way TV handles the news in such controversial situations as race riots and the Siege of Chicago. It is hard to reconcile a recent Gallup Poll, showing that five out of seven "most admired" figures in journalism were television and radio newscasters, with other polls demonstrating that several of these same personalities were among those accused by the public of "bias" and "prejudice" in covering the Chicago convention.

It appears that viewers "admire" and "believe" their favorite television news personalities as long as they are getting information that confirms their own attitudes, but are quite ready to turn on even the favorites if something ugly about America is shown to them, or if they are compelled by what is on the screen to think about something they would rather not think about.

From a number of viewpoints, people are beginning to question what is on the air. The recent hearings of the communications subcommittee of the Senate Commerce Committee showed plainly enough where a good many of the public



pressure points are going to be, since the Senators seemed to be responding to both organized and unorganized public pressure.

The unorganized pressure is much easier to deal with, from the governmental point of view, since it appears to stem from a vast uneasiness about the medium, not only a boredom and a dissatisfaction with its quality but a questioning of the uses to which it is being put. Any indication that Congress is looking into the matter and might conceivably do something about it is enough to hold this kind of criticism in check, hence, the hearings.

Organized pressure, however, is a different matter, and the hearings made it quite evident what form this is likely to take. There are the perennial censors who can find potential sexual titillation even in a TV commercial, and who want "filth" taken out of a medium already bland beyond belief in the eyes of sophisticated people. But this pressure does not come from sophisticates; it comes from rural and small-town people whose votes send a great many people to Congress, and whose pressure on newspapers and TV have placed the latter far behind magazines and books in terms of the freedom to talk about or portray sexual matters.

THERE is also the quite different problem of violence on television; here the pressure is general, but it centers in parent groups and others who believe there is a direct relation between violence on the home screen and violence in the streets, as well as its broader effects on the quality of life.

The third pressure point rises from the dangerous and often irrational hostility toward television, and all media, that is prevalent today, not only in this country but elsewhere. The source of the hostility is the belief that the media are not telling the truth, meaning that they are not serving the interest of the particular hostile group. As a consequence, television (along with newspapers) is attacked by the blacks, by the poor, by the middle class, by the New Left and the Old Right, and, indeed, by virtually every population group in the country. Television, alone among the media, is truly vulnerable, because the strongest and best organized of these groups can bring pressure to bear on Congress, which in turn has the power to influence, by law or by intimidation, the content of TV.

This brings us to the heart of the matter—that is, the relation of the Government to the medium, and to the people both are supposed to serve. Here another paradox quickly becomes evident. The Government has established a yardstick for ownership of the air. It is embodied in the Radio Act of 1927 which declares the air a part of the public domain. Having passed this judgment and established this principle, the Act went on to create the first regulatory commission, known as the Federal Radio Commission, forerunner of the present Federal Communications Commission, which is the licensing agent and general overseer of both radio and TV.

With this Act, a contradiction was created. One yardstick says that the public owns the air, another says that this may be true, but the maintenance of the air—that is, who may broadcast and what may be broadcast—is in the hands of a government regulatory agency, only very indirectly responsive to the public. This situation is further complicated by the number of Congressmen who own stock or have other financial interests in broadcasting. One of the national news magazines attempted a few years ago to define the extent of this ownership, and was quickly bogged down in a morass of adroit legal coverups. A great many members of Congress, it must be remembered, are lawyers.

But the present struggle has not centered on this question of public control. The central issue has become whether the Government has the power to take away what it has given in the form of licenses to use the air. Few citizens understand that they own the air. Fewer still are aware when they read in the papers about the conflict between the FCC and some of its licensees that it is only individual stations that come under government control. The networks are not controlled, although every other aspect of public entertainment monopoly has been ended, or at least curbed, by action of the Justice Department resulting in consent decrees divorcing carrier from content. Only network TV controls both the talent and the air that carries it.

Powerful network lobbies have so far blocked any effort at control, by the FCC or anyone else, but the individual stations have presently been subjected

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to a shaking-up process by the FCC which, in part, now seems committed to the general principle that a broadcasting station ought to have to justify its existence in terms of how it serves the public interest. The leader in this endeavor has been Nicholas Johnson, the young and outspoken commissioner appointed by President Johnson in 1966. How he has been ruthlessly attacked for his efforts was recently documented by Robert Lewis Shayon (*SR*, Apr. 12).

In the past, there is no doubt that the franchise power of the FCC has been roundly abused. To take an especially flagrant example, consider the history of Channel 13, the educational television outlet in New York City. This channel was originally allocated to New Jersey, a listening area sandwiched in between Philadelphia and New York, on the theory that the state was not represented in the TV spectrum and deserved to have a channel. The private operators who got the franchise and began the station had their eyes focused firmly on the lucrative New York market. But then these operators decided to sell their franchise, and educational television, which had tried to secure this outlet from the beginning, was forced to bid for Channel 13 against other commercial operators who wanted it.

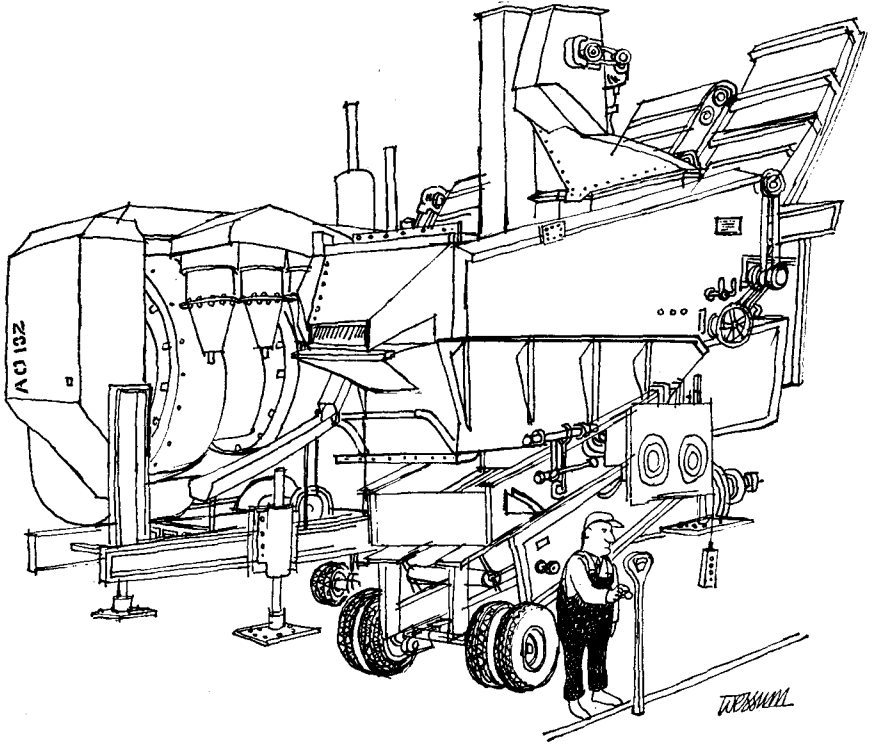
It seemed more than a little inconsistent at the time, and more so today, that noncommercial, public television should have to bid for a commodity which, presumably, the public already owned—the air. Not surprisingly, ETV could not match the bids of the commercial interests. The new owners announced their intention to make Channel 13 the flagship station for a multiple attempt to establish a market for television movies, but when this plan failed to develop, they offered to sell it to the educational television people for $7,000,000, or twice what they had paid for it.

At this point, the state of New Jersey stepped in. The state said it certainly had no objection to the idea of educational television for New York, but if New Jersey's only license were taken away, the state would be deprived. What was meant, of course, was that New Jersey business interests would be deprived. This was the juncture at which the FCC should have entered the area and made clear the Government's responsibility in this question of air ownership, but it held aloof. Fortunately for ETV, then Governor Robert Meyner intervened and convinced the state legislature that the interests of New Jersey would not be impaired if Channel 13 were sold to educational TV in New York.

Most students of the problem agree that certain basic principles are badly in need of clarification at this point. The two foremost principles are these:

1) If the FCC is right and the air belongs to the people, does the Commission have the right, in effect, to sell the air, as it did in the case of Channel 13 originally, or can it only grant the right to use the air? If this right is abused, in the judgment of the Commission, does it then revert to the people?

2) The First Amendment gives a specific guarantee of freedom to the press, although some would now have us believe that this freedom, like the air, belongs to the people and can be taken away, like a broadcasting license, in specific instances. But the Founders recognized that a free press was the chief instrument in the functioning of a democratic society, as the Russians have graphically underlined for us in Czechoslovakia. What they could not foresee was that "the press" would one day include radio and TV, as it does in fact. In law, it does not. The Supreme Court has never ruled on this question.



IT is a question that is rapidly coming to the forefront of public attention, and it will have to be decided. If broadcasting is to be covered by the First Amendment, then no one has the right to dictate the terms of radio and television news coverage, or to restrict it in any way except by the same libel laws that apply to the print media. There are many people, in and out of government, who want just that kind of dictation. Whatever their other sins may or may not be, the network managers appear to be on firm ground when they insist on their right to control the news content of broadcasting, unless law is to supersede fact.

There are other basics which need to be established. It would simplify matters, for instance, if the questions of sex and violence on television were separated. Violence and its effect is a controversial matter, with a great deal of heated rhetoric on both sides, but little scientific fact on either side to support anyone's contentions. In the field of sexual behavior, however, there has never been established any general correlation between what people see and read and what they do sexually, despite the popular myth to the contrary.

These are some of the complicated questions involved in the question of who owns the air, and what we ought to do about the ownership. Since the FCC is the creature of Congress, it is potentially subject to the prejudices and opinions of 500 television critics sitting on Capitol Hill. Add to these the millions who were disturbed and angered, one way or the other, by what happened in Chicago. Add, again, all those frustrated citizens who think something ought to be done about TV, but are not sure what it should be.

All this suggests that the time has come for both the public and the private sectors to think seriously about the purpose of TV, about the ownership of the air, about the First Amendment in its relation to broadcasting. Television is a medium so important to the political and cultural life of America that it cannot be left in the hands of a few entrepreneurs or politicians to decide its ultimate fate.

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NEWSPAPERS AND MONOPOLY:

S. 1312 and All That

By WALTER B. KERR

THE March 10 decision of the Supreme Court, which holds that separately-owned newspapers in the same community cannot engage in price-fixing and profit-pooling, has precipitated a renewed effort by an important segment of the industry for legislation that would exempt newspapers—and newspapers only—from the full weight of the antitrust laws. If what is being done in many cities across the country is in violation of the Sherman or Clayton Acts or both, say the proponents of companion bills that have been re-introduced in the Senate and House, the thing to do is to change the law, for without such practices as have been declared illegal many papers will be compelled to close down. Nonsense, say their opponents; this is self-serving legislation that would kill for all time what little commercial competition is left in the business.

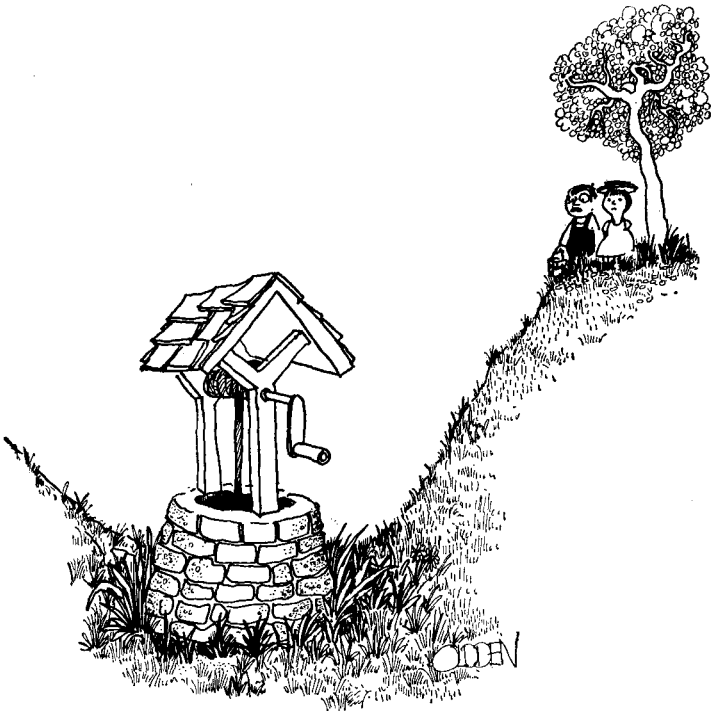
This clash of viewpoints deals with an issue which must be ranked among the worst-reported news stories of our time. Almost without our knowing it, we find ourselves in the presence of a struggle that has torn the industry apart over a dispute we are scarcely aware of. Yet the stakes are high. They involve such matters as who is to control our newspapers and how they are to be run.

The facts may be briefly stated. In 1933, in the midst of the Depression, the only two papers in Albuquerque, the morning *Journal* and the afternoon *Tribune*, reached a secret agreement by the terms of which both papers would be printed in the same plant, there would be one advertising department instead of two, one circulation department instead of two, one business office instead of two. All commercial expenses would be shared, and at the end of each year there would be a division of profits according to a fixed ratio regardless of the circulation or volume of advertising carried in either paper. The arrangement worked. Within a short time both papers had become highly profitable enterprises, a fact which led to their example being followed by hitherto competing morning and afternoon papers in many other towns and cities.

All went well until January 1965, by which time there were twenty-two or more combinations in the land that were similar to or modified versions of the Albuquerque plan, one of them being in Tucson, Arizona. In that month the Department of Justice hailed the morning *Arizona Daily Star* and the afternoon *Daily Citizen* into federal district court charging that their agreement was a violation of Section 1 of the Sherman Act (that the defendant papers had combined to restrain interstate trade and commerce) and a violation of Section 2 of the same Act (conspiracy to monopolize interstate trade and commerce). And because the *Citizen* proposed to buy the *Arizona Star*, the Department further charged violation of Section 7 of the Clayton Act ("No corporation engaged in commerce shall acquire, directly or indirectly, the whole or any part of the stock . . . or assets of another corporation engaged also in commerce, where in any line of commerce in any section of the country, the effect of such acquisition may be substantially to lessen competition"). This was strong medicine, and it produced significant results. With regard to Section 1, the Court granted the Government's motion for summary judgment. Judge James A. Walsh found price-fixing, profit-pooling, and other per se violations of the law. This issue never went to trial. Offenses alleged under Sections 2 and 7 did go to trial but the papers lost again, and the Supreme Court has upheld Judge Walsh on all counts. The *Citizen* was directed to sell the *Arizona Star*, which it had acquired by then for $9,999,990, and the two papers were directed to modify their "operating" or "agency" agreement to remove its price-fixing, market-controlling, and profit-pooling provisions.

Meanwhile, however, a strong group of publishers, including the Scripps-Howard, the Newhouse, and the Hearst chains, had moved with the support of the American Newspaper Publishers Association to change the law for it was implicit in the court decision that if such practices were illegal in Tucson they were illegal elsewhere. What about the papers in Pittsburgh, Miami, Columbus, St. Louis, Tulsa, Albuquerque, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Honolulu, and other parts of the country?

ON March 16, 1967, S. 1312 was introduced in the Senate by fifteen Senators, all but one of them from a state where there is a newspaper combination of one kind or another; this led to a series of hearings conducted during that year and into 1968 by the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly. These hearings, the record of which fills 3,462 pages in seven volumes, constituted the first in-depth investigation of the newspaper business that has ever been conducted, and they exposed practices that are stoutly defended by some publishers and strongly criticized by oth-



"I don't know, somehow it doesn't seem right."

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ers. Their net effect, however, was to destroy the mythology of an industry that is rarely open to public scrutiny.

Although S. 1312 died in the 90th Congress without reaching the floor, its proponents returned to the fray in the 91st with amended versions—S. 1520, sponsored by thirty-three Senators, and companion bills in the House. With the Supreme Court ruling of March 10 having barred any hope of judicial relief, the one recourse open to papers that feel themselves threatened by the Tucson decision is legislative action. What they seek is a law that will permit present practices, otherwise illegal, if one of the combination papers engaging in them *appeared* at any time in the past "unlikely to remain or become a financially sound institution," or if one of any two now-competing papers should *appear* now or at any time in the future "unlikely to remain or become a financially sound institution." In short, under those conditions, separately-owned papers in the same community could share their commercial expenses, fix advertising and circulation rates, and split their joint profits.

THE legislative battle promises to be severe. Pending its outcome, however, the Tucson decision hangs heavily over the heads of publishers who now operate under similar arrangements. What lies immediately ahead?

First, William A. Small, Jr., publisher of the Tucson papers, has been given ninety days (from April 4) to come up with a plan for divestiture of the *Arizona Star* and modification of the working arrangement between that paper and the *Citizen*. This plan may include joint-printing in the same plant and common distribution facilities, but it must not include price-fixing or pooling of profits pursuant to an inflexible ratio. Proponents of protective legislation insist—and their opponents deny—that any such plan is bound to lead to one of the papers going out of business, with no hope that a new paper will ever be able to take its place.

Second, the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice will lie low until such a plan has been proposed and approved by the Government.

Third, the Antitrust Division will operate on the theory that when a plan has been approved, it will be studied by the publishers of all similar newspaper combinations and adapted in one way or another to their peculiar circumstances.

Fourth, after a reasonable length of time the Antitrust Division will proceed in court against those combinations that should have been modified but were not.

For these publishers, there remains, of course, the possibility that S. 1520 will have been passed by the time the hour of decision is at hand, but for the present they are under the gun.

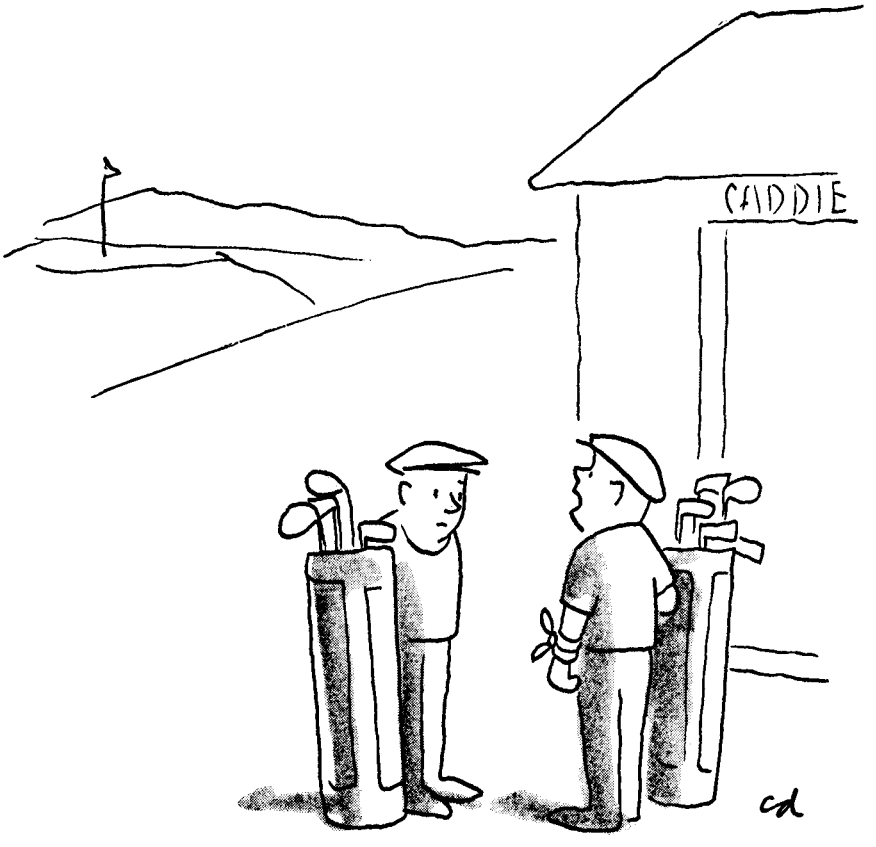
Among them (involved in one way or another but not all to the same extent) are the Scripps-Howard newspapers (with seven such combinations), the Newhouse chain, the Knight chain, the Cox chain, the Block group, and Hearst. Scripps-Howard has one with Newhouse in Birmingham and another with Block in Pittsburgh. Newhouse has a profit-sharing agreement between his *Globe-Democrat* and the *Post-Dispatch* in St. Louis. In Miami, Knight's morning *Herald* handles "for a fee" the production, advertising, circulation, and business operations of Cox's afternoon *News*. In San Francisco, Hearst's afternoon *Examiner* has an arrangement with the morning *Chronicle*.

When the Tucson group appealed Judge Walsh's decision to the Supreme Court, thirty papers in fifteen cities appeared as *amici curiae* and said that they had "similar" agreements. They were the Albuquerque *Journal* and *Tribune*, the Birmingham *Post-Herald* and *News*, the Bristol (Virginia-Tennessee) *Herald-Courier* and *Virginia-Tennessean*, the Charleston *Gazette* and *Daily Mail*, the Columbus *Citizen-Journal* and *Dispatch*, the El Paso *Times* and *Herald-Post*, the Evansville *Courier* and *Press*, the Fort Wayne *Journal-Gazette* and *News-Sentinel*, the Knoxville *Journal* and *News-Sentinel*, the Nashville *Tennessean* and *Banner*, the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* and *Press*, the Salt Lake City *Tribune* and *Deseret-News*, the Oil City-Franklin (Pennsylvania) *Derrick* and *News-Herald*, the San Francisco *Chronicle* and *Examiner*, and the Tulsa *World* and *Tribune*.

AT least sixteen other papers in eight other cities were cited before the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly, but the degree of their involvement is not fully known in every instance for the terms of these agreements remain secret. They are the Honolulu *Advertiser* and *Star-Bulletin*, the Lincoln *Star* and *Journal*, the Madison (Wisconsin) *State Journal* and *Capital Times*, the Lynchburg *News* and *Advance*, the Miami *Herald* and *News*, the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* and *Post-Dispatch*, the Shreveport *Times* and *Journal*, and, of course, the Tucson *Arizona Star* and *Citizen*.

Just how profitable such combinations can be may be judged from the fact that the combined profits of the Tucson papers (before taxes) rose from $27,531 in 1940, the year that the agreement was signed, to $1,727,217 in 1964.

The battle goes on. The courts have made their decision. The question is now up to Congress.



"Mrs. Winant bit me."

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by undermining the convictions and sensitivities which support them. Constant exposure to literary and visual materials which overemphasize sensuality and brutality, reduce love to sex, and blatantly expose to public view intimacies which have been thought sacred or private must eventually result in an erosion of moral standards.

Much of what the law can do hinges upon what can be regarded as obscene. Mr. Clor's analysis is always precise and unimpassioned. He gives a fair hearing to all sides. Part of his sizable contribution to this immensely difficult subject is his great effort in the end to define the obscene.

The obscene consists in making the private public, in exposing to public view intimate experiences of life for the sole purpose of arousing lust, inducing shock, or exploiting morbid interest. Obscenity degrades the human dimensions of life, reducing love to the interplay of sex organs, or diminishing violent death to the dismemberment of a human body. It is being present at certain natural, physical functions when one is not oneself "subject to the urgencies" of the act – witnessing a couple engaged in sexual intercourse, defecation, or even watching a solitary person eating. These things are repellent.

The obscene can be separated from the artistic expression of erotic or violent subjects. In art a certain "psychic distance" is kept between the observer and the observed, as it is in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, to a lesser degree in *Fanny Hill*, and not at all in *The Lustful Turk*—three pornographic works Clor compares. Such a definition is a good starting point for the control of obscenity, and *Obscenity and Public Morality* is a good starting point for asking whether the Court has really served us well in its liberating decisions of the last few years.

A Novelist's Criticism: *Urgent Copy* (W. W. Norton, $6.95) is the ironic title for Anthony Burgess's collection of literary essays—criticism being, perhaps, the least newsy form of journalism. A novelist (*A Vision of Battlements, Enderby*) and critic, Burgess also may well be one of England's most fluent, well informed, and entertaining essayists, so there is some urgency about listening to him after all. The author ranges widely and learnedly across several literary landscapes, including our own, examining the large American novel as closely as those of his own English contemporaries, Graham Greene and Evelyn Waugh, and defining himself from time to time, declaring his Catholic antecedents at the outset and at the end, confessing his antipathy to great libraries, and finding a special stimulus to his writing outside England. This is a uniformly interesting collection. —STUART W. LITTLE.

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World of Dance

Continued from page 38

Joffrey is one of the finest teachers of ballet in the world today), knows that you cannot take a college freshman and turn him into a good dancer by his sophomore, junior, or senior year. Therefore, he looks to potential talent in community public schools, sees that they get pre-college dance training, and, when of age, enter the university for studies as a dance major. It's just such a procedure that Willam Christensen, director of Ballet West and head of the ballet faculty at the University of Utah, and Dr. Alma Hawkins of the University of California, Los Angeles, and other dance department heads recommend and pursue.

For summer dance followers who make frequent visits to Ted Shawn's Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival at Lee, Massachusetts, the most illustrious dance festival in America and, probably, in the world, and to the dance events, headed by the New York City Ballet, in the most beautiful outdoor theater in America at Saratoga, New York, and to the American Dance Festival on the campus of Connecticut College in New London, now add Beaupré Creative Arts Center to your dance itinerary. For the David McLain Dance Theater, with twelve members of the Cincinnati Ballet Company, will be performing July 2-6 at Beaupré in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. *Concerto* is not scheduled, but you'll see other McLain creations. And lest anyone think that McLain fancies himself as a one-man show, let me add that he is eager to have the Cincinnati company's repertory enriched by the ballets of many other young choreographers. The problem? Finances. But that will be corrected in due course.

FOR the present, he is fortunate in having as his associates the extra-special musicians of the Cincinnati area; Nomikos, who has designed for the New York City Opera and who is presently on the faculty of the University of Indiana; and a troupe of dancers who include in their numbers one faculty member, David Blackburn, professional, versatile, and personable as the *premier danseur*; plus the very gifted Jane Wagner, Laura Rzasa, Susan Shtulman, and a young man on his way up who looks rather like a combination of Anthony Dowell of Britain's Royal Ballet and Niels Kehlet of the Royal Danish Ballet. His name is Tom Fowler, and McLain had better watch out for the talent scouts. It would be a pleasure to mention the other dancers and their special contributions, but why not go to Cincinnati, or Beaupré this summer, and see for yourself?

"Holy mackerel, I missed my 4 o'clock appointment with the analyst."

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(Continued on page 84)

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(Continued from page 83)

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YOUNG COUPLE, graduate students, experienced teachers, type, speak, read, write English, Spanish, French. Car, will travel, seek summer employment. Box N-113.

SENIOR COED, English-Home Economics, needs residence summer employment. Box N-150.

INTELLIGENT, CAPABLE, traveled female, 21, desires London employment beginning October. S. Shepard, 14 Medfield Street, Apt. 2, Boston, Massachusetts 02215.

ART TEACHER, Swarthmore graduate Art History, knowledge Italian, French, studied painting Italy, wishes summer work abroad. Experienced handling children, teaching painting. References. Rachel Folsom, Borgo Degli 8, Firenze, Italia.

JUNE HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATE, male, 18, seeks summer employment. Honors student, amateur thespian, debater, musician, bibliophile, Eagle Scout. Box N-144.

FEMALE, 26, varied talents. Background in arts. Seeks interesting employment NYC. Humanitarian. Box N-110.

EXPERIENCED TEACHER, female, B.A. history, M.A. French, desires interesting summer employment—purpose "explorer d'autre milieu." Box M-999.

CREATIVE, PERSONABLE, Phi Beta Kappa, B.A. English, in secretarial rut, craves challenging employment. Box N-143.

YOUNG UNMARRIED French teacher to accompany family to Europe, tutor children. Summer. P.O. Box 714, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

BRITISH GIRL. Fine Arts B.A., 4 years' experience art gallery and secretarial, seeks interesting summer or permanent employment. Box M-990.

PRINCETON GRADUATE, fluent Spanish, desires challenging, exciting work abroad. Box N-141.

EUROPEAN BUSINESS ASSIGNMENT sought by businessman, M.B.A., B.S.E.E. Experience: computer system development, management studies, research. Available: 5-12 month project. Box N-137.

COUPLE seeking creative employment. Ceramics, Classics, Languages, Economics B.A., Political Science M.A., History, Arts, Crafts, Dance. Box M-1000.

COLLEGE TEACHER, Ed.D. elementary. Desires summer teaching position. Box M-982.

EXPERIENCED COUNSELOR TEACHER, mainly elementary, desires summer position. Prefer Northeast, flexible. Box M-996.

COLLEGE JUNIOR seeks travel abroad June and July. Experienced caring for children. Excellent references. Box N-136.

TO TEACH—Entomology and ecology relating to human environmental ecology. Prefer eastern private school. A.A.S. Electrical Technology, B.S. Forestry, M.S. Entomology. 1754 Ravenwood Drive, Concord, California 94520.

GIRL, 17, *well qualified mother's helper,* available June through August. Box N-127.

COLLEGE PRESIDENT your need? Earned doctorate (Columbia), executive experience higher education, museums, advertising, antipoverty. Salary around $30,000. Box N-164.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

SECRETARY, ADVERTISING EXPERIENCE, for national magazine. Office mid-Manhattan. Box N-180.

COUNSELORS WANTED for Weight Watchers Summer Camp for overweight girls. This is the internationally acclaimed Weight Watchers organization. Camp for overweight teen and sub-teen girls in the beautiful New York State Berkshires at Lake Rhoda. SR Box M-834.

SUMMER JOBS—Over 58,000 summer jobs (also 8,000 permanent) open right NOW in U.S. and Overseas. Gives specific job data, salaries, addresses, etc. Hurry! Jobs are filled early. Used and approved since 1952. Regular price $5.00. Special—rush $4.00 now for new 1969 "Summer Job Directory." Resume manual $1.00 or FREE with order. Summer Job Center, 173-SR North 9th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211. (Add 25¢ regular mail, add $1.00 first class.) Also "Summer Opportunities for Teenagers" (includes jobs; part-time work; travel, sports, special interest, foreign camps, etc.), $3.00. Supply limited.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. *Unlimited opportunities. Latest government information* and forms. $1.00. Austco, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—teachers, all subjects and levels; administrators, department heads, housemothers, nurses, etc.; private schools, all states, beginners, experienced; initial details without obligation; confidential. School Service Bureau, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut.

COMPANION, live with elderly lady, Pleasantville, New York. Driver's license. Mid-June through mid-September. Duncan, 179 Steuben Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11205.

TYPISTS, STENOS EXPERIENCED. Manpower Inc. needs you for temporary assignments. Work a day, a week or longer. High hourly rates. See telephone directory for address in your city.

SUMMER OR PART—Law, college or graduate student strong back—outdoor work tree plantation EAST. Brains no handicap. Box N-124.

TEACHERS WANTED—Innovative, socially aware, grades K-8, also specialties. New York suburb 45 minutes from NYC. Salary range for 1969 is $6,900 to $14,000+. Contact N. Karamessinis, Assistant Superintendent for Instruction, Box 241, Rockaway, New Jersey. 201-361-2900.

HIGH PAYING OVERSEAS JOBS. Construction, other projects. Bonuses, travel expenses, extras. International Information, 108, Cortez, Florida 33522.

YOUR GLOBAL ADVENTURE. Largest journal of actual positions for teachers, administrators, students, librarians, scientists, etc. NOT just a list—includes specific U.S. and foreign positions open now. Includes summer jobs. Approved since 1952, RUSH $2.00 for current issue. Yearly membership $6.00. Manual, "Teaching Opportunities in San Francisco," $1.00 or FREE with yearly. Advancement Institute, 171 North 9th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211.

TEACHERS AND ADMINISTRATORS: For over 50 years The Abbott Teachers Agency has specialized in educational placement: Private and Public Schools; Junior-Senior Colleges. Brochure on request. 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

HEAD RESIDENTS for sororities in eastern university. For application, write 139 Day Hall, Ithaca, New York 14850.

JOBS ABROAD. Year round and summer for young people. Over 15 countries, 9 paying job categories offered. Complete student programs available. For 34 page JOBS ABROAD magazine with applications send $1.00 to: ISTC, Section 2, 866 U.N. Plaza, NYC, N.Y. 10017.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA wants You! Good jobs. Adventure. Forms and Australian Handbook (1969) describing Australian assisted passage, passport-visa, advantages, opportunities. $1.00 Buckeye, Box 1032CB, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

HOUSEMOTHER-HOUSEKEEPER—Would you like to mother a group of children who are mildly retarded and help make their home school happy? Upstate New York. Box N-166.

(Continued on page 86)

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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

(Continued from page 85)

COLLEGE PRESIDENT AND DEAN of College Parallel Program sought for 2 year state comprehensive community college. Fully accredited, with new campus. 4 year old college with 850 full time and 3,500 part time students, and excellent faculty and staff. We are seeking two outstanding persons to give continued leadership for growth and development. Send resume including recent salary history to Mr. Sam Koonce, Chairman, Selection Committee, Southeastern Community College, Box 151, Whiteville, North Carolina 28472.

COMPANION ASSISTANT for remarkable gentle lady in comfortable apartment in Albany, N.Y. with summer home on Rhode Island shore. Only light cooking but must be good driver. Secure position in loving family in return for devoted care. Please write complete background prior to anticipated interview. Box N-170.

TEACHERS' SUMMER "CASH-IN". Earnings opportunity in your state June-August. $200 and more weekly commission and bonus. Represent national music education publisher working leads from professional educators. Your own hours. Must be self-starter. Box N-159.

BOOKSTORE MANAGER—Earlham College, a Quaker liberal arts college, Richmond, Indiana. Spacious modern bookstore in student center. Book-minded faculty and student body. Position open immediately. Salary open.

SECRETARY. Architect's office, Cornell University community. College background required. Position open in August. Write William Downing Associates, 121 East Buffalo Street, Ithaca, New York 14850.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

CHESTER, NOVA SCOTIA—Year-round home NEAR THE SEA and Yacht Club. 6 bedrooms, 2 baths, living room with fireplace, sunroom, luxury kitchen. Workshop. Private patio. Perfect condition. $39,000. Chester Real Estate, Chester, Nova Scotia, Canada.

1797 VERMONT, WESTMINSTER. 10 room Colonial, apartment. $22,000. SR Box N-163.

For Sale—Furnished

SPAIN—MALLORCA—Large new furnished seaside house, choice island location. SR Box N-101.

For Rent/Sale

MAINE MOUNTAIN LAKE COTTAGE—isolated. Rent or buy. Available immediately. Dr. Leonard Friedman, Northfield, Vermont 05663.

For Rent—Furnished

SECLUDED LAKEFRONT RETREAT New Hampshire mountains. Weekly/monthly. Box M-861.

ROME, ITALY, VILLA—3 double bedrooms, 2 baths, furnished. Garden. Fifteen minutes from historical business center. $260 a month. SR Box N-162.

"MAYERLING." 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, fireplace, many books, color TV, heated pool, ¾ acre, one minute freeway, 25 minutes Music Center, Disneyland. Owner going abroad for year. Lease 1 July, 1969—1 September, 1970. $500 month. A Husar, 2632 East Vanderhoof Drive, West Covina, California 91790.

SPAIN—New Mediterranean beach house. Sleeps 6. Reasonable. Box N-172.

GRENADA, WEST INDIES—Bungalow at Grand Anse Beach. Low weekly rates. Maid/cook optional. SR Box N-126.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

VERMONT. 3 story A-frame triad nestled against lush Glebe Mountain, southern Vermont. Spectacular views. 5 bedrooms, 3 baths. Complete furnishings, equipment. Electric kitchen with dishwasher. Fireplace. Swimming pond. Total seclusion but near shopping, theatre, lake recreation, and uniquely Vermont towns. $150 week. Allen, 5M, 333 East 30th, New York, N.Y. 10016.

ROCKLAND, 20 miles NYC. Converted 3 room barn, country setting. $450 June-September. 914-356-1997.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR, MAINE. Log Lodge, sleeps 12. Electric kitchen, 2 baths, huge fireplace. Beautiful view. Beach and pool club avaliable. August. $500. Madelyn Meredith, 207-633-4943.

FIRE ISLAND, DAVIS PARK—Looking for group to share on alternate basis lovely house with surrounding sun deck. 2 bedrooms. Sleeps 6. SR Box M-958.

MAINE, KEZAR LAKE—Housekeeping cottages, private, families. $125. Conifer, Lovell, Maine 04051.

CHALET OR COTTAGE, Vermont, secluded hilltop. Weekly/monthly. Box M-840.

MAINE, ON DAMARISCOTTA LAKE. 2 bedroom cottage, privacy, adults. July only. $425. William Snyder, Newcastle, Maine 04553.

VERMONT HOUSE. Exquisite. Green Mountains. Swimming. $150 week. Meyer, 120 East 90th, NYC.

MAINE COAST—Superb water view. Some conveniences, light housekeeping 3 room cottage. One or two adults. July-August. $50 weekly. Box M-988.

PRIMITIVE VERMONT mountainside cabin. 2 bedrooms. Excellent view. Outdoor plumbing. James McDowell, Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana.

MAINE, CASTINE, seashore house. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths —or 1 bedroom beach house. $500 monthly, $125 weekly, June-October. Holiday House.

SOUTH BERKSHIRES. Small, secluded, adequately equipped cottage, July-August. Reasonable. Box N-104.

MAINE COAST. Small cottage on water. $300 monthly. Box N-133.

JACKSON HOLE—5 bedrooms, 3 baths, all electric. $200 week. Box 114, Teton Village, Wyoming 83025.

MAINE, OVERLOOKING FRENCHMAN'S BAY—4 bedrooms. Golf, tennis, sailing. $650 monthly—June, July, September. SR Box N-147.

POCONOS, PENNSYLVANIA COTTAGE, private beach. Reasonable. Tel. 201-945-0432.

SPEND THIS SUMMER at "Halfway House" in Sweden Hills (Bridgeton/Lovell area), Maine in a recently restored and decorated Federal house on a 25 acre farm on Keyes Lake with a panoramic vista of the White Mountains and a private beach. This 3 bedroom, 2 bath, house has exposed beams in the living room, library and the cathedral ceilinged gourmet-delight kitchen. Every room has either a fireplace or Franklin stove. Modern oil heat, electricity, lawn service, canoe and weekly housekeeping service included in the summer seasonal rental (June 15th through Labor Day) of $2,500. July and August only, $2,000. Contact J. Wysong, RFD 2, Harrison, Maine. Tel. 207-647-2290.

VERMONT, BROOKFIELD. Modernized, fully equipped 1795 country house. 3 bedrooms, study, fireplaces, 2 baths. 2 months $600 plus electricity. SR Box N-167.

MAINE. Secluded, 3 bedroom cabin; on bay. 6 weeks, $400. Box N-118.

LAKE PEEKSKILL, N.Y. Unusual mountaintop haven for two. Lake view and rights. Outdoor patio, gardens. 212-OR 3-9550, 914-LA 8-8959.

MAINE OCEANFRONT COTTAGE. Wooded privacy. Completely furnished. Conveniently located shopping. Box N-135.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

VICTORIAN CAPE MAY Jersey duplex. Spacious living room, kitchen, baths, 3 bedrooms. Only 3 blocks from ocean, Summer Theatre, cinemas, shopping center. June-September $1,200. SR Box N-123.

PEMAQUID POINT, MAINE—Comfortable, small cottage. $300 monthly, $75 weekly. SR Box N-131.

ARCHITECT'S REMODELED COLONIAL; Heat, dishwasher, fireplace. Golf, river, inns, country. Week-season. Pumkin Hollow, Warren, Vermont. 802-496-2466.

COSTA DEL SOL, SPAIN—Attractive 2/ 3 bedroomed villas still available near Estepona, Costa del Sol, Spain. Well furnished, right on beach, all facilities. SR Box N-181.

BAILEY ISLAND, MAINE. 3 bedroom oceanfront cottage. Secluded wooded setting; small private beach; all aquatic sports available. $1,000 season; $550 July or August. SR Box N-145.

NEAR OXFORD, ENGLAND. Delightful large 5 bedroom house, one hour from London. Fully furnished, acre garden and lawn. $400 month of July including gardener. SR Box N-173.

CAPE COD—May 15th-September 15th. Sleeps 5. Fully equipped. $1,200. Bo's, 245A Bradford Street, Provincetown, 02657.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

EXCHANGE SUMMER comfortable Maine mountain lakeside cottage for similar winter Virgin Islands. 1125 Parkway, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts 02167.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

For Rent—Furnished

ACAPULCO—1 and 2 bedroom apartments. Private beach and pier. Hotel service. SR Box N-175.

For Summer Rental

SUBLET. NYU complex. Reasonable, spacious. June-August. 212-OR 4-7596 A.M.'s.

NYC, WEST VILLAGE—6/1-9/1. Large living-dining, 1 bedroom, complete kitchen. Dishwasher. Air conditioned. 24 hour doorman. $350 month. References. Box N-116.

NORTH TRURO, MASSACHUSETTS—5 rooms, furnished, National Seashore area, ocean beach access. Season, monthly, fortnightly. SR Box M-997.

NYC, EAST FIFTIES—Beautiful large studio apartment, interesting art collection. May-September. $350 monthly. Call 212-755-4807. Monday to Thursday.

SWAN'S ISLAND, MAINE—furnished apartment, harbor view. Season $450. SR Box N-176.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY AREA—2 bedrooms. Furnished. Children welcome. 24 hour service. $250 month. 212-662-1463.

APARTMENTS WANTED

SR STAFFER'S frenzied need: 3 room rent controlled apartment, NYC, midtown, East side. Box M-201.

COUPLE SEEKS reasonable Manhattan rental—July. Box 6411, Carmel, California 93921.

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PROPERTY FOR SALE

SHANGRI-LA for people with broad interests. Join the artists, business executives, doctors, engineers, musicians, teachers, writers, etc. who own permanent or vacation homes here. Just off Blue Ridge Parkway. Magnificent *mountain scenery, private lake, golf, delightful year-round* climate. Taxes nil. For free brochure write Swiss Pine Lake Community, Box 537, Spruce Pine, North Carolina 28777.

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

INLAND SHORE PROPERTY in Maine—12 acres located on water. Includes substantial home with modern facilities, picturesque scenery and river view. For information contact B. L. McLaughlin, Essex, Connecticut 06426.

MANCHESTER-STRATTON-BROMLEY AREA — 5 bedroom Chalet, 2 acres, views. $28,000. TUDOR HOME, 10 acre estate. $90,000. 2 BEDROOM COLONIAL, 3 acres. $29,000. 8 ACRES, WHITE BIRCH, views. $16,000. Morgan McVickar Real Estate, Peru, Vermont. 802-824-3223.

SHELTER COVE, CALIFORNIA—Panoramic ocean view lot. Fishing, black sand beach, redwoods. $5,000. SR Box N-151.

ONE SPLENDIDLY WORTHLESS ACRE in Bahamas. Only $5,000. Sally Warner, 5702 Fred Moore, St. Clair, Michigan 48079.

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA—3 wooded acres on Sunset Mountain, overlooking city and facing Smokies. $9,000. SR Box M-991.

SPECIAL CAMPS

BRONCO JUNCTION for bronchial asthma. Unique 8 week camp. Coed 7-16. Narrow-gauge railroad, sports, swimming, campcraft, projects. Complete medical-allergy care. Nonprofit. Allergy Rehabilitation Foundation, Inc., 805 Atlas Building, Charleston, West Virginia 25301. Tel. 304-343-5472.

CAMPS

MIDWEST PRIVATE CAMPS—Free directory of approved camps by American Camping Association, located in midwest states. Write: 1889 Bosworth Lane, Northfield, Illinois 60093.

MONTANA BOYS CAMP in National Forest. Rugged 2, 4, or 6 week program. Boys 12-17. Brochure, Box 92, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33302.

TALENT DEVELOPMENT OUR SPECIALTY: Music, Dance, Drama, Creative Writing, Fine Arts, Sports. Coed 6-18. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 23, New Jersey 08318.

SWISS MEADOWS SUMMER CENTER (for the creative arts)—June 29th-August 23rd, coed, ages 7-17. Fleischmanns, N.Y., *Catskill Mountains*. Art, Music, Drama, Modern Dance, Ballet, Swimming (Pool), Boating, Tennis, etc. Concerts Saratoga Springs, Theatres. Enrollment limited. Clyde Keutzer, Director, 170 West End Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10023. Tel. 212-799-5693. Member A.P.C.

CAMP BIOTA—Six weeks exciting fun, knowledge. Limited enrollment. Boys 9-14. Natural science. Lake, cabins. Survival, creative crafts, canoeing, fishing, swimming, archery, riflery, riding. A.C.A. Nashville 615-766-2494. Dr. and Mrs. Forrest S. Evans, Joelton, Tennessee 37080.

JUDGMENT RIDGE—Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8-16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding if desired ($65 extra). 20 horses. Swimming, guitar, dulcimer, creative arts, sports, farming, construction. Individualized programs from regular to pioneer, etc. A.C.A. accredited. Under 65 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. No tips. Wright, Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547, 4880.

CAMPS

TENNIS RANCH—Don Kerbis 120 Acre Tennis Ranch. Boys and girls 8 to 18. Watervliet, Michigan. Five hours tennis instruction, supervised play daily. Beginner, intermediate, advanced players. Swimming, activities galore. *Write for brochure:* Don Kerbis Tennis Ranch, c/o Don Kerbis Tennis Club, 1660 Skokie Valley Road, Highland Park, Illinois 60035.

CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. The Advisory Service, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036. 212-PE 6-1660.

ADVENTURE IN CREATIVITY is a summer residential program for gifted students (aged 14 to 19) who are interested in art, music, theatre, creative writing, film making or dance. The emphasis is on the integration of these art forms. Students choose a major and a minor field for concentration and participate in joint seminars. The program takes place at the CRANBROOK-KINGSWOOD Schools. For information write to Box R, 520 Lone Pine Road, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48013.

OVERWEIGHT BOYS AND GIRLS 8-18. Enjoy a summer of fun while losing weight at the original non-medical slim down camps. Complete sports programs. Re-education in eating habits. Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. Winter follow-up program. For booklet, write Stanley for girls or Tahoe for boys, Box 701, Hurleyville, New York 12747. Phone 212-947-7749.

TEENAGERS LOVE CAMP SEA-FARI in the Florida Keys. Coed 13-18 Learn scuba diving, snorkeling, navigation, marine biology, archaeology, undersea photography. *Sailing, fishing, water skiing, dive for treasure, steer a ship.* Supervised and taught by our professional staff. Cruise on Coast Guard approved windjammer to the Bahamas and the Gulf of Mexico. SHORE BASE: luxurious Key Colony Inn. Air-conditioned, fantastic food, private baths. Tennis, golf. Captain Bob Kruse, Director. Brochure. Dept. K, 3935 Blackstone Avenue, Riverdale Station, N.Y. 10471. Tel. 212-543-7900.

BAHAMA ISLAND ADVENTURE—Diving, exploring deserted islands, treasure hunting, sailing, etc. Living aboard yacht. Excellent supervision. Coeducational—ages 12 to 20. $125 per week. Write Water World Summer Camp, P.O. Box 2117, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33303.

POTOMAC WEST. 2 week summer camp JUNIOR *HORSEMANSHIP COURSE. Boys and girls—age* 9-16. Western and English equitation, hunting, jumping, lectures, care of the horse. Trail rides, campfires, swimming, close supervision. 5 two-week sessions starting June 16th. Near Sacramento. For information and brochure write or phone: Potomac West, Box 580X, Elk Grove, California 95624. Phone 916-682-2109.

READING-STUDY SKILLS. Superior water sports. Flexible program. Southwestern New Hampshire. Granite Lake Camp. Coed. ACA-APC approved. Box 124, Little Neck, N.Y. 11363. 212-321-0505.

RETIREMENT LIVING

ABOUT TO RETIRE? Enjoy it with maximum freedom, desired privacy in a gracious suburban-residential setting. Affordable Life Lease, monthly fee provides meals, services, scheduled health care. J. J. Boomgard, Friends Fellowship Community, 2031 Chester Boulevard, Richmond, Indiana 47374.

VACATIONS

BLUE HILL INN. Small, quiet, comfortable. Established 1840. Blue Hill, Maine 04614.

WESTERN ADVENTURE on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages. Operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips. All ranch activities. *Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R676, Livingston,* Montana 59047.

WILEY INN—PERU, VERMONT, Box S-05152. Relaxing country Inn on 22 acres. Heated Pool. Brochure *available.* 802-824-6600.

CHRISTMAS FARM INN. A small Colonial inn in the White Mountains with a friendly atmosphere, spectacular views, swimming pool, sports. Excellent meals, nicely served. AAA. Doris and Dick Welch, Owner-Hosts. Jackson, N.H. 03846. Tel. 603-383-4313.

VACATIONS

WINDJAMMER VACATION—week aboard auxiliary schooner, "Richard Robbins." Maine bays and islands. Brochure. Capt. George Allen, Blue Hill, Maine 04614.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE, Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut, 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

SERENE OUTER ISLAND, quiet fourteen-guest inn. Private baths, gas heat. The Golden Gull, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

LUXURY SCANDINAVIAN VILLAS—St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Near finest beaches. 212-LE 2-7700.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Private oceanfront home in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard. Weekly rates. 3 bedrooms, 2½ baths, fireplace, complete furnishings. Share use of 50' heated swimming pool, Uni-Turf tennis court, bicycles, sailboats, kayaks, fishing gear, with small property group. Daily maid service available. For full information, call or write exclusive owners' agent, Edwin Gaeta, Box O, Boston Post Road, Sudbury, Massachusetts 01776. 617-443-9922.

FLORIDA KEYS ARE DELIGHTFUL in April and May. Crystalline bonefish water, balmy days and nights. Fish, swim, snorkel, birdwatch, sail at Rainbow Bend Fishing Club, oceanside Grassy Key. Summer Package Plan. Folder. Box 2447, Marathon Shores, Florida or phone 305-743-6740.

"LOVELY GARDENS." Golf, swimming, entertainment, shuffleboard, food at its finest at the "Gem of New England Inns." From $20 daily, including meals. The Bethel Inn, Box 26S, Bethel, Maine 04217.

ECHO VALLEY RANCH—Secluded housekeeping cabins near Mount Rushmore. Keystone, South Dakota 57751.

VERMONT . . . The Beckoning Country—Beauty, history, *covered bridges, museums, mountains, lakes, fishing, boating,* hiking, auctions, antiques. Most charming, immaculate inn well-maintained. Elevator, sprinkler, swimming pool, chip & putt greens. Exceptional food, beverages, fine service, air conditioning. Near golf courses, chair lifts, library, places of worship, shops, horseback riding. *Memorable! Reasonable!* Tel: 802-247-5766 or write BRANDON INN, A Vermont Resort, Box 205, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally *located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.*

SEASHORE RESORT—one of the world's greatest. On picturesque, landscaped acres. 18 hole championship golf course. Heated swimming pools. Championship tennis. May through October. Write The Wentworth, Dept. 23, Portsmouth, N.H. 03801.

PROSPECT HOUSE HOTEL-Golf Club. Panoramic, cool lakeside setting near Rutland (opposite Alexander Woollcott's Island). Pleasurable dining, unique cocktail lounge. GOLF, fishing, safe beach, boating. Riding, tennis, dancing, movies, antiquing, special events. $76-$105 weekly. The Charles Bakers, Hosts. Reservations suggested. Write for FOLDER. Box 900, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont.

GRACIOUS LIVING in beautiful seacoast village. Fine food. Entertainment. Own boat. Auto trips. $14.50-$18.00 daily includes 3 meals. Unlimited golf $10.00 weekly. Folder. Direct bus service from New York. David *R. Bell, Whitehall Inn, Camden, Maine* 04843.

THORN HILL LODGE. Charming country inn on quiet road overlooking scenic mountain resort village. Swimming pool, lawn sports. $70 up weekly including all meals. O. Darville, Jackson, N.H. 03846.

A BERMUDA VACATION? Enjoy luxury accommodations at moderate cost. Delightful seaside homes rented day, week or month. Rates on request. L. P. Gutterridge Ltd. Bermuda specialists in vacation homes.

PARADOR MARTORELL—Family Inn by fabulous beach. 212-LE 2-7700, Box 435, Luquillo, Puerto Rico 00673.

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 87)

LOVE HAWAII BUT HATE HOTELS? Rent by month a 1-, 2-, 3-bedroom cottage that combines luxurious decor and convenience with simple housekeeping. Private beach property in breathtaking landscape on lovely Maui Island; near golf and shopping. Details, photos: Victor Martin, 1301 Harper, Detroit, Michigan 48211.

INDIAN CAVE LODGE and Cottages. Informal summer resort, directly on lake, planned recreation. Swimming pool. Delicious meals. Cocktails. Supervised children's play. $85 up week, including meals. Color folder, write Dept. 36, Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire 03782.

ISLAND NEAR SARASOTA—Sort of "South Seas-ish." Luxury motels, beautiful beaches. Chamber of Commerce, Box 188-Q, Longboat Key, Florida 33548.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $70 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

THE HERMITAGE—Secluded, small country inn, a connoisseur's delight. Folder. Wilmington 5, Vermont 05363.

SWAN'S ISLAND, MAINE. Joyce's Cabins. Quaint lobster village. Write, call 207-526-2794.

SALT BOXES ON CAPE COD. Large, private, sandy, saltwater beach. Dock, boats. Sailing, fishing. Excellent golf and tennis nearby. Modern design cottages on Bass River in quiet pine woods—each with kitchenette and fireplace. Duplexes and separate cottages for 2 to 6 persons. Maid service. $7 to $12 per person per day. Convenient to all Cape activities, stores, restaurants. For brochure, write: Lilian S. Kenrich, South Yarmouth, Massachusetts. Phone 617-398-2821.

FASCINATING ART COLONY nearby superb seaside resort less than two hours' drive from Boston. Excellent cuisine, cocktails. Private pool. The Lookout, Box 2, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

AUTHENTIC TYROLEAN VILLAGE in White Mountains. New $800,000 Alpine Inn, Motel, Family Chalet accommodations. Heated pool. Free golf nearby. Fishing, tennis, dancing. Dining rooms, cocktail lounges. Open year 'round. Mittersill Alpine Inn, Franconia, N.H. 03580. A Treadway Resort.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1831

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Capital of Turkmen SSR.	4 12 20 61 67 95 120 128 153
B. Alpha Orionis, the shoulder of the giant.	173 190 200 202 41 161 169 8 27 45
C. Colonial governor of Virginia, 1727-49.	9 22 31 46 56
D. French statesman (1872-1957), author of "The United States of Europe" (full name)	62 73 106 192 14 26 96 103 136 160 175 181 199 203
E. Valuable assistant (comp. and wd.)	55 101 13 28 35 88 115 135 172 81 151 157
F. Characterized by grotesqueness or flamboyance.	39 47 60 64 191 204 11
G. Set free; naturalize.	16 24 52 78 166 184 186 1 40 49 66
H. Cad.	79 110 154 163 179 201
I. Gambrinus, for instance.	44 86 89 105 142 176
J. Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda" (full name)	183 188 208 7 36 74 147 155 159 18 21
K. Decisive confrontation.	43 92 112 125 180 187 3 206
L. Ménage.	10 38 48 116 148 165 174 196 63
M. Talked or acted in a silly way.	99 118 121 164 72 75 109
N. Hypothetically reconstructed parent language, as Proto-Germanic.	71 90 141 144 5 33 113 170 193
O. "Under the water it rumbled on,/Still ——— and more dread." (Coleridge, "The Ancient Mariner")	145 177 34 6 25 122
P. A clumsy piece of work.	84 124 195 69 139
Q. Loaded (3 wds.)	29 119 53 168 42 83 132 111 77 197
R. Reception, usually in someone's honor.	97 149 76 80 91
S. Oblivion.	108 162 100 94 54
T. Beginning of the last line of Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" (3 wds.)	117 130 23 140 152 167 82 205 127 137 143 93 189
U. Obsolete, as ideas.	2 17 19 178 70 131 65
V. Hub.	198 59 15 50
W. Feigned.	51 32 138 57 114 102 68 185
X. Detestable.	207 194 158 171 37 134 107 150
Y. Humpty Dumpty said, "I can ——— poetry as well as other folk." (Carroll, "Through the Looking Glass")	123 85 30 98 126 182
Z. Enable; permit.	156 133 58 146 87 104 129

1 G	2 U	3 K	4 A	5 N	6 O		7 J	8 B	9 C	10 L	11 F	12 A		13 E	14 D	15 V
16 G		17 U	18 J		19 U	20 A	21 J		22 C	23 T	24 G	25 O	26 D	27 B	28 E	29 Q
30 Y		31 C	32 W		33 N	34 O	35 E	36 J	37 X	38 L	39 F	40 G	41 B	42 Q	43 K	
44 I	45 B	46 C	47 F	48 L	49 G	50 V		51 W	52 G	53 Q	54 S	55 E		56 C	57 W	
58 Z	59 V	60 F	61 A	62 D	63 L		64 F	65 U	66 G		67 A	68 W		69 P	70 U	71 N
72 M	73 D		74 J	75 M	76 R	77 Q	78 G		79 H	80 R	81 E	82 T	83 Q	84 P	85 Y	86 I
	87 Z	88 E	89 I	90 N	91 R		92 K	93 T		94 S	95 A	96 D		97 R	98 Y	99 M
100 S		101 E	102 W		103 D	104 Z		105 I	106 D	107 X	108 S	109 M		110 H	111 Q	
112 K	113 N	114 W	115 E	116 L	117 T	118 M	119 Q		120 A	121 M	122 O	123 Y	124 P	125 K		126 Y
	127 T	128 A	129 Z		130 T	131 U	132 Q	133 Z		134 X	135 E	136 D		137 T	138 W	
139 P	140 T	141 N		142 I	143 T	144 N	145 O	146 Z	147 J	148 L	149 R	150 X		151 E	152 T	153 A
	154 H	155 J	156 Z	157 E		158 X	159 J	160 D	161 B	162 S	163 H		164 M	165 L	166 G	167 T
	168 Q	169 B		170 N	171 X	172 E		173 B	174 L	175 D	176 I	177 O	178 U	179 H	180 K	
181 D	182 Y		183 J	184 G	185 W		186 G	187 K	188 J	189 T	190 B	191 F	192 D	193 N	194 X	195 P
196 L	197 Q		198 V	199 D	200 B		201 H	202 B	203 D	204 F	205 T	206 K		207 X	208 J	

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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